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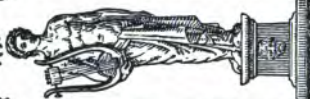
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THE MISER,

A COMEDY;

By Henry Fielding.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

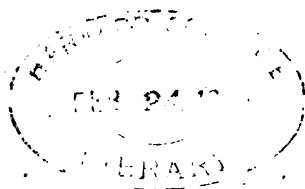
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Boston

Remarks.

THE MISER.

THIS piece is a plagiarism from Moliere, but it might well pass for a tree of English growth, for the characters are copies from nature, and nature is every where the same. The incidents are more humorous than the dialogue, which is, indeed, rather arch and lively than humorous or witty. Moliere, however, is under some obligations to Plautus, and has, on this occasion, not much greater claims to originality than Fielding, at least, as far as character is concerned. Neither seem to have been aware that a more judicious reaper had been before them on the same ground. Lovegold is infinitely inferior to the Jaques de Prie of Ben Jonson in "THE CASE IS ALTERED," and in the subordinate characters the advantage is still more in favour of our old bard, who moreover, has incident enough in his piece to furnish out a dozen *Misers*. By uniting the "*Aulularia*" with the "*Captive*" of Plautus he has produced a comedy which, though for awhile neglected, must be considered as one of the staple ornaments of the English Drama.

For our own parts we do not see that comic authors should play the divines, or that a comedy should be a lesson of morality; if, however the law is a good one—and

It has been so decided,—the *Miser* must be certainly condemned, with many of his more worthy brethren; the avarice of Lovegold is no excuse for the knavery of his son and daughter,* and the treachery of Mariana; that he is a villain, does not make them more honest, and after all it is only the triumph of many young rogues over one old one, who succeed by lying, cheating, and even down-right robbery.

There is also another great defect in this piece; the speech of each individual bears no distinctive mark; there is a peculiar impress which peculiarity of habit lends to language, by which every sort, or at least, class of character, has its own dialect, as certain and as distinct as the dialects of Ireland and Scotland, or the patois of Venice; and we invariably find our old poets,—Shakspeare more particularly—attentive to this maxim. The dialects of Nym, Bardolph, and Falstaff, are as different from each other as from the dialect of Greece or Rome! Nay, even Shallow, though so nearly allied in nature and habits, is yet, in this respect, sufficiently distinguished. It must, however, be allowed, that this excellence is extremely rare since the decay of the great English School, and the want of it therefore must be lightly visited in Fielding.

* The daughter, and many other characters, are omitted in representation.

Costume.

LOVEGOLD.

Old fashioned drab suit.

FREDERICK.

Fashionable walking dress.

RAMELIE.

Dress livery.

FURNISH.

Ibid.

SPARKLE.

Old fashioned brown suit.

SATIN.

Old fashioned black suit.

LIST.

Brown coat, fancy waistcoat, and black breeches.

LAWYER.

Old fashioned black suit.

SERVANT.

Livery.

JAMES.

First dress.—Old fashioned livery.—Second dress.—White jacket and apron.

MRS. WISELY.

Old lady's rich satin dress.

MARIANA.

Blue body, and muslin petticoat.

LAPPET.

Coloured muslin gown.

1000

[illegible]

THE MISER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lovegold's House.*

Enter LOVEGOLD and RAMILIE, L.H.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, and I wont go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat, lest this fellow

should suspect something of my money.—(*Aside.*)
—Hark'ye, rascal, come hither : I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir ?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have ; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter sirrah ? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back : let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry ?

Love. That's what I would see. Turn your pockets inside out if you please ; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir ; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you, but a few boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing ?

Ram. No, really, sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Love. So, there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK, R.H.U.E.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, heavens! I have betrayed myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard—

Fred. What sir?

Love. That—

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Fred. Pardon me, sir, I really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. I enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. But I have an affair of consequence to mention to you. Pray sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, sir !

Love. Ay, what do you think of her ?

Fred. Think of her, sir !

Love. Why do you repeat my words ? Ay, what do you think of her ?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match ?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir ! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there ; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency ; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father ! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy ; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha ! you resolved to marry Mariana !

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Fred. Who ? you, you, you !

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Love. What the devil's the matter with the boy.

Enter JAMES, L.H.

Love. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom did you want, sir? your coachman or your cook? for I'm both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman: for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved—but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*) Now sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year; a dinner indeed now and then—but for a supper, I'm almost afraid for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, mo-

ney? my children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money!

James. Well, sir, but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end a handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal, on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea.

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen!

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout—would you burst the good people, you dog?

James. Then pray, sir, say what you will have.

Love. Why!—see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of soup-maigre; a large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork-pie,—very fat.—A fine small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There—that's plenty and variety.

James. O dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, Sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No, I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Lord, sir, how the folks will talk of it ;
—indeed people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh ! why what do the people say pray ?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all ; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest of you every where. Nay of your servants on your account.—One says you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Pah ! pah !

James. Another says, that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie ;—for I never allow them any.

James. In a word you are the bye word every where—and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous—stingy—scraping old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain !

James. Nay, sir—you said you would not be angry—

Love. Get out !

[Exit *James*, L.H.]

Enter *LAPPET*, R.H.]

Lap. Who's there ?

Love. Ah, is that you, Lappet ?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, sir ? why, you look so young and vigorous—

Love. Do I, do I !

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well; and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I'm afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year.

Lap. Sir, she'll bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play; there's your thousand a year.

Love. In short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her! this is another peculiarity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: she says fifty years is not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks; to say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! Pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture were drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little if you please: there, what can be more charming! Let me see you walk; (*Lovegold struts about.*) there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagée! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I

thank heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward on all-such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I'm obliged to you.

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you—I have a lawsuit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; (*He looks gravely.*) and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you.—(*He looks pleased.*)—Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.—But indeed, sir, this lawsuit will be of terrible consequence to me. (*He looks grave again.*) I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter would prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! (*He resumes his gaiety.*) how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! in short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to

conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir; (*He looks serious.*) it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my despatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go and give some orders about a particular affair—

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone, indeed, sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three pounds, sir: nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. (*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*)

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed I am very much obliged to you. I'll do for you Lappet, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter RAMILIE, R.H. and LAPPET, L.H.

Ram. Well, madam, what success?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used; all my rhetoric availed nothing. While I was talking to him about the lady, he smiled and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee ?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony ? In short your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How ! are you your master's enemy ?

Ram. No, madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.—But is the old gentleman in love ?

Lap. Oh, profoundly ! delightfully ! oh that you had but seen him as I have ; with his feet tottering, his eyes wattering, his teeth chattering ! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.—Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first ; but I thought of it first, I am sure ; I must have thought of it : but I will not lose a moment's time ; for notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Ram. There goes the glory of all chamber-maids, match her who can. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lovegold's House.*

*Enter LOVEGOLD, and FREDERICK, R.H. MRS. WISE-
LY, and MARIANA, L.H.*

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold—my daughter.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady : (*Crosses to Centre.*) I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles ; (*Puts on his spectacles.*) it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition ; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance. (*Aside.*)

Love. (*Listening.*) I shall make the fellow keep his distance, madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father ?

Fred. (*Crosses to Mar.*) My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice : you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family ; notwithstanding which, I cannot help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed ; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law.

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes.

Love. Hold, hold, sir! softly, if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself; I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. (To Mariana.) Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me

leave, sir. (*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to Mariana.*) There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. (*Preventing Mariana, who is going to return it.*) No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. (*Aside to his son.*) Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad! (*Aside.*)

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh that the devil would but fly away with this fellow. - (*Aside.*)

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it—It is not my fault, dear sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate.—For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. (*To his son.*) Infernal villain! (*Aside.*)

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left. (*Aside.*)

Enter JAMES, R.H.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you—

James. Must he leave the money he has brought, with me, sir? [*Exit, R.H.*]

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you immediately. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mrs. Wise. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

Fred. I'll wait on you, madam. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in Lovegold's House.

Enter FREDERICK and RAMILIE, R.H.

Fred. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she

attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour, it is true.

Fred. Go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! A fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. But I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again: your having possession will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him.—So, about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

[Exit, R.H.]

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one. Ha! Lappet!

Enter LAPPET, L.H.

Lap. Hey-day ! Mr. Frederick ; you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or, by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours—

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir ! you do not intend to kill me ?

Fred. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I doat on more than life ? What could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me ?

Lap. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it ; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.—Sir, I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it ; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often

forget which side of the question it is of; besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be. nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, you was mentioning a certain little word called money just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir; if they were half-married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—[*Exit Fred.* R.H.]—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.—Ha! here he is.

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H., U.E.

Lap. Oh, unhappy, miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What is the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man—so good a master—so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—
(*Runs against him.*)

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir; and I am undone.

Love. How! what! has any one robbed me? have I lost any thing!

Lap. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, sir.

Love. No, I have not yet.

Lap. How, sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! How can she live then?

Lap. Nay, sir, heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition, sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, sir! she would have deceived the devil; she would have deceived even you: for, sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, though, Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign: right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them; and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. I'd play myself if I was sure of winning. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, sir, she is dressed out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

(*Catching Lappet in his arms.*)

Lap. Oh, sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat! (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family, in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own; I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious, gentleman has been raising all his life time, squandered away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels.—It would break my heart

to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his gold, nay, the very plate he has had in his family time out of mind which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or, will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too!—(*Both burst into tears.*)—The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner.—And will any one tell me, that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth?

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent.

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he married a beauty.

Enter a LAWYER, L.H.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a plague.—(*Beats him off, L.H.*)—I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my law-suit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! (*Appearing deaf.*)

Lap. You know, sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oh ho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Plague take your kindness!—I'm only losing time; there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there.—Ah, would I were married to thee myself.

(*Aside.*)

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE, L.H.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself. I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, wont let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, sir, every single syllable she has told you, has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a

modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour.

Love. She comes of a damned lying family.

Ram. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; and one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say.—I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of woman. And for this piece of intelligence, I'll give you—I'll give you—No, I'll forgive you all your faults. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of all mankind, squeeze his

purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians. [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Hall.*

Enter FREDERICK and LAPPET, R.H.

Fred. Excellent Lappet ! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet : I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl ! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Enter RAMILIE, L.H.

Ram. Oh, madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened ; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Peace, Ramilie ! all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed ; no thanks to her.—Happy is the master that has a good servant ; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world.—I have done your business for you, sir ; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him : in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mighti-

ly to your interest as you may imagine ; no sooner was she gone, than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she has told him to be a most confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract : so now, sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation ! fool ! villain !

Ram. Heyday ! what is the meaning of this ! have I done any more than you commanded me ?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery ; but I will be no longer idle : since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruction. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Lap. (*They stand some time in silence looking at each other.*) I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negociation : you have approved yourself a most able person, truly, and, I dare swear, when your skill is once known, you will not want employment. But, sir, how durst you go and betray me to your master, for he has told me all ? Never see my face again. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ram. Now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden ; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my

master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lovegold's Garden.*

Enter RAMILIE, L.H. with a Box; FREDERICK, R.H.U.E.

Ram. Follow me, sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What's done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir;—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, sir, his money.—Follow me, sir, this moment. [Exeunt, R.H.]

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H. in the utmost distraction.

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain.—(Catching himself by the arm.)—I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha!

what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damned contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, FURNISH, SATIN,
and SPARKLE, L.H.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care, madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Satin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you?

Sparkle. Yes, madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I

think, the finest water I ever saw ; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired : I have brought you a solitaire too, madam ! my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday. (*Presenting it.*)

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, sir.

Sparkle. Has it, madam ? then there never was a brilliant without one ! I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD, R.H.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable ; I shall never see it more ! (*Aside.*)

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the neclace and ear-rings ?

Sparkle. If you were my sister madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain ? have you my three thousand guineas ?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold ! what's the matter ?

Love. I am undone ; I am ruined ! my money is stolen ! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again !

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them ; or, if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How ! a trifle ! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle !

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me ! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle ? But tell me, what were you saying of them ? have you seen them ?

Sparkle. Really, sir, I do not understand you ; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which are cheap at three thousand guineas.

Love. How ? what ? what ?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap ; however, I am resolved to have them ; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream !

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Satin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought ?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price ; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing ? are you mad ?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you, this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

(*To Mrs. Wise.*)

Mrs. Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir;—she will never run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on these accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelve-month.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds,

which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I shall be off the bargain.—In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves.—Get out of my doors you cutpurses. *(To Sparkle and Furnish.)*

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Love-gold is a little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Furnish. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will dis-furnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains. *(Beats the Tradesmen out, L.H.)*

Mrs. Wise. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour?

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman

who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer, refused once, is not to be had again.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Ser. Madam, the taylor, whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in.—[*Exit Ser. L.H.*]—This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

[*Exeunt, Mrs. Wisely and Mariana, R.H.*]

Enter LIST, L.H.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for.—The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns?

if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a-year; and, though I say it, that should not say it.—Stand upright, if you please, sir—

(Taking measure.)

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah—I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—out of my doors, you villain

List. Heyday, sir! did you send for me for this, sir?—shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Enter LAPPET, L.H.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, sir; for, alack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married ; I am not married.

Lap. Not married !

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet ! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pounds to marry her !

Lap. You shall forfeit it—

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner : no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards, to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir, you are undone ; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat ? (*A noise without, L.H.*) Oh ! oh ! dear Lappet ! see what it is ! I shall be undone in an hour—[*Exit Lappet, L.H.*]*—*Oh ! oh ! why did not I die a year ago ? What a deal of money I should have saved had I died a year ago.

Re-enter LAPPET, L.H.

Lap. Oh ! sir ! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her—

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum, but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? if you marry her, in one week you will be in a prison, sir.

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is,) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand?

Love. Eight thousand devils take her!

Lap. But, dear sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose, you lose a sum. Be resolute, sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. I wish I was out of my skin.

Lap. (*Knocking without, L.H.*) So, so, more

duns I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! I shall run distracted either way.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous goed-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA, R.H.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted Frederick with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have: were I not secret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. (*Putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.*) You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie: she never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all. —Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay; and whatsoever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; why, sir, get

rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife? Besides, sir— *(They whisper.)*

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her? *(Aside to Lap.)*

Lap. Depend on it, sir. *(Aside to Love.)*

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely. *(Aside to Lap.)*

Lap. Do so, sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented and if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money.—Be sure to break open the bureau sir. *(Aside to Love.)*

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll break open the bureau.

Lap. Do sir. *(Aside to Lap.)*
(Aside to Love.)

Love. But wont that spoil the lock?

(Aside to Lap.)

Lap. Pshaw! never mind the lock.

(Aside to Love.)

Love. I'll fetch the money—'tis all I am worth in the world. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villainy?

Lap. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune.

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.

(Aside to Lap.)

Lap. *(To Love.)* You have done very wisely.

Love. *(Counting the notes as he gives them.)*
One—two—three—four—five—six—eight.

Mar. No sir—there are only seven.

Love. *(Gives her another.)*—eight—nine—ten.
Give me my contract.

(She gives it and he tears it.)

Mar. Now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Love. Oh! my money! my money! my money.

Enter FREDERICK, L.H.

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so, go fetch my gold.

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. Lappet is my evidence. She has broke the bureau; with a great kitchen poker.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there were any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her, in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet.

Love. But then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hand of one who I think deserves them.

(Gives them to Frederick.)

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

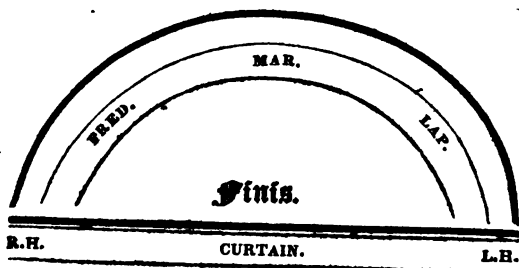
Lap. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! If I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half that sum to save the whole world.—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, if law, justice, or injustice will get it me. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. From what we have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; but it is the Miser endeavours to be wretched.

*He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



2
© **Oxberry's Edition.**

THE QUAKER,

A COMIC-OPERA ;

By Mr. C. Dibdin.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

**THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,**

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

BOSTON :

**PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET :
A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.**

1823.

Remarks.

THE QUAKER.

THIS little piece has always been attractive, though it is far from being of the first order. There seems to be a sort of opposition between the thoughts and deeds of people ; in proportion as the world is cold, and avaricious, it admires feeling and generosity ; and though few would undergo the peril of being a hero, all are delighted with the mimic character of it upon the stage. It is thus that Steady is ever a great favourite with the audience. Indeed it should seem as if in contradiction to the critical cant, people did not visit the Theatre to see Nature, but something either better or worse than Nature ; something that should either delight them by superior goodness, or harrow them by superior iniquity ; in fact they wish to have their feelings excited, and whether to tears or laughter, it is of little importance. No poetry ever was or ever can be, natural, and when the critical herd have talked a little longer on the subject, they may perhaps arrive at this conclusion.

The Quaker is so like the best of the French Vaudevilles, that there is little doubt of its success on one of their minor stages. We wonder no plagiarist of that country has hit upon the idea ; our authors borrow, and continue to borrow so much from them, that instead of complaining of such a theft, we ought to be rejoiced at any thing that

lessens the weight of our obligations. The Quaker himself, it is true, is something of a stumbling block ; the familiar phrase of *friend* is but indifferently translated by *mon ami*, but our lively neighbours are not apt to be embarrassed by such difficulties ; they have a peculiar knack of converting the substantial English roast into a flimsy fricassee, and we have no doubt that a French dramatic critic of any skill in his vocation would hash up the Quaker into an excellent dish for the Parisians.

Mr. Charles Dibdin was born at Southampton, about the year 1748, and educated at Winchester, with a view to the clerical function. His propensity for music, however, distracted his attention from every thing else, and brought him to town at the early age of fifteen. Mr. Dibdin appears to have exhibited a remarkable precocity of intellect ; for at sixteen years of age he brought out an opera, of two acts, at Covent Garden, called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, written and composed by himself. Unwilling, however, to commence too early a career as a writer, he contented himself, till after the run of *The Jubilee*, with composing music for others. *Love in the City*, *Lionel and Clarissa*, *The Padlock*, *The Jubilee*, *The Installation of the Garter*, and *The Christmas Tale*, are a few of the many pieces of which he only composed the music. His commencement as an actor, we believe, was as *Damætas*, in *Midas*. He afterwards, however, performed other characters ; we may particularly mention that he was the original Mungo, in *The Padlock*, in the year 1768 ; in which, as well as in *Ralph*, in *The Maid of the Mill*, he displayed such originality of conception, that his early secession from the stage has often been lamented. Of his Mungo, Mr. Victor, who must be allowed to have been a judge of these matters, says, "It is as complete a low character as ever

was exhibited." The author, Bickerstaffe, in his preface, has this passage : " The music of this piece being extremely admired by persons of the first taste and distinction, it would be injustice to the extraordinary talents of the young man who assisted me in it, was I not to declare, that it is, under my direction, the entire composition of Mr. Dibdin ; whose admirable performance, in the character of Mungo, does so much credit to himself and me ; as well as to the gentleman whose penetration could distinguish neglected genius, and who has taken pleasure in producing it to the public :"

When Mr. Dibdin retired from the stage, the Circus was built for him ; and he was manager of it for two seasons. He afterwards launched a new species of entertainment, which he continued for about twenty years ; himself the sole writer, composer, and performer. These exhibitions varied their titles, as well as their matter, from time to time : but we can recal to our recollection the following ; *The Whim of the Moment, The Oddities, The Quizzes, The Wags, Private Theatricals, Castles in the Air, Great News, The General Election, A Tour to the Land's End, Will-o-th' Wisp, Tom Wilkins, The Sphynx, the Frisk, Most Votes, Christmas Gambols, King and Queen, Valentine's Day, New Year's Gifts, Britain Strike Home, Heads and Tails, The Frolic, Datchet Mead, The Professional Volunteers, Rent Day, Commodore Pennant, &c. &c.*

Among other publications of this gentleman's, we have to record the following : *The Devil*, 2 vols. 8vo. about 1785 ; *The By-stander*, 4to. about 1787 ; *Musical Tour*, 4to. 1787 ; *Hannah Hewitt*, a novel, about 1792 ; *The Younger Brother*, a novel, about 1793 ; *History of the Stage*, 5 vols. 8vo. about 1795 : *Professional Life of Mr. Dibdin*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1802 ; *Observations on a Tour through*

England and Scotland, with views, &c. 4to, 1803; *Henry Hooka*, a novel, 1806; *The Public Undeceived*, 1807; *The English Pythagoras*; *The Musical Mentor*; *Music Epitomized*; *The Yeoman's Friend*; *The Lion and the Water Wagtail*, &c. &c.

For a few years Mr. Dibdin enjoyed a pension from Government of 200*l.* a year; on a change of administration, this was cut off; but we have heard that it was recently restored. Necessity, however, drove him a few years ago to open a shop in the Strand for the sale of music and musical instruments; but in this he was unfortunate, and a commission of bankruptcy issued against him. To this he appeared, and laid such a simple, candid and satisfactory statement of his affairs before the commissioners and his creditors, as redounded greatly to his honour, and procured him an early grant of his certificate. He was now, however, left a destitute man; when a few gentlemen, almost wholly unknown to him, held a private meeting, at which they made a contribution for him, and issued an invitation to the public to join their laudable endeavours in behalf of a man in the vale of years, and immersed in difficulties, but to whom the army, the navy, and the nation in general, were deeply indebted for his Tyrtæan strains; as well as for his multitudinous compositions, calculated to inspire a love of the country, and a zeal to protect it in a time of imminent danger. The result was, that such a sum was raised, as, though far below the merits of the case, enabled certain trustees to procure a moderate annual provision for Mr. Dibdin, his wife, and daughter, during his life; the principal sum being reserved for the two latter after his decease. He died July 25th, 1814; at Arling-street, Camden Town, and was buried at St. James', Hampstead Road—Aged, 69.

The following is a list of his dramatic pieces :

The Shepherd's Artifice, *D. P.* 8vo. 1765.—Damon and Phillida. *Altered from Cibber, C. O.* 8vo. 1768.—The Mischance, *Int.* 1772.—The Ladle, *Ent.* 8vo. 1773.—The Wedding Ring, *C. O.* 8vo. 1773.—The Deserter, *M. D.* 8vo. 1773.—The Waterman; or, The first of August, *B. O.* 8vo. 1774.—The Cobbler; or, A Wife of ten Thousand, *B. O.* 8vo. 1774.—The Metamorphoses, *C. O.* 8vo. 1776.—The Seraglio, *C. O.* 8vo. 1776.—The Quaker, *C. O.* 8vo. 1777.—Poor Vulcan, *Burl.* 8vo. 1778.—The Gipsies, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—Rose and Colin, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—The Wives revenged, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—Annette and Lubin, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—The Chelsea Pensioner, *C. O.* 8vo. 1779.—The Mirrour; or, Harlequin every where, *Pant. Burl.* 8vo. 1779.—The Touchstone, *Pant.* 1779. N. P.—The Shepherdess of the Alps, *C. O.* 8vo. 1780.—Harlequin Freemason, *P.* 1780.—The Islanders, *C. O.* 8vo. 1781.—Jupiter and Alcmena, *Burl.* 1781. N. P.—Marriage Act, *F.* 8vo. 1781.—None so blind as those who won't see, *M. F.* 1782. N. P.—The Graces, *Int.* 8vo. 1782.—The Cestus, *Ser.* 8vo. 1783.—Harlequin the Phantom of a Day, *P.* 8vo. 1783.—The Lancashire Witches, *Pant.* 1783.—Long Odds, *Ser.* 8vo. 1783.—Clump and Cudden, *C. M. P.* 8vo. 1785.—A Game at Commerce, *C.* 1785. N. P.—Liberty Hall, *Mus. Piece.* 8vo. 1785.—Harvest Home, *C. O.* 8vo. 1787.—A Loyal Effusion, *D. Ent.* 1797. N. P.—Hannah Hewitt, *M. E.* 1798. N. P.—The Broken Gold, *B. Op.* 1806. N. P.—The Saloon, *M. Ent.* N. P.—The Statue, *M. Ent.* N. P.—She's Mad for a Husband, *M. Ent.* N. P.—The False Dervise, *Int.* N. P.—Land of Simplicity, *N. P.*—The Milkmaid, *Ser.* N. P.—Pandora, *M. Ent.* N. P.—Passions, *M. Ent.* N. P.—Refusal of Harlequin, *Pant.* N. P.—Regions of Accomplishment, *M. Ent.* N. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is about one hour and a quarter.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Costume.

LUBIN.

Green frock coat, scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, white stockings, round hat.

STEADY.

Quaker's suit of brown cloth, black beaver hat.

SOLOMON.

Quaker's suit of drab cloth, black hat.

EASY.

Dark drab cloth coat and breeches, scarlet waistcoat.

VILLAGERS.

Various coloured coats, or smock frocks.

GILLIAN.

Pink slip, and white leno frock trimmed with white ribbon.

FLORETTA.

Smart coloured gown, and leno apron.

CICELY.

Grey stuff gown, blue quilted petticoat, white apron, coloured shawl and mob cap.

Persons Represented.

~~SCENES~~

	<i>Drury Lane, 1820.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, 1808.</i>
<i>Stowdy</i>	Mr. Incedon.	Mr. Incedon.
<i>Lubin</i>	Mr. T Cooke.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>Solomon</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Linton.
<i>Eary</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Gillian</i>	Miss Povey.	Mrs. Atkins.
<i>Floretta</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Margerum.
<i>Cicely</i>	Mrs. Margerum.	Miss Lescroe.

Servants—Countrymen, &c.

THE QUAKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An irregular Hill carried quite to the back of the Stage, so situated that LUBIN, who comes from it during the Symphony of the Duet, is sometimes seen and sometimes concealed by the Trees. A Cottage, R.H. near the front.*

LUBIN comes over the Stile with a Stick and Bundle on his shoulder.

AIR AND DUET.—**LUBIN and CICELY.**

Lub. 'Midst thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales,
Whose songs are echo'd from the vales,
Trudging along through thick and thin,
Thank Fate, at last I've reach'd the door;
(Knocks at the Cottage door.)
How pleas'd they'll be to let me in!
I've walk'd amain,
And yet ne'er leaving her before,
Hast'ning to see my love again,
I thought each footlong half-a-score.—
They're long, methinks—

Cice. (*At the window.*) — *Who's there, I trow?*

Lub. *Look out good mother. don't you know?*

'Tis Lubin. How does Gillian do?

And Hodge, and Margery, and Sue?

Cice. *Not a whit better, sir, for you.*

Lub. *Why, what's the matter? why d'ye frown?*

Cice. *You shall know all when I come down.*

Lub. *What is the meaning of all this?*

Oh, here she comes.—

Enter CICELY, from the Cottage.

Cice. — *Well, what's amiss?*

Who are you, making all this stir?

If to come in you mean,

You may as well be jogging, sir,

While yet your boots are green.

Lub. *I'm perfectly like one astound,*

I know not, I declare,

Whether I'm walking on the ground,

Or flying in the air.

This treatment is enough to quite

Bersave one of one's wits.

Cice. *Good lack-a-day! and do you bite,*

Pray, ever, in these fits?

Lub. *But you are jesting—*

Cice. — *Think so still.*

Lub. *Where's Gillian?—*

Cice. — *She's not here:*

She's gone abroad, sir, she is ill,

She's dead, you cannot see her,

She knows you not, did never see

Your face in all her life;

In short, to-morrow she's to be

Another person's wife.

Cice. I tell you we know nothing at all about you.

Lub. You don't! why then may happen my name 'en't Lubin Blackthorn; and 'tis likely I did not set out six months ago to see my father down in the west, and ask his consent to my marriage with your daughter Gillian; and I warrant you I did not stay till my father died, to take possession of his farm and every thing that belonged to him; nay, you'll want to make me believe presently that I 'en't come now to settle affairs, and take her back into the country with me.

Cice. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man: get back to your farm, and graze your oxen. You won't get a lamb out of our fold, I promise you.

Lub. Well, but in sober sadness, you 'en't serious, are you?

Cice. Serious! why don't I tell you, Gillian's to be married to another to-morrow?

Lub. Where is she? I'll hear it from her own mouth.

Cice. I believe about this time she is trying on her wedding suit.

Lub. And who is this she is going to be married to? I'll see him, and know what he has done to deserve her more than I have.

Cice. Done to deserve her!

Lub. Yes, done to deserve her. You forget, I suppose, when I've carried her milk-pail for her, or taken her share of work in the hay-field, how you us'd to say, that I was a true lover in-

deed: but I don't desire to have any thing to say to you—you'll repent first.

Cice. Poor young man?

Lub. Nay, but don't you think you have us'd me very ill now?

Cice. I thought you said you would not speak a word to me?

Lub. Nay, but dame Cicely—

Cice. Your servant. If you have a mind to be a bridleman, we shall be glad to see you.

[*Exit into the Cottage.*]

Lub. A very pretty spot of work this! and so I have come a hundred miles to make a fool of myself, and to be laughed at by the whole village.

AIR.—LUBIN.

*I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.*

*My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.*

*But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn;
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.*

Enter EASY, L.H.

Lub. Here comes her father. I don't suppose he had much hand in it; for so he had his afternoon's nap in quiet, he was always for letting things go as they would. So, master Easy, you have consented, I find, to marry your daughter to another, after promising me over and over, that nobody should have her but me.

Easy. My wife desired me.

Lub. Your mind is strangely altered, farmer Easy. But do me one piece of justice however—tell me, who is it you intend for your son-in-law?

Easy. 'Tis a rich one, I assure you.

Lub. And so you have broke your word, and all for the lucre of gain. And, pray now, don't you expect to be booted out of the village?

Easy. I can't say I do.

Lub. Then they're a vile pack of wretches, and I'll get away from them as soon as I can.—*(Crosses to L.H.)*—Go on, go on—let me know all.

Easy. You are in a passion, child, so I don't regard what you say: but I think I should have been out of my wits to have refused Mr. Steady, the rich quaker.

Lub. What, is it he then?

Easy. It is.

Lub. What, he that you are steward to; he that does so much good all about; and he that gives a portion every May day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity?

Easy. The same. You have seen the nature of it—that villager who can boast of having done the most ingenious thing, claims a right to demand a farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and a hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatever maiden he chooses, provided he gains her consent : and it is a good custom ; for the young men who formerly used to vie with one another in the feats of strength, now as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding.

Lub. And so he is to marry your daughter ?

Easy. Things are as I tell you. And for that purpose he has taken Gillian into his own house, had her taught music, and to say the truth, she is a different thing to what she was when you saw her last.

Lub. She is, indeed ! for when I saw her last, she told me, that all the riches in the world should never make her forget me.

Easy. But since she has changed her mind ; and as it so falls out, that to-morrow is May-day, you would do well to study some ingenious thing, and get this portion for a more deserving damsel.

Lub. No, farmer Easy ; her using me ill is no reason why I should do any thing to make me angry with myself ; I swore to love her for ever, and I'll keep my word, though I see she has broke hers.

Easy. Do what you please ; I must be gone.

Lub. Nay, but tell me one thing—did Gillian herself consent to this ?

Easy. You'll know all in good time.

[Exit into the Cottage.]

AIR.—LUBIN.

*Women are will-'o'-the-whisks 'tis plain,
The closer they seem, still the more they retire ;
They tease you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
Through water and fire :*

*And when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of what you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.*

*By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same
hour ;*

*Some say they are Syrens, but take it from me,
They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that
have power ;*

*His person, his heart, nay his reason to seize,
And lead the poor creature wherever they please.*

[Exit, L.H.]

**SCENE II.—A Room in the Quaker's House, with
Glass Doors in the Back.**

Enter FLORETTA and GILLIAN, R.H.

Flo. Pooh, pooh, you must forget Lubin.

Gil. How can you talk so, Floretta? I won't

tho', and none of them shall make me ; they all frightened me, by saying it was a bad thing not to obey my parents, and so I consented to marry this quaker-man ; but there's a wide difference between marrying him and forgetting Lubin.

Flo. And so you would be silly enough to prefer being the homely wife of a clown, to rolling about in your own coach, having your own servants to wait on you, and, in short, leading the life of a fine lady !

Gil. Oh, lord ! I am sick at the thoughts of being a fine lady ! but what's the reason, Floretta, that my friends want to make me so unhappy ? I'm sure I'd do any thing rather than vex them.

Flo. Why you know that Mr. Steady's will is a law to us all ; and as he had desired your friends to consent to this marriage, how could they refuse ?

Gil. Well, but you know he is a very good natured man ; and I dare say, if I was to tell him how disagreeable he is, and that I can't bear the sight of him, he'd let me marry Lubin.

Flo. Suppose you try.

Gil. So I will.

Flo. But how are you sure this Lubin you are so fond of, is as fond of you ?

Gil. I've tried a thousand ways.

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*A kernel from an apple core,
One day on either cheek I wore,*

*Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound ;
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.*

*Last May I sought to find a snail,
That might my lover's name reveal ;
Which finding home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread ;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
Oh, may this omen lucky prove !
For L's for Lubin and for Love.*

Enter STEADY, L.H.

Stea. Verily thou rejoicest me to find thee singing and in such spirits.

Gil. I was singing to be sure ; but I cannot say much about being in spirits.

Stea. No ? why do not thy approaching nuptials lift up, and as it were exhilarate thee ?

Flo. Lord, sir ! there's no persuading her, nothing will get this Lubin out of her head.

Stea. And why, young maiden, wilt thou not listen unto me ? have I not, for thy pleasure, given into all the vanities in which youth delights ? I tell thee, that although my complexion be saturnine, my manners are not austere ; why therefore likest thou not me ?

Gil. I should like you very well if you were my father, but I don't like you at all for a husband.

Ste. And wherefore, I pray thee?

Gil. Oh, there are reasons enough.

Ste. Which be they?

Gil. Why, in the first place, I should want you to change your clothes, and to have you as spruce as I am.

Ste. Rather do thou change those thou wear-est, unto the likeness of mine. The dove regardeth not the gay plumage of the gaudy mack-aw, and the painted rainbow delighteth our sight, but it vanishes away, yea, even as a vapour. What more?

Gil. Why, in the next place, I should want to change your age, and have you as young as I am.

Ste. She speaketh her mind, and I esteem her.—(*Aside.*) Therefore, why then, since it is necessary unto my peace, that thou shouldst become bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and thou canst not fashion thy disposition unto the likeness of mine, I will make it my study to double thy pleasure, until that which is now gratitude, shall at last become love.

Gil. Ah! you'll never see that day, so you had better take no trouble about it.

Ste. Thou art mistaken, and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green—

Gil. I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.

Ste. And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should withhold from thee those pleasures that are innocent.

AIR.—STEADY.

*While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.*

*Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
 With his mates shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads, &c.*

*Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame ?
 'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c. [Exit, R.H.*

Gil. What an unfortunate girl am I, Floretta !

Flo. What makes you think so ?

Gil. Why, what would make you think so too, if you were in my place.

Flo. Well then, I own I do think so ; and if you'll promise not to betray me, I'll stand your friend in this affair.

Gil. Will you ? oh law ! and what must be done Floretta ?

Flo. Why—but see yonder's a lover of mine ; I'll make him of use to us.

Gil. Lord ! what's Solomon your lover ? I hate him with his proverbs and his formality. What the deuce do you intend to do with him ?

Flo. What women generally do with their

lovers, my dear, make a fool of him.—Mr. Solomon!

Enter SOLOMON, L.H.

Sol. I listened, when, lo! thou calledst me : and as the voice of the shepherd is delightful unto the sheep in his fold, so even is thy voice delightful unto me.

Flo. There's a lover for you ! why the spirit moves you, Mr. Solomon, to say abundance of fine things.

Sol. According unto the proverb, love maketh a wit of the fool.

Flo. Yes, and a fool of the wit. But do you love me ?

Sol. When thou seest one of our speakers dancing a jig at a country wake ; when thou beholdest the brethren take off their beavers, and bow their bodies, or hearest them swear, then believe I love thee not.

Flo. A very pompous speech, upon my word.

Sol. An ill phrase may come from a good heart ; but all men cannot do all things ; one getteth an estate by what another getteth an halter ; a foolish man—

Flo. Talks just as you do now. But will you do a little favour I have to beg of you.

Sol. Slaves obey the will of those who command them.

Flo. There is a young man who has been used ill—

Sol. 'Tis very like ; kind words are easier

met with than good actions; charity seldom goeth out of the house, while ill-nature is always rambling abroad.

Flo. His name is Lubin, and I want you to inquire him out, and appoint him to meet me to-morrow morning very early, in the row of elms at the bottom of the garden.

Sol. But shall I not in this offend my master?

Flo. Never mind him: suppose if he should find us out, and scold us a little—

Sol. True—high, words break no bones. But wilt thou give me a smile if I do this for thee?

Gil. Ay, that she shall Mr. Solomon, and I'll give you another.

Sol. But wilt thou appoint the spousal day?

Flo. You are so hasty, Mr. Solomon—

Sol. And with reason; a man may catch cold while his coat is making. Shall it be to-morrow?

Flo. Must I promise?

Sol. Yea, and perform too; 'tis not plumbs only that maketh the pudding.

Flo. Well, well, we'll talk about it another time.

Sol. No time like the time present.

Flo. Nay, now but go, Solomon.

Sol. An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow. Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.

Flo. Pray now go.

Sol. Yea, I will.—(*Goes to R.H.D.—Returns.*)—
A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush.

[*Exit R.H.*]

Gil. What a fright of a creature it is ! How good you are, Floretta.

Flo. I could not bear to see you used in such a manner ; and when I reflected on it, it went to my heart.

AIR.—FLORETTA.

*" I said to myself, now, Floretta, says I,
Supposing the case was your own ;
Would you not be the first ev'ry method to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone ?
You well know you would, and you're worse than a Turk,
If one minute you hesitate whether,
In justice you should not your wits set to work,
To bring Lubin and Gillian together.*

*" To be certain old Formal will frown and look blue,
Call you baggage, deceitful, bold-face,
With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to,
And perhaps turn you out of your place.
What of that ? Let him frown, let him spit all his spite,
Your heart still as light as a feather,
With truth shall assure you, 'tis doing but right,
To bring Gillian and Lubin together."* [Exit, L.H.

Gil. I wonder what they plague us poor girls so for ? Fathers and mothers in this case are comical folks ; they are for ever telling one what they'll do to please one ; and yet, when they take it into their heads, they make nothing of desiring us to be miserable as long as one lives. I wish I could be dutiful and happy too. May be Floretta will bring matters about for me to marry Lubin with their consent ; if she does, lord, how I shall love her !

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*The captive linnet newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage ;
With struggling pants, by hope forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage ;
But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree,
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the Hand that set it free. [Exit.L.H.*

SCENE III.—*A wall at the back of the Quaker's Garden.*

Enter LUBIN, L.H.

Lub. 'Tis all true, 'tis all true ; there's not a soul in the whole village that has not had something to say to me about it. Some pity me, others laugh at me, and all blame me for making myself uneasy. I know, if I did as I ought to do, I should get me back, and think no more concerning of them: but instead of that, here am I come creeping to the garden-gate, to see if I can get a sight of her. Who comes yonder?—Oh, 'tis her father and the old Quaker. I'll listen and hear what they are talking about. *(Retires, R.H.S.E.)*

Enter STEADY and EASY, L.H.

Stea. Friend Easy, hie thee home to thy wife, tell her to hold herself ready for to-morrow,

and say unto her, that when the youth who gains the customary dower shall receive from me the hand of his bride, I will from thee receive the hand of thy daughter.

Lub. Why, I must be turned fool to hear all this and not say a word. *(Aside.)*

Stea. Get thee gone friend. *[Exit Easy, R.H.]*

Enter SOLOMON, L.H.

Stea. Where art thou going?

Sol. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. *(Aside.)* Into the village about a little business for Mrs. Floretta.

Stea. Verily, I do suspect thee to be in a plot against me. I will not have thee therefore do this business: stay here by me.

FLORETTA and GILLIAN looking over the Garden Wall.

Flo. I wonder whether Solomon is gone.

Gil. Oh, dear Floretta, as sure as you're alive, yonder's Lubin!

Flo. So there is. And see on the other side the old fellow talking to Solomon.

QUINTETTO.

Stea. *Regard the instructions, I say,
Which I am now giving thee—*

Sol. — Yea.

Stea. *Speed betimes to friend Easy, and bid him
take care,*

The minstrels, the feasting, and sports to prepare.

He must keep away Lubin too.—

Lub. (Peeping on R.H.S.E.) —Can I bear this?

Gil. Won't you call out to Solomon presently?

Flo. —Yes.

*Stea. And do thou attend with thy dobbins of beer,
And see that our neighbours and friends have
good cheer :*

Make the whole village welcome, and—

Flo. —Solomon !

Stea. —Stay.

Flo. You blockhead come here,—

Stea. —Dost thou notice me ?

Sol. —Yea.

*(Here as often as Solomon tries to speak to Floretta
and Gillian, he is prevented by Steady.)*

Stea. Stand still then.—

Flo. —Friend Solomon.—

Lub. Is it not she ?

Flo. Mind the oaf.—

Gil. —Ha, ha, ha !

Lub. —They are laughing at me.

Stea. See that garlands are ready—

Gil & Flo. —Ha, ha, ha !

Lub. —Again,

*Oh Gillian ! thou falsest of women, since when
Have I merited this ?*

Stea. —So that when on the lawn—

Lub. But I'll speak to her :—

Gil. —Look, look, he sees us !—

Stea. —Begone.

But hark thee—

Lub. Oh, Gillian ! how wicked thou art !

*Thou hast fooled me, betrayed me and broke
my poor heart,*

THE QUAKER.

*But henceforth with safety in infamy reign,
For I never, no never, will see you again.*

[Exit R.H.]

*Gil. He's gone! Now, lord, lord! I'm so mad, I
could cry;*

Flo. Here, Solomon!—

Stea. —Go where I told thee—

Sol. —I fly!

Stea. Well, do then, and tarry no where by the way.

Flo. Quickly run after Lubin.—

Gil. —Do, Solomon.—

Sol. —Yea.

Stea. What, Gillian, art there?

Gil. —Yes, I am!—

Stea. Why dost sigh,

When the hour of thy happiness waxeth so nigh?

Gil. Why, you know well enough.—

Stea. —Come, come, do not sorrow.

Gil. Go along: get away!—

Stea. —By yea, and by nay,

Thy mind shall be easy, believe me, to-morrow.

[Exit, R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter LUBIN, L.H.

Lub. What a plague have they brought me here for? I am in a rare humour—they'd better not provoke me—they would not have set eyes on me again, if it had not been that I want to

see how she can look me in the face after all this.

Enter FLORETTA, R.H.

Flo. There he is. *(Aside.)*

Lub. She shall find that I am not to be persuaded into any thing. *(Aside.)*

Flo. We shall try.

Lub. And if her father and all of them were at this minute begging and praying me to marry her, they should see— *(Aside.)*

Flo. That you would consent to it with all your heart. *(Aside.)*

Lub. I'll just abuse her heartily; tell the Quaker what an old fool he is; call her father and mother all to pieces for persuading to her marrying him; then get me down to my farm, and be as careful to keep myself out of love, as I would to keep my wheat free from tares, a fox from my poultry, or the murrain from my cattle. *(Aside.)*

Flo. If I should make you alter your tone now? *(Aside.)*

Lub. I remember the time, when 'twas who should love most: but what a fool am I to think of that now—no, no, she shall find I can forget her, as easily as she can forget me. *(Aside.)*

Flo. That I firmly believe. *(Aside.)*

DUET.—FLORETTA and LUBIN.

Flo. *(Taps his shoulder.)* How! Lubin sad! this is not common;

What do ye sigh for?

Lub. — A woman.

*Flo. How fair is she who on your brow
Prints care?—*

Lub. — Just such a toy as thou.

Flo. What has she done?

Lub. — For ever lost my love.

Flo. That's sad, indeed! And can no prayers move?

*Lub. None: 'tis too late, that folly is o'er;
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no
more.*

*The time has been when all our boast
Was who should love the other most.
How did I count without my host!*

*I thought her mine for ever.
But now I know her all deceit:
Will tell her so whene'er we meet,
And was she sighing at my feet—*

Flo. You would forgive her.—

Lub. — Never.

*Flo. Then I may e'en go back, I find;
To serve you, sir, I was inclin'd;
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twou'd be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can,
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man.*

Lub. Nay, pr'ythee tell it—

Flo. — Never.

Enter GILLIAN, L.H.

Flo. Here she is; now let her speak for herself.

Gil. Oh, Lubin! why would you not hear me speak to you yesterday? I did not sleep a wink all night for thinking on't.

Lub. Why, had I not reason, Gillian, to be angry, when every one I met told me what a fool you had made of me?

Gil. Why, what could I do? Floretta here knows that I have done nothing but abuse old Steady from morning 'till night about it.

Flo. Come, come, don't let us dispute about what's past, but make use of the present opportunity; we have not a moment to lose. Get you to my master, make up a plausible story how ill you have been used by an old fellow, who has run away with your sweetheart; and tell him, that you come to complain to him, as you know 'tis a custom for every body to do when they are used ill.

Gil. What a rare girl you are, Floretta. But are you sure he won't know him?

Flo. No; I heard your father say, he never saw him in all his life.

Lub. That's lucky; leave me alone for a plausible story. [Exit, R.H.]

Enter SOLOMON, L.H.

Flo. Here comes my formal messenger. Well, Solomon, where's your master?

Sol. In the great hall awaiting your approach.

Gil. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Words cost us nothing. If I have done thee service, thank me by deeds.

Gil. Oh, what you want me to coax Floretta to marry you?

Sol. I do.

Flo. Solomon has it very much in his power to make me love him.

Sol. How, I pray thee ?

Flo. Why, I have said a hundred times, that I never would marry a man who has always a proverb in his mouth.

Gil. So you have, Floretta ; I have heard you.

Sol. And thou wouldst have me leave off mine—a word to the wise—thou shalt hear them no more.

Flo. Why, that sounded something like one.

Sol. It must be done by degrees. Word by word great books are written.

Flo. Again.

Sol. I pray thee to pardon me ; I shall soon conquer them : but Rome was not built in a day.

Flo. Oh ! this is making game of one.

Sol. I protest I meant no ill. I shall forget them I say. 'Tis a long lane that hath no turning.

Gil. Poor Solomon, he can't help it.

Flo. Have you any desire to marry me ?

Sol. Ask the vintner if the wine be good.

Flo. Because I will have my way in this ; and I think it very hard you won't strive to oblige me.

Sol. I protest, I strive all I can ; but custom is second nature ; and what is bred in the bone—verily I had like to have displeased thee again.

Flo. Oh ! what you found yourself out, did you ? then there's some hopes of amendment.

Sol. It shall be amended. A thing resolved

upon is half done ; and 'tis and old saying—but what have I to do with old sayings ?

Flo. Very true.

Sol. But I must attend on the green.

Flo. Well, go ! and by the time I see you next, take care that you get rid of all your musty old sayings. I wonder how so sensible a man as you, could give into such nonsense.

Sol. Evil communication corrupts good manners ; and a dog—pies on the dog ! well, thou shalt be obeyed, believe me—pies on the dog !

[*Exit, L.H.*

Gil. For goodness sake, what excuse do you intend to make to him, when he has left off his proverbs ?

Flo. Why desire him to leave off something else ; and at the rate of one in a month, he won't have parted with all his peculiarities in seven years.

Gil. Well, how we do use men in love with us, when we take it into our heads !

Flo. And yet they are fools to be used so by us. But I am sure you will never use Lubin ill—he will make you the happiest girl in the world.

AIR.*—FLORETTA.

*The face which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.*

* This song is sometimes omitted.

*Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
Intent on some new scheme ;
Clos'd eyes the politician,
For ever in a dream.*

*But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind,
The portrait of this youth.* [Exit L.H.]

SCENE II.—A Hall.

Enter STEADY, L.H. and LUBIN, R.H.

Lub. Your servant, sir.

Stea. Thine, friend.

Lub. I hope, sir, you'll excuse my rudeness.

Stea. I don't perceive thee guilty of any.

Lub. May be not ; but I made bold to ask, if I might not trouble your worship about a little affair, concerning my being sadly ill used.

Stea. Speak freely.

Lub. Why there's a covetous old hunks, an't like your worship, that because he is rich, would fain take away a young woman that I was to be married to, without her consent or mine.

Stea. Has the old hunks, thou speakest of, the consent of her friends ?

Lub. They have no consent to give, an't please you.

Stea. And why, I pray thee ?

Lub. Because, as I take it, if any body gives a thing, 'tis not their's any longer ; and they gave me their consent long ago.

Stea. Thou speakest the truth, but what wouldest thou have me to do in this business?

Lub. Why, please you, sir, I have often heard it said of your worship, that there were three things you'd never suffer in our village, if you could help it—the maidens to go without sweet-hearts—the industrious without reward—and the injured without redress—and to be sure it made me think that if you were once acquainted with the rights of this affair, you would not suffer it to go on; for, says I, set in case it was his worship's own concern, how would he like to have the young woman taken away from him, that he is going to marry?

Stea. There thou saidst it.

Lub. Why yes, I thought that was bringing the case home.

Stea. Well, attend on the lawn; make thy claim known, and if the parties concerned are present, deliver to them what I now write thee for that purpose. (*Goes to the table and writes.*)

Lub. This is better and better still—how they'll all be laughed at—he little thinks he is signing his consent to part with Gillian. (*Aside.*)

Stea. Do thou direct it;—(*Giving him the paper.*)—thou knowest to whom it is to be given.

Lub. Yes, I am sure the person will be upon the lawn.

Stea. And fear not to tell him thy mind.

Lub. I shan't be sparing of that, I warrant you.

Stea. Urge thy ill usage.

Lub. Never fear me.

Stea. And tell him, that by endeavouring to prevent thy happiness, he hath done thee an injury he can never repair. For that riches are given us to comfort and not distress those beneath us.

AIR.—LUBIN.

*With respect, sir, to you, be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it, and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.*

*There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half,
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily think I should laugh.*

*Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship, but mind the old put,
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut. [Exit, R.H.]*

Enter GILLIAN and FLORETTA, L.H.

Flo. Yonder he goes—I wonder how he succeeded?

Stea. Come, Gillian, I was anxious to see thee—the time draweth near, and the sports will shortly begin on the lawn.

Gil. I long to be there as much as you do.

Stea. I doubt it not—and when thou seest thyself the queen of such a set of happy mortals, I know thou wilt consent that this shall be thy bridal day.

Flo. Yes, sir, if you'll consent to her having Lubin.

Gil. And I can tell you he's to be there.

Stea. Lubin, I'm sure, will not oppose what I decree.

Gil. I'm sure he won't part with me quietly.

Stea. Thou shalt see that he will not dare to murmur at my will and pleasure. But come, we are expected. Verily I find myself exalted even to transport, in that I am going this day to make thee a bride.

AIR.—STEADY.

*In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.*

I love thee—umph!

Would move thee—umph!

Of love to be a partaker.

Relent then—umph!

Consent then—umph!

And take thy upright Quaker.

*Though vain I am not, nor of foppery possess'd,
Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou shouldst find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast,
As joyful as joyful can be,*

I love thee, &c.

[Exit, R.H.]

Gil. Why I don't see but that I am as bad off as ever, Floretta.

Flo. I don't know what to make of it myself; but, however, if the worst comes to the worst, you must downright give them the slip and run away.

[Exit, L.H.]

Enter LUBIN, R.H.

Lub. Gillian, I have just watched the old Quaker out, and slipped back to tell you that every thing goes well. I have got his consent under his hand to marry the young woman.

Gil. And does he know 'tis me?

Lub. Not a bit; but you know he never forfeits his word, so that we have him safe enough. But don't let us be seen together. I am going to the lawn—we shall have fine sport, I warrant you. *[Exit, R.H.]*

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat.*

*Upon my troubled mind at last,
Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm. [Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*A Lawn, with a May-pole.*

STEADY, EASY, LUBIN, SOLOMON, GILLIAN, FLORETTA,
CICELY, COUNTRY LADS and LASSES, *discovered.*

Stea. Friends and neighbours, it hath been my study since I first came among you, to do whatever might procure me your love and esteem. I have instituted a custom, the salutary effects

of which I view with great gladness; and each is well entitled to the reward he has received. I will now propose to you a question, to see which of you can make the most ready reply.—What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and without which nothing can be done?

First C. The earth.

Stea. No.

Second C. Ah, I knew you would not guess it. Light, an't please your worship.

Stea. Thou art as much mistaken as he, friend.

Lub. 'Tis my belief 'tis time. Nothing can be longer, because 'twill last for ever—nothing can be shorter, because 'tis gone in a moment—nothing can go slower than it does, when one's away from her one loves, and nothing swifter when one's with her. 'Tis an old saying—

Sol. Friend, I hate old sayings.

Lub. That 'tis as precious as gold; and yet we are always throwing it away. And, your worship, as a proof that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were talking about to-day, had not had the opportunity of my absence, he could not have run away with a certain young damsel.

Stea. Thou hast solved my question aright, and art indeed an ingenuous youth. If thou goest on as thou hast begun, I foresee that thou wilt win the dower. Give me now your several claims, sealed up as usual, and go on with the sports while I peruse them.

A Dance.

Stea. Hast thou nothing to give, young man?
(*To Lubin.*)

Lub. Why yes, please your worship, I have.

Stea. This is addressed unto me! let me view the contents—how! my own hand!—thou expectest, I find, to receive this damsel for thy wife; and thy plot, which thou didst so artfully carry on, was contrived to make my neighbours laugh at me.

Lub. No, with respect to your worship, 'twas to keep them from laughing at you.

Stea. How is this?

Lub. Why, you know, you advised me to tell the old gentleman a piece of my mind.

Stea. Thou shalt see the revenge I will take upon thee for this. I will comply with the contents of this paper to the utmost. Here, read this aloud.
(*To a Countryman.*)

Coun. 'If the youth Lubin—'

Stea. Thou seest I knew thee then.

Lub. I am afraid I have been too cunning for myself.

Stea. You see, neighbours, how I am treated; and I request of you to be witness how much it behoveth us to resent such injuries. Go on.

Coun. 'If the youth Lubin, will faithfully love and cherish the maiden, called Gillian, and make her a good helpmate, I do freely give my consent to her becoming his wife, and request her friends to do the same.'

Lub. How is this!

Ste. This is my revenge. By thy ingenuity thou hast won the dower; and by thy truth and integrity, my friendship.

Lub. Was ever the like?

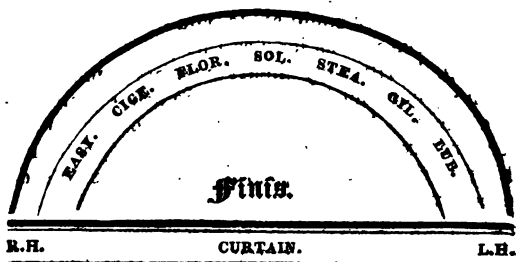
Gil. I never could abide you before, but now I shall love you as long as I live.

Ste. Verily, my heart warmeth unto you both; your innocency and love are equally respectable. And would the voluptuous man taste a more exquisite sensation than the gratifying his passions, let him prevail upon himself to do a benevolent action.

CATCH.

*Let nimble dances beat the ground,
Let tabor, flageolet, and fife,
Be heard from every bower;
Let the can go round:
What's the health?—long life
To the donor of the dower.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



3
Orberry's Edition.

THE
HONEST THIEVES,

A FARCE ;

By T. Knight.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET :
A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.

1822.

Remarks.

THE HONEST THIEVES.

THIS Farce is nothing more than a detached portion from a Comedy called *The Committee*. This ingenious idea of converting a Comedy into a Farce is by no means singular ; most managers keep a sort of Procrustian bed, on which pieces are cut and mangled to the dimensions of their own fancy ; an operation which is performed much more to their own satisfaction than to that of the authors. The ingenuity of Garrick converted *The Winter's Tale*, into a sort of Musical Farce, which he was pleased to designate *Florizel and Perdita* ; and it is beyond doubt that *Macbeth* might, by the same process, be converted into an excellent Scotch Melo-drama. *Hamlet* too, is intolerably long, and most tragically dull ;—by taking away the superfluous character of Hamlet, giving a few popular Scotch airs to Ophelia, Italian duetts to the King and Polonius, and introducing a dance of Grave-diggers, the whole would form a lively interesting drama. Poetry is for the closet, not for the stage ; and as to wit,—why an author must not be wiser than his audience. This is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he can-

not be saved:—i. e. he will be rejected by the manager, d——'d by the audience, or scourged by the critics.

This little piece is amusing, and produces its effect more by character than by incident; yet it by no means belongs to the first class of the drama; the language is not particularly brilliant, nor is there any originality in the characters or language: its merit seems to consist in the skilful use of old materials, which are arranged with no slight knowledge of stage effect. To enter into any minute criticism of its details, would be tedious as it is useless; the gravity which harangues on the beauty of a butterfly, or the qualities of an apt, can only be amusing as it is ridiculous; and as to instruction, it has not the slightest claim. We may therefore be allowed to dismiss this mutilated fragment, without any farther ceremony.

Mr. Thomas Knight, was a native of Dorsetshire, and son of a respectable country gentleman in that county. He received a liberal education, and was originally intended for the bar; but being instructed by Mr. Macklin in oratory, he began to entertain a greater inclination for the drama than the law, and made his first theatrical attempt at York, where he performed five seasons with considerable applause. From York he went to Bath, and there his success was so brilliant that he received the offer of an engagement from Mr. Harris, which he immediately accepted; and on September the 25th, 1795, made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of *Jacob*, in the *Chapter of Accidents*; and *Skirmish* in the *Deserter*: where he continued for many years a deserving favourite of the public. He resigned his situation at Covent Garden, in 1803, and became a pro-

prietor of the Liverpool Theatre. He married a sister of the Countess of Derby, formerly Miss Farren. Previous to his leaving London he waited on his venerable tutor Mr. Macklin, and thanked him for the assistance he had rendered him in his profession; he lamented that it was not in his power to make a suitable return; and having only pecuniary gratification to bestow, begged his acceptance of a testimony of his gratitude. "*If I have served you,*" replied the veteran, "*I am well satisfied.*" Mr. Knight, however, persisting in his benevolent intention, Macklin fairly pushed him out at the door. Mr. Knight died suddenly, February the 4th, 1820; at Manor House, in Shropshire. His Dramatic works are, 1. *Thelyphthora*, C.F.W.C.P. 1783.—2. *Trudge and Wowski*, Prel. 1790.—3. *Honest Thieves*, F. 1797.—4. *Turnpike Gate*. M.E. 1799.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is generally one hour and three quarters.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - is meant - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Costume.

CAPTAIN MANLY.

Blue Regimental coat, white waist coat and trousers.

COLONEL CARELESS.

Blue coat,—ibid.

MR. STORY.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons and boots.

JUSTICE DAY.

Drab-coloured plain suit, and camblet fly.

ABEL.

Slate coloured suit, and low-crowned hat. }

OBADIAH.

Black suit.

TEAGUE.

First dress.—Brown jacket and a blanket.—Second dress.—Yellow livery.

Bailiffs, Servants, &c. Dresses appropriate.

MRS DAY

First dress.—Brown stuff coat, white handkerchief, and black beaver hat.—Second dress.—Drab coloured silk gown white quilted petticoat, white muslin apron and handkerchief, and black silk hood.

RUTH.

White muslin frock and scarf.

ARABELLA.

Blue satin body, white muslin skirt, and blue silk scarf.

Persons Represented.

As it was Acted at

Covent Garden.

1797.

Drury Lane.

1819.

<i>Colonel Careless</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Penley.
<i>Captain Manly</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Middleton.	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Mr. Story</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Claremont.	Mr. Hamblin
<i>Justice Day</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Marshall.
<i>Abel</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Knight	Mr. Oxberry,
<i>Obadiah</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Downton.
<i>Bailiffs</i>	- - - - -	{ Mr. Thompson.	{ Mr. Ebsworth.
		{ Mr. Wyld.	{ Mr. Miller.
<i>Servant to Justice Day</i>	- - -	Mr. Abbot.	Mr. Evans.
<i>Coachman</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Ledger.	Mr. Chatterley.
<i>Tengue</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Johnstone.
<i>Ruth</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Knight.	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Arabella</i>	- - - - -	Miss Mansell.	Miss Cooke.
<i>Mrs. Day</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Sparks.

SCENE.—Gloucester.

THE
HONEST THIEVES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn-Door.*

MRS. DAY.—(*Without, L.H.*)

Mrs. Day. Let the porter carry our bundles down to Mr. Day's house.

Enter MRS. DAY, ARABELLA, RUTH, CAPTAIN
MANLY, and COACHMAN, L.H.

Mrs. D. Out upon't, how dusty 'tis!—'tis a sad thing for people of the better sort, who are us'd to travel in a different style, to put up with a filthy stage-coach. I believe our places are paid for, coachman, are they not?

Coach. Yes, ma'am;—paid for at Oxford.

Mrs. D. Very well.—Something for you to drink.

Coach. Thank you, ma'am. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. D. Why, how now, Arabella!—what, sad! By my faith you need not;—say I told you

so. My son Abel has been pining the whole month that you have been absent; and his honour, Mr. Day, your guardian, my husband, and Justice of the Peace, was quite impatient till we should fetch you home again. I know you'll like our son Abel; he's much improv'd of late; grown quite genteel, I assure you.

Arab. Then he is improv'd indeed! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. D. Now we talk of Abel, I wonder he, or my husband's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. (*Seeing Manly.*)—How is it with you, sir? Weary of your journey, I suppose?

Man. Her tongue will never tire.—(*Aside.*)—Yes, ma'am, so many in the coach has rather heated me.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH, R.H.

Mrs. D. Oh! are you come? Did'nt you think it fit that I should find attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon: I do profess I should have attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, delay'd me.

Mrs. D. Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd.—What, you are rejoic'd at the return of one I have in my eye, ha?

Abel. Yes, I have, by my father's desire, been thinking more about somebody than I'll speak of.

Mrs. D. That's right. You must now endeavour to please the ladies, cast off Obadiah's formalities, show 'em your breeding boy, and

let 'em see you are as well taught as fed.

(*Apart.*)

Abel. If you please, I wou'd speak a word in private.

(*Goes up the Stage with Mrs. D. and Ob.*)

Arab. (*To Ruth.*) That poor gentleman seems heartily tir'd of Mrs. Day's tongue.

Ruth. Indeed he looks fatigu'd.

Arab. I like him much; he seems plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough in all conscience; but to please you, I'll speak to him.

Arab. No, pr'ythee, don't; he'll think us rude.

Ruth. Then I shall think him an ass.—I hope you are better after your journey, sir?

Man. No, madam, I am rather worse.

Ruth. You don't like riding in a stage, perhaps?

Man. No, ma'am, nor talking after it. This young spawn is as bad as the old pike. (*Aside.*)

Ruth. Short, however, if not sweet.

Arab. Pr'ythee, peace!—Sir, we wish you all happiness.

Man. Ma'am, I thank you.—I like her well; but I hope she'll say no more, lest she should spoil my good opinion. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. D. (*Advancing.*) Come, Arabella:—'tis as I told you;—Abel has it.—Say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel: faith she may venture to take you for better for worse; lead her along.—Fare you well, sir.—(*To Manly.*) —Oh! Abel's a notable fellow!

[*Exit, R.H.—Abel leads off Arabella, and Obadiah, Ruth, R.H.*]

Man There's something very interesting about that girl.—Well, here I am in the ancient city of Gloucester, quartered for at least six months, if my creditors don't hunt me out of it. As our troop came some days since, private lodgings, I suppose, are scarce. (*Going, L.H.*)

Enter COLONEL CARELESS and STORY, L.H.

Care. Dear Manly, welcome to Gloucester.

Man. Dear Colonel, I did not think to have met you so suddenly. Ah! my old friend, Lieutenant Story, your servant.

Story. Your friend still, captain;—but no longer a lieutenant: I have quitted the service some time; I am married and settled here: and, faith, as times go, well to do.

Man. I am glad of it.

Care. I hope, Manly, our creditors were not troublesome at our last quarters after I left you? (*Apart.*)

Man. They threaten'd us with the law; but I dare say a few pounds will quiet 'em for a month or so.

Care. And in that time we may get relief, by death or marriage. When did you arrive?

Man. Just now;—came in a stage-coach, wedg'd in with half a dozen: there was a justice's wife, full of vulgar dignity, and her daughter; but a bastard, past doubt, for she bore no resemblance to her mother: their names are Day. There was another young lady with 'em, rather handsome; and she, it seems, is intended

for the justice's eldest son ; a downright ass. He came here to meet his mother, and with him his father's drawling clerk :—two such formal, awkward rascals you never saw ;—ha ! ha !

Story. The handsome lady you speak of is a rich heiress ; they say, her father died abroad in the king's service, and left this Mr. Day her guardian, who, it seems designs her for this his first-born booby.

Care. Why what a dull dog wer't thou, Manly, not to make love and rescue her !—Hey !—whom have we here ?

Enter TEAGUE, R.H. wrapt up in a blanket.

Who art thou, pray ?

Tea. A poor Irishman, heaven save me, and save all your three faces !—Give me a thirteen.

Care. Thou wilt not lose any thing for want of asking.

Tea. Faith I can't afford it.

Care. Well, there's sixpence for thy confidence.

Tea. By my troth 'tis too little, make it a thirteen and I'll drink all your healths.

Man. How long hast thou been in England ?

Tea. Ever since I came here, and longer too.

Care. What's thy business ?

Tea. I have no business at all, at all ; I'm a gentleman at large, and that's all I have done since I left my master.

Care. Why did'st leave him ?

Tea. Because he died one day.

Care. Then it seems he left thee ?

Tea. Yes, indeed,—he left poor Teague ;—but he never serv'd me so before in all his life.

Care. Pr'ythee, who was thy master ?

Tea. Sure he was the good Colonel Danger.

(With affection.)

Care. Colonel Danger ! he was my dear and noble friend.

Tea. Yes, that he was ; and poor Teague's too.

Care. Where did he die ?

Tea. He died in bed, in the enemy's prison, t'other side the water there.

Care. And what dost thou mean to do !

Tea. I wou'd get a good master, if a good master wou'd get me. I can't tell what to do else ;—I was here on my way to Bristol, to see to beg a passage to old Ireland : I went to the man who lives at that house, at the end of t'other house, beside the great house, who tells by the stars and the *planters* what good luck is for man ; and he told me there was no star for a poor Irishman. By my soul, says I, there are as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too. Now I'll go to Ireland, and if the stars be there still, I'll come back, and I'll beat his big pate, if he won't give Teague some good luck.

Care. Poor fellow, I pity him ; he seems simple and honest. Well, Teague, what would'st thou say, if I should take thee.

Tea. I'd say you could not do a better thing, though you got a worse man.

Care. Thy master was my dear friend ;—wer't thou with him when he died ?

Tea. Upon my soul and I was : and I howl'd over him after,—and I ask'd him why he wou'd die and leave poor Teague ? But the devil a word he answer'd ; and in faith I staid kissing his sweet face, till they took him from me. While my master was ill, we sold our cloaths to buy physic and other things to comfort his stomach ; but och ! he paid me again, for when he died, he left me all that he had in the world.

Care. Did he leave thee all that he had ?

Tea. Faith and he did : he left me his love and his friendship, and that was his *all* ; and then I wrapt myself up in this blanket, in which many's the time I roll'd him to keep him warm ; and it does not fit me the worse for that : and in this dress I turn'd out for my journey, without any victuals at all besides a little snuff.

Care. Well, well, serve and love me, as thou did'st thy master, and thou shalt live with me.

Tea. Faith and I will—Och ! be such another master to poor Teague, and sure I'd serve you to the world's end, whether I wou'd or no.—*(To himself.)*—I'm hir'd !

Care. Now then to business ;—we must visit these ladies you speak of, Manly :—Story, do you know the family ?

Story. I know them by name : but Day would as soon let the devil loose with his family as a soldier :—but come to my house, where if you please, you may both lodge.

Tea. I'm hir'd !

(To himself.)

Care. Courage, noble captain ! Who knows but we may make our fortunes here in our new quarters, as well as Story !

Man. And shou'd we not, 'tis but living on Teague's cheap diet of snuff.

Tea. And of that you shall have your belly-full !

Care. Come, Teague, thou shalt lay by this mantle (in lavender if thou wilt) and mount the family livery ; and should our fathers, Manly, still keep us from inheritance, and matrimony prove unpropitious, we'll hoist sail for a new world !
(*With rapture.*)

Tea. Ay, for old Ireland, master ! Och ! upon my soul, and I'd like to take you to my little estate there in Tipperary.

Care. Hast thou got an estate there ?

Tea. Indeed and I have ; but the land is of such a nature, if you had it for *nothing*, you'd scarce make your money of it.

Care. and Man. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Day's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY, R.H.

Mr. D. Welcome, welcome, sweet duck ; thou hast brought home money, and money's worth : —if we can but make sure of this heiress Arabella for our son Abel—

Mrs. D. If we can ;—what, you are at your *ifs* again ?—If I didn't rouse and support you, you wou'd start at your own shadow.

Mr. D. I profess, duck, thou say'st true ;—I should never have got Ruth and her estate into my clutches, but for thee.

Mrs. D. In that, too, you were at your *ifs*; and now, you see, she passes with every one for our own daughter.

Mr. D. Truly, I am much indebted to thy counsel, duck.

Mrs. D. Yes, and our neighbours perceive it; in truth they sometimes call me the justice. Well, then, Arabella must be Abel's wife out of hand: in this Ruth must assist, and Abel must endeavour to do his part also.

Mr. D. Od, if I were as young and as comely as he is—

Mrs. D. You'd do wonders, to be sure: but Ruth shall instruct him, and speak a good word to Arabella. Here she comes.

Enter RUTH, R.H.

Mr. D. Ruth! It is my wife's desire—

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife's desire, she can tell it herself, I suppose.—My dear Ruth, my husband and I wish for a match between our Abel and Arabella;—now the boy is not forward enough, and I wish you, love, to instruct him how to insinuate himself, and put on little winning and deluding ways:—use thy power, wench, and you shan't repent it.

Ruth. Ma'am I shall be happy to do my best.

Mrs. D. Go call Abel, my good girl.

Ruth. I'll instruct him, and finely.

[*Aside, and Exit, R.H.*

Mrs. D. By this, husband, we shall secure to Abel a good fortune.—We must lose no time.—

I saw the officer in the coach to-day cast a sheep's eye at Arabella : there is a new troop too come to town ;—they are dangerous men.—Sure I know what officers are !

Re-enter RUTH, with ABEL, R.H.

Mr. D. Son Abel, do you hear ?

Mrs. D. Do hold your peace, and give me leave.—I have told you before, child, that Arabella would be a good wife for you.

Abel. Why, truly, I think so too : but I can't say that I feel much love yet.

Mrs. D. All in good time ;—Ruth here will instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself. Ah ! boy, had'st thou thy mother's head ! Well, what can't be, can't be ;—pray observe your sister's directions,

(Abel retires up the Stage.)

Mr. D. Be sure, boy—

Mrs. D. Who bid you speak ? Surely I have told him myself ; so get about your business.

[Exit, L.H. pushing out Mr. Day.]

Ruth. Now, then, brother Abel.

Abel. Now, then, sister Ruth. *(Advances.)*

Ruth. Have you a month's mind to this young lady ?

Abel. I have not lov'd her more than a week yet.

Ruth. Oh ! I beg your pardon : But to begin :—you must alter your posture ;—there, hold up your head as it becomes your dignity, and turn out your toes ; they seem to have a great af-

fection for each other ; they don't like to part.—Your hands thus : one in your bosom, t'other a kimbo, to denote your consequence.

Abel. Must I walk trippingly, or with a grave step ?

Ruth. Oh ! gravely by all means, like a true lover.—Let's see.—(*He walks.*)—Vastly well ! Suppose now I were your mistress, and met you by accident ; then you must start to one side, like a frighten'd horse ;—(*She starts.*)—and declare that you did not see her before, because you were so rapt up in love.—Now then.

Abel. Aye, but I don't know what to say.

Ruth. Begin thus :—“ Pardon, madam, the delightful reverie of all-delighting love, in which I was so wrapt up, that I did not see you ; ”—dropping on your knee. (*Kneeling.*)

Abel. I fear I shall forget the words.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. “ Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all-delighing love, in which—(*Ruth prompts him thus far.*)—I was so wrapt up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee.”

Ruth. Ha ! ha ! ha ! better than I expected.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, you're perfect ;—then she'll answer,—“ I suppose, sir, your enquiring mind was sunk so deep into the profounds of cogitation, that, like other wise men, you needed a friend to help you out.” Now your reply.

Abel. No, indeed, I want no help at all.

Ruth. Oh fie, man ! you must confess you need help, and ask her for her hand.

Abel. Aye, that brings it to the point.

Ruth. To be sure it does: besides, Arabella will never die for love of you (engaging as you are) if you are not gallant.

Abel. Why yes, I am engaging, and I can be gallant, if that be all.

Ruth. No doubt;—now go seek your mistress, and remember your lesson;—keep your position, and the town's your own.

Abel. Nay, I care not for the town, if I can get Arabella. [*Exit, L.H. Repeating the Speech.*]

Ruth I could burst with laughing: what an ass it is;—ha! ha! ha!

Enter ARABELLA, R.H.

Oh! that thou hadst come the other way, and met my booby brother Abel.

Arab. Why?

Ruth. He's seeking you to make love—Oh! you'll be rarely courted!

Arab. Nay, Ruth, 'twere well enough for me to mock them; but consider Mr. and Mrs. Day are your parents.

Ruth. That I deny: wonder not! I begin thus freely to invite your confidence. 'Tis enough to tell you now, that I know Sir Basil Thoroughgood was my father, and at two years old, (the time my father died) this canting Day, then sole trustee, caught me and my estates.—Hereafter you shall know all; 'twere time we both look'd to our own affairs, Arabella.

Arab. Then let us love and assist each other. —Wou'd they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

Ruth. No doubt;—but we'll find those ere long shall see us righted. Oh! here's another of the goodly flock—step aside now.

(Arabella walks up the Stage.)

Enter OBADIAH, R.H.

Ob. Mrs. Ruth, I am glad to see thee return'd, in truth I am! for a smile from thee, to Obadiah's heart, is the most exhilarating cordial.

Ruth. Except the cordial you take for the cholic, Mr. Obadiah.

Ob. Truly I am much afflicted that way, but thy little sparklers always revive me. *(She laughs.)* Ah! thou art skittish and profane—Odso, I must hasten on business for his Worship; *(Crosses to L.H.)* when I look on thee Satan is busy within me—Oh! *(Checking his rapture.)* but I will smite and keep the rebel down.

[Exit, L.H.]

Ruth. (Arabella advances.) There is a sighing swain for you—but come, dear girl, we'll make our lovers our pastime: remember I am Ruth still, and their daughter. As I live, Abel returns!—for the joke sake walk towards him;—I'll not leave you. *(Retires.)*

Enter ABEL, L.H. as not seeing Arabella; they walk toward each other, and Abel starts as Ruth taugt him.

Arab. Hey! what's the meaning of this?

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levelee of all delighting love, in which I was so wrapped up, that you cou'd not see me dropping on your knee." (Kneels.)

Arab. Surely he's mad! (Aside.)

Abel. Now you shou'd speak, forsooth.

Arab. What should I say, forsooth?

Abel. Just what you please forsooth.

Arab. This is Ruth's instruction. (Aside.) Pardon me, sir, but I did not see you.

Abel. No, 'tis I that was not to see you, and then you are to answer. (Rises and goes to her.)

Arab. Well, what should I answer?

Abel. Something about *me*, and other wise men and cogitations, and then you take my hand, and help me out,

Enter MRS. DAY, L.H.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, son Abel! got so close to Miss Arabella! Oh! then, I smell a rat—nay look you, Ruth. (Ruth advances.) See how gay Abel is—do but mark his eyes—there—he looks a thousand darts at once? Ruth, how has he behaved, ha? (Apart to Ruth.)

Ruth. Oh! beyond expectation—He'll need but little teaching. Humour his mother.

(Aside to Arabella.)

Mrs. D. I thought thou would'st turn out thy mother's own son—that's right, Abel:—take her by the hand, and lead her in;—look at the soft deluder—oh! he has a winning way with him!

[*Exeunt Abel and Arabella with Mrs. Day.*

—*Ruth behind, laughing, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter COLONEL CARELESS, CAPT. MANLY, and
STORY, L.H.

Care. Ha! ha! ha! nay, Manly, thou art caught:—if I know the signs of love, Captain, thou art caught.

Story. And if Miss Arabella, old Day's ward, be the object of his passion, he might have taken a worse aim.

Man. Why, to confess the truth, I do feel a little interested, but I detest courtship.

Care. What, a soldier, and not love a siege! —Would'st have the women court thee? Prithce tell me, Story, has old Day's daughter a good fortune?

Story. Yes, if the old folks please, I believe she has little independent; and wealth is the deity her parents worship. They have great trust and power; but if I mistake not, as arrant rogues as ever made sanctity a cloak to avarice.

Care. Say you so? then I'll send her a billet-doux. Where the devil is that fellow Teague?

Enter TEAGUE, L.H. *dress'd.*

Tea. Sure I'm here, master.

Care. Oh! very well, I want you: you are not acquainted at the house, you say, Story?

Story. Not I—'twou'd degrade their dignity to admit a poor Lieutenant.

Care. I observe you speak in the plural number. Does her ladyship rank so high in Mr. Day's family.

Man. Oh! Commander-in-chief—I'll be sworn.

Story. Why I believe the "grey mare is the better horse."

Tea. And that's foolish!—(*Col. checks him.*) Oh! that's very foolish!—When I'm married—I'll take care "the grey horse shall be the better mare."

Story. Ha! ha! ha! you must know this Mrs. Day was formerly kitchen-maid to her husband's father, and, in days of yore, called Gillian; but now "she rules the roast" in the parlour as absolutely as she formerly did in the kitchen.

Care. I'll send Teague to her advanc'd honour, to beg I may have leave to wait on her ladyship.

Man. Teague will mistake, my life on't.

Tea. Indeed an I will not mistake the kitchen-maid.—Where must I go now to mistake the kitchen-maid?

Story. As I live, Colonel, here are the very ladies in question—I'll retire. (*Retires.*)

Care. Manly, you'll introduce me.

Enter ARABELLA and RUTH, R.H. TEAGUE stands by his Master, and makes his bow, &c.

Man. Fair ladies, your most obedient! My friend, Colonel Careless, a man of honour, and a true lover of your sex.

(*Manly retires with Arabella.*)

Ruth. (*Curtsying.*) Indeed, Colonel, are you such a military prodigy?

Care. As what, ma'am?

Ruth. A true lover.

Care. When I look at *you*, madam, it is impossible I should be otherwise. (*Bows.*)

Tea. Sure an Irishman could not have said it better!— (*To himself.*)

Ruth. Oh! dear sir; our's is a jaunt of business, not compliment—so fare ye well.

(*Going, Teague and Colonel stop her.*)

Care. Nay, do not thus march off with flying colours.—Your friend, you see, is not in haste.

Ruth. Probably she has found more attraction.

Care. I wou'd you had found the same!

Ruth. Nay, don't be foolish—but let me ask you, is your friend a man of family, and fortune, Colonel?

Care. Oh! oh! then I see how it is. (*Aside.*) Of good family, madam—little fortune, except in debts, considerable expectations, and in the road to preferment; much in the same predicament stands your humble servant—Then shall I be *your* friend.

Ruth. Why to say truth, Colonel, we, each of us, never stood more in need of a friend in all—O lud! what am I about to say—Arabella, come along, or I shall be in as bad a plight as yourself.

(*Runs away, L.H. Col. stops her.*)

Care. Shall I swear I love you?

Tea. No, don't—take time to consider first.

(*Aside to Colonel.*)

Ruth. Don't swear; if you would have me believe it, shew it by deeds not oaths—In short, Colonel, if you are what you seem, I may, perhaps——

Care. What, my angel?

Ruth. Wish you were another man;—my friend is taking leave.

Care. When shall I see you again?

Ruth. Perhaps our friends have settled that—farewell.—

Arab. Sir I have trusted you as a man of honour.

Man. Madam, you shall not repent it. Adieu!
[Exit Arab. and Ruth, L.H.]

Care. Manly, has she appointed another interview, and promis'd to bring her friend with her?
(Eagerly.)

Man. Upon my soul I forgot that.

Care. Oh! the devil! Do they both live together?

Man. Yes, Colonel.

Care. And in Day's house?

Man. Certainly.

Care. Teague!

(Story advances and talks to Manly.)

Tea. You need not call Teague—sure he's at your elbow.

Care. I want thee to go on a message to Mrs. Day.

Tea. To the lady that was kitchen-maid to her father?

Care. Yes, and on thy life take no notice of that, but at almost every word give her—"your

Ladyship"—and "your Honour"—for example, say—"My master presents his service to your *Ladyship*, and having some business with your *Honour*, begs to know when he may have leave to wait on your *Ladyship*?" (*Teague laughs, and turns his back.*) Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

Tea. Oh, no, I always turn my face to the ladies —(*Bows.*)—But was she her own father—that is—father-in-law's kitchen-maid!

Care. Why, what then?

Tea. Upon my shoul, then, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

Care. Poo! poo! you must set your countenance in form, and look serious, before you begin.

Tea. I must not think of a kettle then, or a pan, or the big boiling pot, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen.

Care. Not for a thousand pounds; 'twou'd undo us all.

Tea. Well, then; that my mouth may'nt be laughing on one side or t'other, I'll keep it shut all the time I'm 'speaking.

Care. You'll find me at the inn.

Tea. (*Going, L.H. returns.*) Arrah, master, what is Mrs. Day's name?

Story. Ha! ha! ha!—oh I'll inform thee by the way, and that thou may'st not mistake, I'll shew thee the house also.

[*Exeunt Careless and Manly, R.H.*]

Tea. Och! leave Teague alone for that—

shew me the door, joy, and I'll find the house myself.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Day's House.*

Enter RUTH and ARABELLA, L.H.

Arab. Oh! his confession was like himself, noble; I dare be sworn my Captain's honest.

Ruth. That's more than I'll swear for my Colonel; but a good example may make him so. Were I not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love, if it were only to bear thee company. Oh! that we could contrive to get our estates out of old Day's clutches!

Arab. Oh! that we could contrive to poison that fellow, Abel!

Ruth. Hush!

Enter MRS. DAY and ABEL, R.H.

Mrs. D. Well, Arabella, I hope you have considered what is for your own good; you may be worse offered.—Abel, never stand *shilly shally*, tell her your mind.—Ruth, a word—

(*They retire.*)

Abel. You see, now, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me; I know how to prevail; therefore pray say what I am to trust to, for my mother says I must not stand *shilly shally*?

Ruth. You are hasty, sir.

Abel. Yes, it becomes me to be so, because I am the heir of the family.

Enter TEAGUE, L.H.

Arab. Whom have we here ?

Tea. Well, now, what is your names, every one of you ?

Ruth. (Aside.) Upon my life, Arabella, 'tis the Irish servant of my Colonel.

Arab. Hush !

Tea. Well, can't some of you all say nothing, though you don't speak ?

Mrs. D. Why; how now, sauce-box!—what, have you left your manners without ? (*Takes off his hat.*) Go out and fetch 'em.

Tea. What should I fetch now ?

Mrs. D. Do you know who you are speaking to, sirrah ?

Tea. By my shoul an I don't:—'Tis little my own mother thought I should ever speak to the likes of you.

Abel. You had better not be saucy to her Honour. (*Advances towards Teague.*)

Tea. Her Honour ! and, I suppose, you are his *Worship*. I want to speak to one Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Well, impudence—I am Mrs. Day—What's your business ?

Tea. Oh, are you there with yourself, Mrs. Day ? I'll look well first—and I'll set my face to be serious, and in form—and now I'll tell her my message.—The good Colonel, my master, bid me ask your Ladyship—(*Turns and laughs.*)—By my soul the laugh will come upon my mouth in spite of me—ha ! ha !—the pepper-castor !—

Mrs. D. Why you impudent fellow! were you sent here to abuse me?

Abel. Sir, if you offer to abuse my mother, Obadiah and I shall thump you.

Tea. (*Smiles.*) You'll do what?

Abel. Thump you, we shall, if you abuse her Honour.

Tea. Then, by my soul, I have a great mind to thump you with my hammer.

(*Strikes him, Abel runs behind his Mother.*)

Mrs. D. Why, varlet, d'ye mean to insult me?—Get out of my house, fellow?

Tea. Won't I give you my message then from my master?

Mrs. D. Tell your master to bring his message himself, whoever he is.

Tea. By my soul, and he shall, for Teague.

Mrs. D. And not send a saucy Irish brute that can't speak a word of English.

Tea. An Irish brute! Is it for me that name? Why then the devil christen your Ladyship! and your Honour-ship! and Kitchen-ship to boot!—Sure that's plain English. [*Exit, L.H.*

(*Ruth and Arabella enjoy her distress, in the back ground.*)

Mrs. D. Ah! (*Screams.*) Oh! that my husband had been here!—but he is never where he is wanted.—Kitchen-ship, indeed! and you to stand by like a sheep—Run after, and stop him. Call help as you go—Make haste, I say.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of Day's House.*

Enter MANLY, L.H. hastily.

Man. Where the devil shall I shelter? Scarcely got into quarters but I must be disturbed by bailiffs :—curse 'em ! here they come !—then to my heels. [*Exit, R.H.*

Enter TWO BAILIFFS, hastily, L.H.

1st Bail. That's he—I should know him amongst a thousand. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

Tea. (*Without, L.H.*) Hub bub boo ! Run, master !—Run, mongrels !—Run, bull !—Run bailiffs !

Enter TEAGUE, L.H.

Tea. Oh ! if Teague's prayer prevails, you'll tumble and break your necks, you Bum Baily rascals ! Och, by the Powers they are down ! they are down ! one over t'other, and right in the kennel, as clean as dirt—Your first cousin, the devil, help you out o'that.—

Enter CARELESS, L.H. hastily.

Care. Teague ! have you seen Captain Manly ?

Tea. Indeed and I have ; he has just escap'd from the bailiffs there.

Care. Has he escap'd?—Then all's well :—they were as near snapping me too.

(*Going, R.H.*)

Tea. (*Stopping him.*) Arrah, then don't go that way ; you'll surely be overtaken, for they're all before you.

Care. No—here comes another behind me ; plague on 'em : they're on a full scent—What shall I do ? Here is a door, and invitingly open—I'll in—Teague, scout abroad ; if any thing happens, here you shall find me, observe the door, do you hear ?

Tea. Sure—I'll know it again !—I'll write my name on it.

Care. That, I believe, is not in thy power.

(*Exit, L.H.*)

Tea. Indeed and it is : I have pen and ink in my pocket. (*Makes a great cross with chalk.*) Sure enough that will stand for my name as well as any thing ; and I have been too well us'd to a cross not to know it again.—My father spent all my estate before ever I had it ; that was one cross. Then I was cross'd in love by Logan Lochlogan ; that was another cross ; and my life hereafter has been full of crosses ever since !

Enter THIRD BAILIFF, L.H.

3d Bail. Did you see a gentleman pass this way but now ?

Tea. Indeed and I did—I'll hum this fellow.

(*Aside.*) He went in yonder, to the Goose and Alderman : suppose you and I have a drink together there, without offence to either ?

3d Bail. With all my heart, if you'll stand treat.

Tea. Indeed and I will.—I shou'd have a thirteen somewhere—(*Searching his pockets.*) By my soul, my money is like a wild colt, I must drive it up in a corner before I can catch it :—Och ! I have it by the scruff o'the neck ; so come along, honey. [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Inside of Day's House.*

Enter RUTH, L.H. and OBADIAH, with writings.

Ruth. Having drank thy cordial, Obadiah, hasten about thy master's business.

Ob. I will, forsooth ; but why wilt thou not smile upon thy admirer, and gladden him with the beams of kindness ?

Ruth. Because, forsooth, I don't like it.

Ob. Thou know'st not the extent of my riches.

Ruth. If they are equal to your charms, they are beyond my hopes.

Ob. Um !—why the ladies have sometimes prais'd the symmetry of my features.—Nor dost thou know thy own riches ; nor will I tell thee, unless I make thee bone of my bone. (*Aside.*)

Ruth. Are these the marriage-settlements between Abel and Arabella ?

Ob. They are forsooth. When they are mar-

ried—ha ! my little merry maid—shall we—ha ?
—I can make thee a good jointure.

Ruth. Why, when *they are married*, perhaps we may.—Shall I ask your master's consent ?

Ob. Not for the world.

Ruth. Well, well, go about the writings, and I'll think of it

Ob. Wilt thou ?—Then I will go.

*With looks of love I do depart,
'Tis through mine eyes thou read'st my heart.*

(Going, L.H. Colonel Careless runs against him, and tumbles him back.)

Ruth. Oh ! heaven's ! 'tis the Colonel ! *(Aside.)*
What have you done, sir ? I hope you have not kill'd the man. How is it, poor Obadiah ?

(They help him up.)

Ob. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear he hath bruised the intellectuals of my stomach. *(Gets up.)*

Ruth. Before you go to the lawyers, go in again, Obadiah—Take this key—go in again, and take another sup of the cordial.

Ob. I do believe it would be wise ; and as thou desir'st it, I will apply another drop to the bruise of my stomach ; the blow has increas'd my cholic exceedingly. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Ruth. Heavens ! Colonel ! How came you here ? Who let you in ? Did you knock at the door ?

Care. No, my angel ; the door stood open, as if it had a mind to say—I pray you, sir, come

in? But where is the place I would not storm to get at—

Ruth. Hold! for love's sake, don't storm here!—Should Mr. or Mrs. Day see you, we are ruin'd.

Care. Then let us seize the present moment, and on the wings of Love fly far away.

Enter TEAGUE, L.H. in haste—RUTH retires.

Tea. Och! master, master, are you there then?—Sure enough you are. The good captain Manly is overtaken again, so he is; and the rascally Bum Bailiffs have taken him to prison.

Care. Hush! for your life— *(Apart.)*

Tea. The devil burn me if—*(Careless stops his mouth.)* Och! if you won't hear of your friend when he is in gaol, then—

Care. Prithee be quiet, blockhead.

Tea. Och! pay me my wages, take your live-ry, and give Teague his blanket! By my soul, I'd go stark naked, with only that to cover me, before I'd serve a master that neglects his friend when he is in trouble.

(Pulling off his coat.)

Care. Blockhead! I'll attend him directly.

Tea. Och! very well then, could you not say so at first? Sure I can pardon a slip.

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir. May I know the business?

Care. Why, madam, to be honest with you—

Tea. That's right now, and like your self.

(Apart.)

Care. Prithee, be quiet. Madam, my dear friend, your friend's admirer, is arrested, and in prison.

Tea. Indeed and he is, at the tavern below, here.

Care For the present, therefore, I must bid you farewell.

Ruth. Stay but a moment, perhaps I may serve your friend. (*Going, R.H.*)

Tea. (*Whispering the Col.*) If she's a house-keeper, ask her to go bail for the Captain.

Enter ARABELLA, R.H.

Ruth. Oh! Arabella! I was going to seek you.

Arab. What is the matter?

Ruth. Thy captain is taken by bailiffs, and carried to prison, and his friend here almost distracted.

Arab. What do you tell me? Oh! that I could release him! I should rejoice to do it.

Ruth. The only means you have is to smile upon Abel, and get *him* to bail him. Here he comes with Obadiah: wheedle him.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH, R.H.

Arab. So, Mr. Abel, where have you been?—Could you find in your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Important affairs kept me away from you, as Obadiah can witness—*bona fide*.

Ob. I can, forsooth, myself being a material party.

Care. Plague on 'em, how slow they speak!
(*Aside.*)

Tea. Speak faster, can't you—speak faster!
(*Hastily.*)

Arab. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight. It is not your *bona fides* shall satisfy me: I have occasion to go a little way; you and Obadiah must go with me; nay, you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. No, indeed, I ought not. Come along, Obadiah. You see how well she loves me!

(*Abel leads out Arabella, and the Colonel, Ruth, L.H.*)

Tea. Give me your hand, honey, and I'll lead you.
(*Leading out Obadiah, L.H.*)

SCENE III.—A Tavern.

MANLY discovered. Two BAILIFFS waiting.

Man. For your lenity I thank you; if my friend does not come within this half hour, I'll attend you to prison.—Will you take another glass?

1st Bail. Why, sir, we thank you.

Man. Brandy or Sherry? There are both.—Help yourselves. Oh! here comes my friend.—'Sdeath, Arabella too!
(*Bailiffs drink.*)

Enter CARELESS, ABEI, RUTH, ARABELLA, TEAGUE, and OBADIAH, R.H. Careless goes to Manly. They retire Teague takes the bottle aside, with Obadiah who receives, and drinks a glass sily.

Arab. (To Abel.) Nay, sir, you need not scruple ; he is a kinsman of mine ; you surely can't think I would let you suffer ;—you must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother is not acquainted with it.

Arab. Oh ! if that be all, Ruth and I will hold you harmless ; besides, we can't marry if my kinsman be in prison ; his presence will be necessary to sign our marriage deeds—Much depends on his consent—we must please him.

Abel. Oh ! if that is the case ; Obadiah, it seems proper that we should set this gentleman at liberty. I'll 'em, therefore, that we will bail him. *(Ob. crosses to them.)*

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of his Worship, Mr. Day ; and I, by name Obadiah, am his Honour's chief clerk.

1st Bail. Well, sir, we know Mr. Day and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I—and I'll bail this gentleman.

1st Bail. Sir, if you please to step into the next room, we can have no objection.

Abel. Well, go you before ; Obadiah, let 'em know who I am : I believe he dare not refuse my bail : it's as much as his place is worth to refuse my bail.

[Exeunt, Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs, L.H.]

Care. By my faith, Manly, they are noble girls!

Man. They have bereft me of all words. Prithee, make my acknowledgments.

Care. Miss Arabella, the Captain begs me to return you his sincerest thanks, and desires me to add, that he never felt greater felicity than in being obliged—(*Manly pulling his coat.*)—Prithee be quiet—to the only woman on earth he wou'd wish to be obliged to.

Arab. In doing what I have done, sir, I have obliged myself.

Man. Madam, I can only say, I love and thank you: hereafter I hope my deeds will speak more.

Ruth. Well, let us not lose time. We have a scheme on foot—should we bring it to bear, we may, perhaps, need your assistance.

Care. Madam, you shall command us.

Ruth. If you *can*, keep Obadiah here; he may else be in the way.

Care. Will the rogue drink?

Ruth. I suspect so. He is fond of cordials, but he's too cautious to be caught at home.

Care. Teague, could'st not thou entertain Obadiah in the next room, till he were a little tipsy, or so?

Tea. Indeed an I cou'd. He'll take it down like new milk; he gave me an earnest but now: sure I can make him and myself too drunk for the honour of Ireland.

Man. Then take the bottles with thee.

Tea. (*Takes the bottles.*) One is half full, and

t'other half empty. I'll put them together, and then Master Obadiah and I will empty two bottles at once. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Care. Here comes Jupiter's Mercury, the expeditious Mr. Abel.

Ruth. Mr. Teague, I see, stops Obadiah.

Arab. So much the better for us.

Enter ABEL, L.H.

Abel. I have, according to your desire, releas'd your kinsman. I love to be charitable sometimes: but where is Obadiah? Oba——

Ara. *(Stops his mouth.)* What signifies Obadiah, while I am with you? *(As angry.)* Odds my life, I shall be jealous of you! give me your hand, and don't ask after that stupid fellow again in my presence, I beseech you.

(Abel leads her.)

Abel. You may come to my wedding, if you please, sir, you and your friend, for all you have been beholden to my authority.

[Exit, leading Arabella, Ruth follows, R.H.]

Man. I'd rather I and my friend were going to thy funeral.

Care. Methinks there is a strange mystery about these girls; yet in the main they are candid too.

Man. On my life, sincerity itself!—They are all heart.

Care. Would'st marry Arabella, Manly?

Man. Aye, though she had not a shilling.

Care. She loves thee, that's certain: I wou'd

mine were attach'd, and her fortune independent of the old curmudgeon, Justice Day.—Hark! hark!—see where Teague with laurel comes; and the vanquished Obadiah, with nothing fix'd about him but his eyes.

Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, L.H. singing.

Man. I fancy Teague has given him more brandy than wine.

Tea. Well, now upon my soul, little Obadiah sings as well as he drinks. Come then, we'll sing an Irish song.

Ob. Aye, an Irish song and more Sherry.

Tea. Och! faith, joy, you shan't want for a sup of the creature. Och! beautiful! (*Obadiah drinks.*) Now then for an Irish song.—(*Sings.*—

Between each verse he lets Obadiah drink out of the bottle. Manly and Careless retire.)

SONG.—TEAGUE.

*Oh! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,
And my own loving mother call'd me her dear joy;
And that I was so, why she always wou'd say—
A smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, &c. &c.
O boderation, her own little boy!*

*But when I grew up I was always in love,
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy:
So true to ten thousand I constantly prove—
A sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing, &c. &c.
O boderation, a fond Irish boy!*

*For war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,
 Oh the wide world itself I'd go near to destroy ;
 But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,
 And then I'm a laughing, quaffing, splashing,
 dashing, &c. &c.—
 O boderation, a tight Irish boy !*

(The Song being ended, Obadiah and Teague dance, and sing—"La ral la liddy, diddy," &c.)

Ob. Nice song!—but I can't do these material matters—Nice song, nice Sherry. More Sherry !

Tea. Och ! faith and you shall honey ! *(Obadiah drinks.)* And since you're mindful of your mouth, pray don't neglect your nose.—We'll snuff together for the honour of Ireland. *(Teague holds his mull ; as Obadiah tries to put his finger and thumb into it, he moves it, first to one side, then t'other.)* By my soul, you are not the first man that has miss'd his mark all on one side ; here, lay it upon your hand—there, put one of your noses to it now. *(Obadiah takes it.)* Oh ! Mr. Obid, will make a brave Irishman, that he will ; sure you'll put this up you're t'other nose now ! *(Takes it as before.)*

Ob. I'll snuff for old Ireland.—More Sherry ! Now you sing English, and I'll sing Irish.

Tea. Right, joy ; like man and wife, we'll join *English* and *Irish* together ; and the devil fire him who disturbs the harmony of such a wedding ! *(They sing and dance : Obadiah tum-*

bles down.) Oh! Mr. Obid, Mr. Obid!—you are down!—you are down!—upon my soul I believe he is dead.

Care. Dead!

(Careless and Manly advance, R.H.)

Tea. Yes—dead drunk—Och! poor Obid is gone!—and I'll howl over him as we do in Ireland.—*(Howls)*—Och! poor Obid, and are you gone, my jewel! Och! oh! I'll try if he's dead indeed.—*(Puts the bottle to his mouth.)*—The bottle is almost too small for his pretty mouth—Oh! he gulps! he gulps! like a big fish!

(Obadiah makes a gurgling noise.)

Care. Oh come, the rogue's alive.

Ob. Ruth's a nice wench; I'll have her.

Care. Will you, faith?

Ob. More sherry!—She old Day's daughter!—I know better.

Care. Dost hear that, Manly? The rascal is leaky in his cups.

Ob. She's rich—I'll blow you up, old Day—I'll marry her.

Tea. Upon my soul, and you'll make a sweet pretty bridegroom!

Care. Teague, here's a shilling—get a chair, and carry him to his master's; and shou'd you meet the ladies, say they will find us at Lieutenant Story's.

Tea. Give me the thirteen, and I'll give him an Irish sedan.

Care. Prithee, how's that?

Tea. Let me just get between the poles, and I'll shew you—there—

(Teague gets between Obadiah's legs.)

Ob. More Sherry ! (Teague draws him off by the heels.)
[Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Day's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY, L.H.

Mrs. D. Come, dispatch ! dispatch ! I say !—dispatch the marriage whilst she is thus taken with our Abel.

Mr. D. I have sent Obadiah with the writings to the lawyer, to secure to Abel the bulk of Arabella's estates.

Mrs. D. Have you the other writings ready.

Mr. D. I have, duck—I have.—They are in my chest, in the next room, with those of Ruth's. With your leave, duck, we will just look 'em over.

(Lays out keys and pocket-book on the table.)

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Mrs. D. Well, what now, that you come in such haste ?

Ser. Please your honour, your good neighbour, Zachariah Stedfast, is departing this life ; and as he has made your honour his executor, he wishes to speak to you before he dies.

Mr. D. Odso, Odso ! then the good man will leave us.

Ser. Yes, sir, that he will before you get there, if you are not quick. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Mr. D. Let us hasten then, duck ; good men

should not be neglected—Where is that fellow, Obadiah, to attend us ?

Mrs. D. (Calls aloud.) Why, Obadiah, I say !
—But come, husband ; never mind, come along :
—we'll take Abel in his place. Hasten, man—
hasten, and don't lose time.

[Pushes him, and exeunt in haste, L.H.]

RUTH peeps in, R.H. and *ARABELLA* after her.

Ruth. Hey ! what game's on foot now ? The cry is up ; they are all off on a full scent !

Arab. But now, Ruth, what is this scheme of your's ?

Ruth. Why, I mean to tell old Day boldly, that he has impos'd on us ; that I know I'm not his daughter ; insist upon inspecting our father's wills, taking our affairs into our own hands, and at once act for ourselves, or get our officers to act for us.

Arab. Bravely resolv'd—But, heav'ns !——
What's here ? *(Seeing keys, &c.)*

Ruth. As I live, it is Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely, and here too is his pocket-book.—Now, Arabella, if thou hast any courage, now's the time.

Arab. For what ?

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt—to free ourselves from roguery and bondage. If I miss it, hang me !

Arab. But whither shall we go ?

Ruth. To one that was a friend of my father ; he'll shelter us, fear not. Stay—do you stand

centinel here, while I unlock his iron chest in the next room.

(Goes in at a door in the middle, and unlocks a chest inside, and takes out bundles of papers.)

Arab. I warrant thee—make haste, and fear not—should any one approach, I'll give notice.

(Noise within as opening the chest.)

Ruth. I have 'em—I have 'em. Here they are—two precious parcels—here's both our names on 'em. Take e'm. *(They are going.)*

TEAGUE enters, L.H. with OBADIAH on his back.

Oh! heavens!

Tea. Long life to you, madam! you have got your burthen there, and I have got mine here. My master and his friend are at Lieutenant Story's, and they want to speak to both of you.

Arab. and Ruth. Shew us to them.

Tea. Faith and I will. I'll just lay down this great big bundle of iniquity. *(Lays him down.)*

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr. Teague?

Tea. The devil a drop you get of me, Mr. Obid!—Do you think I have nothing to do but to be filling your unconscionable bowels, and be d—mn'd to you? So there you are, and a dainty fine present too for your mistress. Be pleas'd to make my compliments to her Kitchenship!—and now, ladies—

(Going, L.H.)

Ruth. Stop, stop—we must go the back way, Mr. Teague, for fear of meeting the Days.

Tea. Oh! very well—come along then, ladies, and I'll follow you.

[Exeunt, Teague first, and then Arab. and Ruth, R.H.]

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY, and ABEL, L.H.

Mr. D. Truly, he made a good end and, departed, as it were, into a sleep.

Mrs. D. Ah ! poor man, his wife took on grievously !—(*Weeps.*) I don't think she'll marry again this half-year.—Oh ! 'twas vastly solemn !

Ob. Small-beer !

Mrs. D. Oh Lord ! What's that ?

Ob. Small-beer !

Mrs. D. Obadiah ! and drunk, as I hope for mercy !

Mr. D. Oh, fie upon't !—fie upon't !—Who could have believed this ? Where have you been, sirrah ?

Ob. (*Bawling.*) Small-beer !

Mr. D. Oh ! terrible ! Shame brought within our walls ! I'll lock up my neighbour's will, and then I'll reprove him—How—what—I can't feel my key's—(*Shakes his pockets.*) No—nor hear 'em jingle. Have you seen my keys, duck ?
(*Exceedingly alarm'd.*)

Mrs. D. I see your keys ! See a fool's head of our own. Why don't you see if you have left them in the chest ?

Mr. D. Well, I will, duck—I will. [*Exit, M.D.*]

Mrs. D. Abel, take up this filthy beast, and carry him to bed.

Abel. Truly he is far gone—(*Lifting him.*)—Obadiah !

Ob. Some small-beer ! Where's Mr. Teague ?

Re-enter MR. DAY. M.D. Abel lets Obadiah down again.

Mr. D. Oh ! undone ! undone ! We are robb'd ! the chest is left open, and all my writings and papers stolen !—Thieves !—Ruth ! Ruth !

Mrs. D. (Bawling.) Why, Ruth, I say !—Thieves !—thieves !—thieves !

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Where's Ruth and Arabella ?

Ser. I have not seen 'em for some time, madam.

Mr. D. They have robb'd me ; they have taken away the writings of their estates ! Oh ! undone ! undone ! *[Exit Servant, L.H.]*

Mrs. D. This comes in staying for you, you stupid dolt, *(Strikes Abel.)* and you, too, you provoking varlet—will you wake ? *(Pulls Obadiah's ear.)* What have you to say for yourself ?

Ob. (Aloud.) Small-beer !

Mr. D. Let us find the girls, duck : they are the thieves, depend on't.

Mrs. D. Yes, and you must leave your keys to tempt 'em ; why don't you raise a hue and cry ?—send Abel for constables. Why don't you stir ?—*(Pushes Day off, L.H.)* We'll overtake 'em, I warrant you. *[Exit after Day.]*

Abel. Come, good Obadiah, I'll raise you on your feet.—*(Lifts him.)*—Come, there, I'll help you. *[Exeunt, R.H.]*

SCENE V.—*Story's House.*

Enter MANLY, ARABELLA, CARELESS, RUTH, and
TEAGUE, R.H.

Arab. I find Day has no longer any lawful controul over *me* or *mine* ; and for protection against him I confide in you.

Man. Do, and fear not.

Care. And is it possible ? *Ruth* not Day's daughter, but *Anne*, daughter and heiress to Sir Basil Thoroughgood ?

Ruth. 'Tis true indeed, as the papers left in Mr. Story's care have clearly explain'd.

Mrs. D. (*Without*, L.H.) But we know they are here.

Care. Zounds ! the enemy advances.

Ruth. Then let us receive the charge firmly : —give me my ammunition, girl. (*Takes writings and pocket-book from Arabella.*) Aye, now the day breaks.

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY and ABEL, L.H.

Tea. I wish all their necks were broke !

Mrs. D. Ah ! ah ! my fine runaways, have we found you ? In the hands of your fellows too ! However, return what you have stolen, and both you and Arabella—and you, ungracious Ruth—

Ruth. No longer Ruth, but Anne, if you please.

Mrs. D. Anne, indeed! and who gave you that name?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers. Go on, madam, I can answer a leaf or two further.

Tea. Och! Mrs. Mustardpot, have you found a Rowland for your Oliver at last! (*Aside.*)

Man. You'll find, madam, they have stolen nothing but their own; they were *Honest Thieves*, I assure you.

Ruth. There, Mr. Day, are all we took of your's—(*Gives book and papers.*) having reclaim'd our rights, and put them and ourselves under the protection of these gentlemen.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Mrs. Prate-a-pace!

Care. Softly, good Gillian Day—keep your dignity, and don't call names

Tea. Oh! If you don't know manners, I'll be after shewing you to the kitchen!

Mrs. D. I shall choak with vexation!

Mr. D. We had better withdraw, duck.

(*Apart.*)

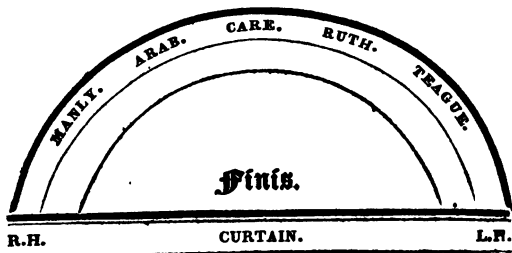
Mrs. D. Duck me—no ducks; but get along—do!—(*Pushes him off, L.H.*)—Yes, and you too, Stupid the Second.—(*Pushes Abel off, L.H.*)—Ah! you are a precious couple! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Tea. Indeed and you are a precious couple, all three of you!

Care. They are rightly serv'd; and now, my charming Anne, since you and your friend have honour'd us with your confidence, we will not ask more till you have prov'd us worthy. In the mean time, 'Teague, we thank thee, and will endeavour to reward thy honesty.

Tea. Och ! master, say no more about that : sure, if we have luck enough to please our good friends, a smile from their sweet lips is to poor Teague the best reward of all.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



4
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THE DESERTER,

A MUSICAL DRAMA ;

By C. Dibdin.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

**THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,**

**AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatres Royal.**

By W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

BOSTON :

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Remarks.

THE DESERTER.

SIMPLICITY is one of the most favourite topics with modern critics, whose occupation is to censure faults rather than to praise excellence, to judge by rule and not to decide by feeling. Yet after all what is to be understood by this magic word, simplicity? A harp with three strings is more simple than the harp with forty-eight; but is it so sweet or so effective? The repetition of any notes, however sweet, is tedious.---And does not the same argument extend to every source of pleasurable sensation? It is the relation of one part to another that makes proportion; of one colour to another that makes beauty; of one sound to another that makes harmony. What then is this simplicity but a Sunday term for monotony and barrenness? On applying this measure to the drama, its truth becomes still more apparent; a single action is simple, but how little does it interest the multitude, who, after all the declamations about taste and the select few, must be the real judges of every art, that makes it appeal to the fancy.

This opinion, if true in the general, is more particularly just when applied to "The Deserter," a piece, which has always been more praised than popular, and more admired than acted. One solitary action makes up the whole fable, without the relief of a single collateral incident; and, however pleasing that fable may be, it loses all its interest by being diluted by two long acts of watery dialogue. The fact is,—as indeed Dibdin honestly confesses,—that the piece was borrowed from the French, with whom a story is beaten out till it is as thin as leaf

gold; the substance of one sterling English piece would furnish out a month's repast for our volatile neighbours.

But though the simplicity of the fable may be censured as degenerating into monotony, the characters are very far from being badly drawn; Henry and Louisa, scarcely seem to be fictitious characters; we look at them as an artist would at a portrait, in which the likeness is striking, but the colours cold, and the composition ineffective.

Skirmish is a very pleasant caricature, a relic of the old stage, a sort of left-handed descendant of the clown of our antient drama, who relieved our ancestors from the dullness of thought and tragedy. There is an honest light heartedness in characters of this description that always makes us wish they were real, and not an idle dream of the imagination. Of the other characters, Simkin, and Jenny, and old Russet, it may be said that they are rather feebly than incorrectly drawn; they are the faint images of something not worth the copying.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - -	is meant - - - - -	Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - -		Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - -		Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - -		Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - -		Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - -		Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - -		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - -		Left Hand Door.

THE DESERTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Cottage, with a view of the French Camp at a distance.*

MARGARET, L.H. knitting, and JENNY, R.H. spinning,
at the door of the Cottage.—SIMKIN and other
VILLAGERS come over the bridge, R.H.S.E. with
baskets of fruit.

AIR.—SIM. MAR. JEN. and Chorus.

Sim. *I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss.—
Why there's pipers and fiddlers ; while Robin
and Harry
And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,
Have pull'd as much fruit as we are able to
carry.*

Mar. *Why, numskull, that's nothing ; her ladyship's
wine,
All over the village, runs just like a fountain ;
And I heard the folks say, every dish, when they
dine,
Will be swimming in claret, madeira, and
mountain.*

Jen. Then for poultry and such like—good lord, what a store !

*I saw Goodman Gander six baskets full cram-
ing ;*

*Then such comforts and jellies ! why one such
feast more*

Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

Chorus. What the meaning can be

We shall presently see,

For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows ;

Be what it will,

Our wish shall be still,

*Joy and health to the Duchess wherever she
goes !*

Sim. What can all this feasting be for ?

*Jen. I'll give you while I wind up this bottom
and another, and you shan't find it out.*

*Sim. Why then, if you know so well, why
don't you tell us what it is ?*

*Jen. Ah, I thought you would none of you
guess it. This grand feasting at the Duchess'
is because the King's coming to the camp.*

Mar. Who told you so ?

Jen. I had it from Gaffer Russet himself.

Sim. Does the King come to the camp to-day ?

Mar. Why, yes ; I knew that.

*Sim. Then, as sure as can be, I know what
will happen.*

Jen. Why, what will happen ?

*Sim. There will be two weddings in the vil-
lage before to-morrow night.*

Mar. How so ?

Sim. Why, is not Henry, the young soldier, to marry Louisa, Gaffer Russet's daughter, as soon as the review is over.

Jen. Not if I can prevent it. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Well; that's but one wedding.

Sim. Yes; but Jenny can tell you whose wedding t'other's to be.

Jen. How should I know?

Sim. Ah, you wont say any thing before folks, because you're ashamed.

Jen. What do you mean?

Sim. As if you did not know—

Jen. Not I, indeed.

Sim. Why did not you promise me, that when Henry married Louisa, you'd marry me?

Jen. Yes, yes, and I'll keep my word; whenever Henry marries Louisa, I'll marry you.

(*The country people retire up the stage.*)

Enter RUSSET and LOUISA, L.H.

AIR.—LOUISA.

Why must I appear so deceitful?

I cannot, dear father, comply:

Ah! could I think him so ungrateful,

With anguish I surely should die.

What so tender, at parting, he told me,

Which such joy to my bosom convey'd;

When next he was doom'd to behold me,

Could I think would be this way repaid?

Rus. Well, well: but child—

Lou. Indeed, father, 'tis impossible; I never can consent to such a thing.

Rus. Odds heart, Louisa, there's no harm in it. Neighbours, come round here—(*Country people come down.*)—I'll tell you the whole affair; you know what a dear good lady the Duchess is.

Mar. Ah, she's a dear good lady, indeed; and we all of us ought to do every thing she orders us.

Rus. I and my family in particular ought, for many's the good thing she has given me and my old dame; then how kind she was to all my poor children! she stood god-mother to this, and had her christened after her own name.

Sim. Louisa.

Rus. Well, now we come to the point.—Henry, you know, who was bred up with my girl, and intended from his infancy for her husband, is a soldier.

Sim. So he is.

Rus. And because she has a value for every thing that belongs to me, this good lady, about three weeks ago, sent to the colonel for his discharge, that the young folks may live at home at their ease, and be as happy as the day is long.

Mar. That will be charming and comfortable for you, neighbour.

Rus. Yes; but now comes the mischief of it; what has occasioned it, I don't know; I never saw any harm of the lad, but there are always busy tongues in this village, doing people ill offices; and such reports, within these few days, have reached the Duchess' ears, that she is determined to see farther into this business, be-

fore she gives Louisa the portion she promised her.

Jen. You may thank me for that. (*Aside.*)

Lou. But he'll be here to-day ; and so well I know his heart, that I am sure he'll clear himself to their confusion who could so vilely traduce him.

Jen. Perhaps not. (*Aside.*)

Rus. Well, child, I am sure you can't wish it more than I do ; nothing has ever pleased me so much as the thought of your coming together : I wish to see you married with all my heart.—But, as I was telling you, the Duchess hearing of these reports, is determined that we shall make a trial of his affections.

Lou. Indeed, father, there's no necessity for it ; he loves me most sincerely.

Rus. Nay, nay, child ; I really think your love carries you too much away in this affair ; it can do no harm ; 'tis only an innocent frolic. You are to make believe as if you were a bride ; and let me see who—oh, you shall be the bridegroom. (*To Sim.*)

Sim. Shall I ? ecod, I'm glad of that.

Rus. But above all, I must instruct you, Jenny, in your part ; you are to sit here, and tell Henry, when he comes, that Louisa and Simkin were married yesterday.

Jen. The very thing I wished. (*Aside.*)

Lou. I'm vexed to death that this trick should be played him ; I can judge by myself what he'll feel. If I was told such a thing of him, how miserable I should be.

Rus. But he'll be so much the happier when he finds out the deceit, child.

AIR.—LOUISA.

*Though prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, O what can they do !
No longer a rover,
His follies are over ;
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.
The bee, thus, as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray ;
With raptures possessing
In one every blessing,
Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.*

Rus. Well, well, don't make yourself uneasy ; I dare say he loves you as sincerely as you think he does ; if so, he'll soon be undeceived, and we shall finish the day as happily as we could wish. In the mean time, let us think of what we have to do ; we are to pretend we came from the church ; the fiddles and bagpipes are to go first, then the lads and lasses follow ; after which, mind this now, we are to go to the Duchess' mansion in grand procession, and there to be feasted like so many princes and princesses.

Sim. Ecod, that will suit me nicely.—But, Gaffer Russet, Jenny says, you told her the feasting was to be for the King.

Rus. For us and the King ; yes, yes, the King, after he and his courtiers have had an en-

tertainment at the Duchess', goes to review the camp, where the soldiers are all to appear under arms—ah, girls! that's what none of you know any thing about—when the King goes to the camp, then's the time—the drums beat—the fifes play—the colours are flying—and—and—lord—lord! what a charming thing war is!

Sim. It must be then when one comes home again, and it's all over.

Rus. There's no life like the life of a soldier; and then for love! let the girls take care of their hearts; I remember I won my Dorothy just after I came from such a review now as there may be to-day.

Mar. Ah, indeed, the soldiers make sad work with young women's hearts, sure enough.

Rus. And how can it be otherwise?

AIR.—RUSSET.

*One conduct's for
Both love and war,
The point's to gain possession;
For this we watch
The enemy's coast,
Till we sleeping catch
Them on their post:
Then good bye, form;
The fort we storm,
Make towns or hearts
Surrender at discretion.*

*In love the only battery,
Which with success we play
To conquer hearts, is flattery:*



THE DESERTER.

*No fortress can its power withstand;
 Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,
 Can make such way.
 As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
 We make believe,
 Mislead, deceive;
 Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for,
 Cannons and all our force of arms,
 But with their thund'ring alarms,
 To tell, not cover our designs?
 Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
 Blockades, or ambuscades compare?
 No, all agree,
 That policy
 Is the true art militaire.*

Rus. But, come, come, we must go and prepare ourselves; you have not much time to spare; and see where he comes hurrying along there; there, now, he clammers up yonder hill—well done, faith!—Ah, your lovers have no gout to stop them. Come, child—neighbours, come along.

Lou. Cruel father!

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Enter HENRY, L.H. over the bridge.

AIR.—HENRY.

*The nymph who in my bosom reigns,
 With such full force my heart enchains,
 That nothing ever can impair
 The empire she possesses there.*



*Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way :
The worthless load he may contemn,
But prizes still, and seeks the gem.*

Hen. But I hear music ! what can this be ? all the villagers are coming this way—it seems like a wedding—I'll retire.—How I envy this couple.
(Retires, R.H.U.E.)

Enter RUSSET, SIMKIN, LOUISA, MARGARET, JENNY, and Villagers, in the wedding procession, L.H.

Rus. Charming ! he has hid himself—pretend not to see him. Don't turn your head that way ; he's looking at you now !

Lou. How cruel, not to let me have one look !

Sim. No, you must look at nobody but me now : I am the bridegroom, you know.

[*Exeunt Sim. and Lou. over the bridge, R.H.*

Rus. Jenny, be sure you play your part well.

Jen. Never fear me ; my part's a much more difficult one than they imagine. (Aside.)

[*Exit Rus. and Procession, R.H. over the bridge.*

JENNY sits down, L.H. to spinning ; HENRY comes forward, R.H. during her song.

AIR.—JENNY.

*Somehow my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass :
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you pretty lass ?*

*A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.*

*'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now :
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.*

*Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld ;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy ;
For ah ! My heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.*

Hen. Good day, young woman.

Jen. (Sings.) *'Twas passing nigh, &c.*

Hen. Young woman !

Jen. (Sings.) *'Twas passing nigh, &c.*

Hen. Pray, tell me what wedding that is ?

Jen. What ! that wedding ?

Hen. Yes.

Jen. Do you want to know whose wedding
it is ?

Hen. Ay, ay.

Jen. What that wedding that went past ?

Hen. Yes, yes.

Jen. Why, 'tis a wedding in the village here.

Hen. But whose, I ask you ?

Jen. (Sings.)

Hen. Are you making a jest of me ? answer
me, I beg of you.

Jen. Why, I do answer you, don't I ? (Sings.)

Hen. What, again ! whose is this wedding ?
whose is it ? speak, or I'll—did I not see amongst
them ?—distraction !—will you answer, you ?

Jen. Lord, you are so impatient! why, then, the wedding is Louisa's, old Russet's daughter, the invalid soldier.

Hen. Louisa's wedding!

Jen. Yes; she was married yesterday.

Hen. Married! good heavens! are you sure of what you say? Do you know Russet?

Jen. Do I know him? to be sure, I do; why he is bailiff to the Duchess. What makes you so uneasy? you seem as if you had an interest in it.

Hen. An interest in it! oh!

Jen. Dear me, if I remember right, you are the young man that every body thought she'd be married to. O la! what wickedness there is in the world! I am sure I very sincerely pity you.

Hen. I am obliged to you for your concern.

Jen. Nay, it is not more on your account than my own, that I am uneasy.

Hen. How so?

Jen. Why, she was not content with making you miserable, but she must make me so too. The vile wretch she's married to, has perjur'd himself; for he has sworn a thousand and a thousand times to marry me.

Hen. What falsehood and treachery!

Jen. If I was you, I would not bear it quietly: not but she'd brazen it all out, for I taxed her with it myself; and she only laughed in my face, and told me that you and I might go mourn together, like two turtles, the loss of our mates.

Hen. Insulting creature!

Jen. Yes ; and for my part, I said to myself, says I, 'twould be a good joke to take her at her word : but then again I thought, that though revenge is sweet, yet people have their likings and their dislikings ; and as for me, to be sure, I can't pretend to such a good young man as you.

Hen. (*Not regarding her.*) Infamous wretch ! Well might she keep her eyes fixed upon the ground ; but I'll see her, upbraid her with her infidelity, and leave her to the guilty reproaches of her own ungrateful heart. (*Going, L.H.*)

Jen. Young man—

(*Calling him.*)

Hen. (*Returning.*) Well, what do you say ?

Jen. I believe you did not rightly hear what I said.

Hen. Oh, I have no time for trifling. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Jen. Poor soul, how he takes it to heart ! But I must follow him ; for if I lose this opportunity, I may not find it easy to get another. But stay, upon second thoughts, if I can but make a tool of Simkin, and by that means alarm Louisa, I shall every way gain my ends ; for if she once believes him capable of slighting her, I am sure she has too much spirit ever to see him again.

Enter SIMKIN, R.H. over the bridge.

Sim. Oh, Jenny, I am glad I have found you ; what do you think brought me away from Louisa and them ?

Jen. I neither know nor care.

Sim. Why, I was afraid you'd be jealous.

Jen. I jealous !

Sim. Why, yes, you know, because I pretended to be Louisa's husband.

Jen. No; I'd have you to know I am not jealous! I am only vexed to think I have been such a fool to listen to you so long, you base creature you.

Sim. If I did not think there was something the matter, by your looking so cross.

Jen. And enough to make one; you know I can't help loving you; and this is the way you return my affection.

Sim. Why, you know 'twas only in play.

Jen. In play! I could see plain enough how your eyes sparkled upon the bare mention of being the bridegroom.

Sim. Now Jenny, if you would but hear me speak—

Jen. Speak! get out of my sight, you perjured wretch! I was fool enough not to credit what I heard of you; but I dare say 'tis all true.

Sim. Why, what did you hear of me?

Jen. That it was you who invented all the reports about Henry.

Sim. Me! as I am a living Christian, Jenny—

Jen. Don't say a word to me; you have made me miserable, and now you want to insult me.

Sim. Indeed I don't; you can't think now how happy I could make you, if you would only hear me three words—

Jen. Don't talk to me of happiness, for I never shall be happy as long as I live.

Sim. How dearly she loves me! what a pity it is she won't let me clear up this affair.

(*To himself.*)

Jen. And then that demure little minx ; oh ! I could tear her eyes out ! I was always afraid of it, and now I am convinced, that her pretended love for Henry was nothing but a contrivance to blind me the easier.

Sim. Dear, dear—

Jen. But, however, you have both missed your aim ; for Henry behaves as he ought to do, and holds her arts in contempt ; nay, he told me himself he had fixed his affections on a more worthy object.

Sim. He did !

Jen. Yes, he did ; and you may go and tell her so : and as for me,—

AIR.—JENNY.

*Mr. Simkin, I'd have you to know,
That for all your fine airs,
I'm not at my last pray'rs,
Nor put to it so,
That of course I must take up with you ;
For I really, sir, think, that though husbands are few,
I need not go far off to seek,
For a better than you any day of the week.*

*To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough,
To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,
Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears ;
And when for a while you've been out of my sight,
The day has been comfortless, dreary at night,
And my only companions my tears ;
But now that's all o'er ;
I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.*

[Exit, L. H.]

Sim. Why, what the deuce has got hold of her? for my share, I believe all the folks in our village are gone mad—mad! Ecod, I'll be hang'd if any Bedlamites are half so mad as folks in love.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter a Party of SOLDIERS, R.H. over the bridge.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell you, my boys, how the matter stands; if we can but catch hold of him, the *summum bonum* of the thing is this, he'll be first tried, and then shot.

2 *Sol.* Yes; but suppose we don't catch hold of him?

3 *Sol.* Why then he'll neither be tried nor shot.

4 *Sol.* No more he wont.

2 *Sol.* But I have been thinking how we shall do to know him.

1 *Sol.* Ay, your are a fool in these matters; I'll tell you how you'll know him; here, here; I've got his name and his marks. (*Reading.*) Hannibald Firebrand, six foot and an inch high, of an orange tawny complexion, a Roman nose, and the letters R. T. burnt in the palm of his hand; the devil's in it if we can miss him.

2 *Sol.* And would you go lift your hand against your friend!

1 *Sol.* Against my friend! ay, against my father, if he was to desert; but stay, stand by, perhaps this is he.

(*They draw back.*)

3 *

Enter HENRY, L.H.

Hen. Where shall I fly! the unhappy have no friends! all I meet make a scoff of my sufferings.

2 Sol. It must be him.

1 Sol. Keep back.

Hen. Are the inhabitants of this place turned brutes? have they no compassion?

1 Sol. There you see how it is, none of the people will screen him, they are honest, and refuse to do it; I'll take care the King shall know what good subjects he has.

Hen. At my home, where I expected to receive so kind a welcome, I am surrounded with enemies.

1 Sol. There! there! he says he expected to receive a kind welcome from the enemy.

2 Sol. So he does.

Hen. To desert one so kind!

1 Sol. Ah, 'twas an infamous thing of you, sure enough.

Hen. Life is not worth keeping upon such terms, and this instant could I lay it down with pleasure.

1 Sol. Mark that!

Hen. I'll go directly, and— (*Soldiers advance.*)

1 Sol. (*Stopping him.*) Not so fast, if you please,—Hey! why, this is not the deserter that's my friend. But no matter, one deserter's as good as another.

Hen. Do you suspect me for a deserter?

1 Sol. No, we don't suspect you ; we know you for one.

Hen. Me ?

1 Sol. Me ! yes, you. How strange you make of this matter. Why, did we not hear you confess that you expected a kind welcome from the enemy ?—I'll tell you what, I am not fond of making people uneasy, but every word you have uttered will be a bullet in your guts.

Hen. What if I favour this, and so get rid of all my woes at once,—Oh, Louisa, you have broke my heart !

(*Aside.*)

1 Sol. What are you talking to yourself about ?—Come, come, you are a deserter, and must go with us.

Hen. Shall I or not ?—by Heaven, I will I (*Aside.*)—I own it, I am a deserter—lead me where you please.

1 Sol. There, he confesses it, and we shall have the reward.

AIR.—HENRY.

*I'll fly these groves, this hated shade ;
Each sound I hear, each thing I see,
Reminds me, thou perfidious maid !
Of vows so often made by thee.
Blush, blush, Louisa, and look there ;
Where's now thy truth, oh, tell me where ?
Thy constancy's no more ;
And like a wretch, by tempest tost,
My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,
I sink in sight of shore !*

1st & 2d. Sol. Come, brother, come.

3d. & 4th. Sol. We must be gone.

Hen. Yes, yes, I'll fly to death—lead on.

1st. 2d. 3d. & 4th. Sol. Come then,

Hen. And yet, O cruel fate !

1st. 2d. 3d. & 4th. Sol. He's devilish loth.

Hen. *A minute stay,*

One instant, ere I'm dragg'd away.

1st. 2d. 3d. & 4th. Sol. You have confess'd—'tis
now too late. *[Exeunt R.H. over the bridge.]*

END OF ACT. I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Prison, with a table, and some old chairs.*

FLINT and HENRY discovered.—*Flint while he speaks puts the stage in order ; Henry walks about disturbed.*

Flint. There's some water for you to drink ; a table and a chair, and yonder's your bed ; but if you go on at the rate you have begun, there will be no great trouble in making it—I am a deserter, I have deserted ; I believe you'll find you had better not have confessed quite so soon. Why, what a devil of a fellow you must be ! but come, as I said before, there's some water for

you ; and if you choose to have any thing better—money, d'ye see—you understand me right—for money—and, faith, if you have any, you have no great reason to be sparing of it; for I believe your business will soon be settled—do you choose any wine?

Hen. No, no.

Flint. Well, very well; if you wont have wine, you must drink water.

Hen. False, false Lousia!—Oh, heaven!

Flint. But you seem a little down in the mouth about this business; never mind it, 'twill soon be over;—you are to suffer at five. In the mean time I'll send a lodger of mine to you; he'll put you in spirits by that you have drank a glass together; his name is Skirmish; he is a devilish hearty fellow. [Exit, L.H.]

Hen. That a few hours should sink me from the expectation of so much happiness! But, oh, my heart, bear up a little, and I shall be rid of this insupportable misery.

AIR.—HENRY.

*To die is nothing ; it is our end, we know ;
But 'tis a sure release from all our woe :
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
And rid the world of wretched things like me.
A thousand ways our troubles here increase ;
Whilst cares succeeding cares destroy our peace :
Why fly we then ? what can such comfort give ?
We cease to suffer when we cease to live.*

Enter SKIRMISH, L.H.

Skir. Here, my boy; who wants me? who calls for Skirmish? comrade, did you want me?

Hen. Me! no.

Skir. Why, yes, you did.—Ho, ho, house! here, house! we'll have a glass together; as we never saw one another before, we'll now begin to renew our acquaintance.

Hen. Can you tell me if I could get a sheet of writing-paper?

Skir. Yes, surely, you shall have that: here, house! house, I say! where the devil are you all? but bark'ye, friend; what a confounded mistake you have made here,—a mistake! dam'me, you have made two mistakes! I can prove it: in the first place, to desert at all, was a mistake; then to confess it; oh, damn it, that was a mistake indeed!—I am but a silly ignorant fellow; but had I been in your place, had he been my serjeant, my general, nay, my corporal, I would have said, no, I am no deserter. No, no, my lad, Skirmish scorns to desert.

AIR.—SKIRMISH.

*Though to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses chinking,
There's nothing but I'd do or say,
Yet Skirmish shall ne'er run away.*

For here is his motto, and so there's an end:

*He's none of your flatt'ers, who fawn and are civil;
But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend,
Little Skirmish would go half-way to the devil.*

*Soldiers often fickle prove,
Who can know his mind for ever?
We forgive you false in love,
But deserters never, never.*

Enter FLINT, L.H. with Wine.

Flint. There's a young woman without, asking for a soldier. (*To Skirmish.*) I suppose it must be you she wants.

Skir. Yes, yes, 'tis me, I warrant you: let her come in. [*Exit Flint, L.H.*] But give me the wine. (*Sets the bottle down on seeing Louisa.*)

Enter LOUISA, L.H.

Skir. Ah, ah, a smart wench, faith!

Hen. Good heavens! what do I see? you here!

Lou. Me, Henry!

Hen. Is it possible!

Skir. Oh, ho, I smoke this business; comrade, I'm off; I'm off; she's your sister, I suppose, or your cousin; but that's no business of mine.—Madam, no offence, I hope; my name is Skirmish, I understand what good-breeding is; I'm off, brother soldier. (*Crosses to L.H.*)—Faith, she's a fine girl! (*Aside.*)—I'll go and walk a little in the court-yard—d'ye mind me—I'm off—mum.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Hen. This insult, Louisa, is beyond enduring! is it not enough?—but I will not upbraid you.

Lou. Hear me but a moment.

Hen. Away; don't I know you false?—barbarous, faithless wretch.

Enter SKIRMISH, L.H.

Skir. Don't mind me; don't let me disturb you. I only come to fetch the wine, for I believe you don't care to drink. Will you take a sup? no—well, your servant—I'm off again.

[Exit, L.H.]

Hen. It is not from your hands, but from your father's, that I shall expect—

Lou. 'Tis true, my father—

Hen. That infamous old man! but go—I have no more to say. O Louisa! I doat upon you still; is it possible you can have entirely forgot me?

Lou. Believe me, Henry—

Hen. But with what assurance—what composure—

Lou. I should not be composed, if I was really to blame. With one word I could convince you.

Hen. With one word! speak it then, if you dare.

Lou. I am not married then.

Hen. Not married!

Lou. 'Twas entirely my father's doings.

Hen. O cruel!—'tis to no purpose whether 'twas you or him.

Lou. What I tell you is true:—some reports to your disadvantage having reached the Duchess, which I then knew, and we have since found to be false, she ordered this mock-wedding, for such only it is, to prove your affections; so that every thing you saw and heard was con-

trived on purpose to deceive you, and the whole affair was but a joke !

Hen. (*Sits down in the chair, rests his hands on the table.*) Was but a joke ! O heavens ! my heart will burst !

Lou. What means this grief, my love ? do you still doubt the truth of what I say ?

Hen. No, Louisa ; 'tis because I believe you.

Lou. Here's my father.

Enter RUSSET, L.H.

Oh, sir ! I am glad you are come. Ask him what's the matter : make him tell the cause of his distress.

Rus. Henry, my dear boy, good day to you ; I am overjoyed to see you ; well, all matters are cleared up, and you may take Louisa for your pains, whenever you will, I give her to you.

Hen. I beseech you, desire your daughter to step into the court-yard for a minute or two.

Rus. Why so !

Hen. Oblige me only ; desire she will.

Rus. Louisa, we have something to say to each other : step out for a minute or two ; I'll call you back presently.

Hen. (*Taking her hand as she goes out.*) Louisa, 'tis an age since I saw you last.

Lou. And yet you send me away from you already.

Hen. You shall come back again immediately.

[*Exit Louisa, L.H.*

Rus. I was surprised to hear you was put in

prison, though they tell me 'tis but for a trifle. I am overjoyed to see you ; the Duchess will soon get you released, and then,—but you seem thoughtful.

Hen. Will you promise me to do whatever I request ?

Rus. That I will, provided it is in my power.

Hen. I beg of you to take your daughter away with you ; we must take leave of one another.

Rus. Why, I know that, don't I ? You must go back to your regiment.

Hen. Well, return hither two days hence, and ask for a dragoon, named Skirmish, he will deliver you a letter ; and for me—

Rus. O, I know well enough what you mean ; you'll be at the camp ; the King's to be there.

Hen. Have you command enough of yourself not to betray any thing to your daughter of what I am going to tell you ?

Rus. To be sure, I have.

Hen. I am afraid she'll return before—

Rus. (*Looking out.*) No, no, we are very safe.

Hen. 'Tis wedding trick—

Rus. Yes ; 'twas I that managed it.

Hen. It threw me into despair—

Rus. Good, very good ! I knew it would.

Hen. And in my fury—

Rus. Ha, ha, ha ! What, you was furious then ? delightful !

Enter LOUISA, L.H. hastily.

Lou. O cruel father ! O unfortunate accident !

this wedding has undone us all; he has confessed himself a deserter, and is condemned to suffer death.

Rus. What's this I hear?

Hen. She knows it all—O torture!

Rus. A deserter! condemn'd! Henry, can this be as she says?

Hen. 'Tis but too true.

Rus. Good heavens!

Enter FLINT, L.H.

Flint. You are wanted without.

Hen. Me!

Flint. You—you must go directly.

Hen. Adieu, Louisa!

TRIO.—HENRY, RUSSET, and LOUISA.

Hen. Adieu! adieu! my heart will break;
This torment's beyond bearing.

Lou. Adieu! ah why, my love? oh speak,
And banish this despairing!
Give thy Louisa's pangs relief.

Hen. I cannot speak: oh love! oh grief!

Hen. Lou. & Rus. Ye pitying powers, some comfort send!
When will our sorrows have an end?

[Exit Henry, L.H.]

Lou. For heaven's sake, sir, where is he gone? Who wants him?

Flint. Only some friends.

Lou. Surely it can't be to—

Flint. Oh, no! it is not for that yet; 'tis too

soon yet awhile ; about five or six, perhaps it may be seven first.

Lou. Oh ! support me, sir !

Rus. No, child, we may yet prevent it. I'll go to the Duchess, and tell her the whole affair.

Lou. She has brought me into this trouble.

Rus. I'll seek her this instant ; do you follow me. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Lou. Oh sir ! on my knees, I beseech you.

Flint. There's no occasion for kneeling to me ; what would you have ?

Lou. Is not the king to be at the camp to-day ?

Flint. Yes ; and what then ?

Lou. Tell me, sir ; in such a case, 'tis an act of justice : the King surely will do justice.

Flint. Certainly ; he never does otherwise.

Lou. Alas ! sir, I am poor, so very poor.

Flint. That wont hinder it a bit ; the King's too good to despise folks because they are poor.

Lou. But 'tis for you I mean.

Flint. For me ?

Lou. To thank you with, to entreat you : here is a small ornament, of no great value indeed ; I give you this, sir ; I wish I had more to give ; 'tis silver : delay it but till to-morrow.

Flint. Do what ? delay it :—*(Looking at the trinket.)* hey ! it seems to be hollow : are you sure 'tis silver ?

Lou. This suspence is dreadful.

(Crosses and exit, L.H.)

Flint. Why, I'll tell you ; I can't absolutely delay his execution, but I'll let him have as much wine as ever he can drink.—What, gone ! —'gad, this girl has a generous spirit.

Enter SKIRMISH, L.H. who holds a bottle and glass in one hand—a sheet of paper under his arm, and with the other drags in SIMKIN.

Skir. Come along; what the devil are you afraid of? Here's a young man who wants to see this soldier, and the girl that was here: where are they? (*To Flint.*)

Flint. She's gone away.

Skir. But where's he?

Flint. He was sent for out to some friends; he'll be here again. [*Crosses and exit, L.H.*]

Sim. If you please, sir, I will follow the gentleman.

Skir. You and I must take a glass together.—So, this soldier is your cousin, is he?

Sim. Yes, sir.

Skir. Sit yourself down, then—and—he was here yesterday?

Sim. Yes, sir.

Skir. Well, then, sit down, I tell you.

Sim. But, sir.

Skir. Sit down, I say; sit down there.—Hell and fury! will you sit down when I bid you? (*They sit.*) There; now we'll take a glass together; he'll soon be here; come, fill.

Sim. Sir, I thank you, but I am not dry; besides, I don't care much for drinking without knowing my company.

Skir. Without knowing your company! Why, you little, starved sniveling, a'n't you in com-

pany with a gentleman.—But drink this minute, or I'll—

Sim. I will, sir, if you wont be angry.

Skir. Not I; I wont be angry.—So, you say that—

Sim. I, sir? I did not say any thing.

Skir. Well, then, if you did not say any thing, sing—sing me a song.

Sim. I am not in spirits for singing.

Skir. Spirits! why, a song will raise your spirits; come, sing away.

Sim. But, sir, I can't sing.

Skir. Ever while you live, sing.

Sim. Indeed, sir, I can't.

Skir. You can't.—Why then, I will,

Sim. Well, but, sir—

AIR.—SIMKIN.

*Once a little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
He cherup'd, and chatter'd, so merry was he;
So this little cock sparrow a' top of the tree,
He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he,
He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
Did this little cock sparrow a' top of the tree!*

*Then a little boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
Determined to shoot this poor little cock sparrow,
So this naughty boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
Determined to shoot this poor little cock sparrow,
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
Was this naughty boy with his bow and reed arrow.*

*Then this little boy cried, as his bow-string he drew,
This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too,
But he miss'd his aim, broke his arrow in two !*

Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make you a stew !

Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make you a stew !

*Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make you a stew !
For I'll stay no longer, be d—n'd if I do ! (Rising.)*

Skir. Sit still, I tell you.

Sim. But—I wish you, cousin—

Skir. He can't be long.—Now, hear my song.

AIR.—SKIRMISH.

*Women and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parallel ;
For women bewitch us when they will,
And so does wine.*

*They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer, and divine ;
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool.
Then, since the world thus runs away,
And women and wine,
Are alike divine,
Let's love all night, and drink all day.*

**There's something like a song for you !—Now,
we'll sing together.**

Sim. Together ?

Skir. Ay, both together.

Sim. But, sir, I don't know your song.

Skir. Why, who the devil wants you to sing
my song ?

Sim. I never saw such a man in my life ; how shall I get away from him ? (*Aside.*) Sir !

Skir. Well, what d'ye say ?

Sim. I believe there's somebody looking for you yonder.

Skir. Is there ?

[*While Skirmish looks round, Sinkin takes an opportunity of running off, L.H.*

Skir. O, you young dog ! I'll be after you : but, stay, here comes the poor unfortunate young man, his cousin.

Enter HENRY, L.H.

Skir. How are your spirits ? Take a sip of this.—Oh, here's your writing paper.

Hen. Thank you, friend.—Oh, my heart ! I wish I could have seen Louisa once more.

(*Sits down to write.*)

Skir. Ah, you're a happy man, you can write ! —Oh, my cursed stars, what a wretched fellow I am !

Hen. Why, what's the matter ?

(*Looking round.*)

Skir. The matter ?—confusion !—I blush to say it ; but since it must out, what will you say to such a poor miserable—and, but for this one misfortune, fit to be a general : if I had known how to write, I might have had a regiment five years ago ;—but company is the ruin of us all ; drinking with one and drinking with another.—Why, now here ; I was in hopes here I should be able to study a little ; but the devil a bit ; no

such thing as getting the bottle out of one's hand:—ah, if I could hold the pen as I have held the bottle, what a charming hand I should have wrote by this time?

Hen. Skirmish, do me one favour.

Skir. What is it?

Hen. May I depend upon you?

Skir. To the last drop of my blood.

Hen. Promise me to deliver this letter.

Skir. I'll go directly.

Hen. You can't go with it now;—you are a prisoner, you know.

Skir. Damn it, so I am; I forgot that:—well, but to-morrow I shall have my liberty; and then—

Hen. A person, whose name is Russet, will be here to inquire after me; deliver it to him.

Skir. May I perish if I fail.

Hen. Let me speak to you. (*They talk apart.*)

Enter MARGARET, JENNY, and SIMKIN, L.H.

Mar. Yes, yes, you vile hussy, 'twas all your fault.

Jen. Well, have I not confessed it?

Mar. Confessed it, indeed! Is not the poor young man going to lose his life; and all upon your account?

Jen. I own it, I own it; I never shall 'joy myself again as long as I live; I shall see his ghost every night.

Sim. And it serves you right; and I'll tell you more news for your comfort: I would not

marry you, now you have been so wicked, if you was worth your weight in gold.

Mar. Ah, you need not talk; for you know well enough you was told to run after him to call him back, and you never once offered to move.

Sim. Why, how could I? I was the bridegroom, you know.

Jen. See! there he is!

Mar. Bless us, how altered he looks!

Hen. Good day, aunt. (*To Mar.*)—Good day. (*To the others.*)—Give us leave, brother soldier. (*To Skirmish.*)

Skir. Yes, yes, I'll go; I won't disturb you; I'll go and see what they are doing—I'm afraid no good, for the time draws near. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mar. Ah, my poor boy! can you forgive us? 'twas all our doing.

Jen. No, 'twas my doing.

Hen. Let us say no more about it; 'twas an unfortunate affair.—Where's Louisa and her father?

Mar. Ah, poor man; her father came running into the village like one distracted; flung himself on the ground; tore his hair; we could not get him to speak to us.

Hen. And Louisa, who has seen her?

Sim. We none of us can tell where she is.

Hen. How! no one know where she is gone? some accident, sure, has happened to her?

Mar. Don't afflict yourself so.

Hen. Aunt, if she is found, I must rely on you to comfort her; don't suffer her out of your

sight; this is now all the service you can do me: your nephew must die; for my sake therefore, look upon her as your niece; she should have been so in reality.

Mar. I promise you. (*Muffled drum without.*)

Hen. I could wish to see her again.

Enter FLINT and SKIRMISH, L.H.

Skir. Comrade, I am sorry to bring you bad news, but you must now behave yourself like a man; the hell-hounds are coming for you.

Hen. Already?

Skir. They are, indeed.—Here, here, you've occasion enough for it; drink some of this.

Hen. I am obliged to you—none. Aunt, adieu! tell my Louisa, I thought on her to my last moment. (*Muffled drum without.*)

Mar. Oh, lord, what shall we do? I'd give all I have in the world to prevent it.

Sim. And for me, I'd part with the very clothes off my back.

Enter RUSSET, L.H.

Rus. Where is he? where's my boy, my son? Louisa, Henry, has done it all! Louisa has saved your life!

Hen. Charming angel!—Tell me how, dear sir?

Rus. As the army were returning to the camp, assisted in her resolution by her love for you, to the astonishment of all who saw her, she

rushed like lightning through the ranks, made her way to the King himself, fell at his feet—and, after modestly relating the circumstance of thy innocence and her own distress, vowed never to rise till she had obtained the life of her lover. The King, having heard her story with that clemency which always accompanies a noble mind, granted thy life to her intercession; and the pomp passed on amidst the acclamations of the people.

Hen. Charming, generous creature!

Skir. Death and damnation!

Flint. Why, what ails thee, Skirmish?

Skir. The King at the camp, and I not there.

Rus. See, see, here she comes.

Enter LOUISA, L.H.

Lou. My Henry! *(Falling into his arms.)*

Hen. My Louisa!

FINALE.

Hen. My kind preserver, fain I'd speak,
Fain would I what I feel express;
But language is too poor, too weak,
To thank this goodness to excess.
Brothers, companions, age, and youth,
Oh, tell to all the world her fame!
And when they ask for faith and truth,
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

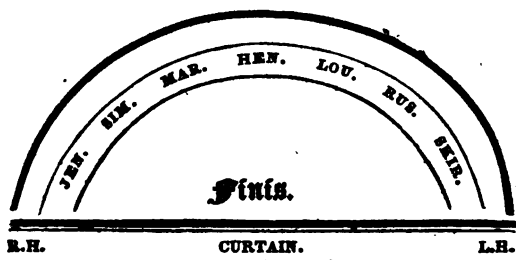
Lou. And have I sav'd my Henry's life?
Dear father, in my joy take part:

*I now indeed shall be a wife,
Wife to the idol of my heart.
Thus when the storm, dispersing, flies,
Through which the sailor's forc'd to steer ;
No more he dreads inclement skies,
But with the tempest leaves his fear.*

*Rus. Why, why, I pray you, this delay ?
Children, your hands in wedlock join,
That I may pass my hours away
In ease and peace through life's decline.
This joy's too great ; my pride, my boast !
Both, both, in my affection share ;
May who delights the other most,
Henceforward be your only care !*

*Skir. I wish your joy may hold you long ;
But yet I am not such a sot,
As not to see you all are wrong ;
Why is the King to be forgot ?
You had been wretched but for him ;
Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing ;
Raise every voice, strain ev'ry limb,
Huzza ! and cry, Long live the King !*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



5
Oxberry's Edition.

THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND,

A COMEDY;

By Dr. Hoadly.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian*.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET :

A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.

1822.

Remarks.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

THIS is a lively and interesting comedy, and deserves particular commendation for the neatness of its plot ; it is indeed a play of manners, not of passions,—and therefore loses some of its original interest from the decay of those manners ;—but this is a defect incident to greater writers than Dr. Hoadly. How much of the excellence of Jonson is lost to us from the change of habits ! The artist, indeed, will discover the value of the portrait without any consideration beyond itself, but the common observer finds no merit but in its likeness to its original, and that being lost, it has to him no other value.

Ranger is a good humoured rake, one of that happy class of mortals, who, being enemies to no one but themselves, are the favourites of every body ; the frankness, generosity, and eternal good-humour of this pleasant fellow, are more than enough to redeem his vices ; indeed we almost suspect that these vices may in some measure, have helped him to his high state of favour ; “the ladies are bitter bad judges in these cases, Mr. Peachum.”

Jacintha, and Mrs. Strickland, and the sprightly Clarinda, seem to have been drawn upon Pope's principle, “most women have no character at all ;” this is indeed a fault,

for on the stage, though not in the world, a bad character is better than no character at all.

The *Suspicious Husband* himself, is a copy of Ben Jonson's *Kitely*, and we hope not to be accused of unreasonable severity, if we say it is a very feeble copy.

To the plot, too much praise cannot be given; some faults indeed might be pointed out, but where there is so much real excellence, we shall not stoop to the censure of petty errors; it is admirably worked up, and as admirably resolved; this is in truth the great merit of the piece, and in this consists the secret of its success, a success, which as it is deserved, is likely to be lasting.

Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, eldest son of the Bishop of Winchester, was born February 15, 1705-6, in Broad Street, and was educated at Dr. Newcome's, at Hackney, and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; being admitted Pensioner, April 8, 1722. Here he took a degree in physie in 1727; and particularly applied himself to mathematical studies. In 1728, he received his degree of M.D. He was F.R.S. very young; was made registrar of Hereford, while his father filled that see; and was appointed physician to his majesty's household so early as June 9, 1742. It is remarkable, that he was for some years physician to both the households together; having been appointed to that of the Prince of Wales, January 4, 1745-6. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Betts, Esq. of Suffolk, counsellor at law, by whom he had one son, Benjamin, who died an infant. Second, Ann, daughter and coheirress of the Honourable General Armstrong, by whom he left no issue. He died in the life-time of his father, August 10, 1757, at his house at Chelsea. His Dramatic Works, are *The Suspicious Husband*.—C. *The Tattler*.—C.

Prologue.

WHILE other culprits brave it to the last,
Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's past ;
Poets alone, as conscious of their crimes,
Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
Thus cramm'd with flattery and low submission,
Each trite dull prologue is the bard's petition.
A stale device to calm the critic's fury,
And bribe at once the judges and the jury.

But what avail such poor repeated arts ?
The whimp'ring scribbler ne'er can touch your hearts ;
Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place,—
Fast as they rise, destroy the increasing race :
The vermin else will run the nation o'er :—
By saving one you breed a million more.

Though disappointed authors rail and rage
At fancied parties, and a senseless age,
Yet still has justice triumph'd on the stage.
Thus speaks and thinks the author of to-day ;
And saying this, has little more to say.
He asks no friend his partial zeal to show,
Nor fears the groundless censures of a foe :
He knows no friendship can protect the fool,
Nor will an audience be a party's tool.
'Tis inconsistent with a free born spirit,
To side with folly, or to injure merit.
By your decision he must fall or stand,
Nor, though he feels the lash, will blame the hand.

Epilogue.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THOUGH the young smarts I see begin to sneer,
And the old sinners cast a wicked leer,
Be not alarm'd, ye fair—you've nought to fear.
No wanton hint, no loose ambiguous sense,
Shall flatter vicious taste at your expense.
Leaving for once, these shameless arts in vogue,
We give a fable for the epilogue.

An ass there was, our author bade me say,
Who needs must write—He did—and wrote a play.
The parts were cast to various beasts and fowl ;
Their stage a barn ;—the manager an owl.
The house was cramm'd at six, with friends and foes ;
Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens, and beaux.
These characters appear'd in different shapes
Of tigers, foxes, horses, bulls, and apes ;
With others too of lower rank and station :
A perfect abstract of the brute creation.
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the author's faults,
And thus the connoisseurs express'd their thoughts.
The critic-curs first snarl'd—the rules are broke,
Time, place, and action sacrific'd to joke.
The goats cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and chaste—
Not writ for beasts of gallantry and taste.
The horned cattle were in piteous taking,
At fornication, rapes, and cuckold-making.

The tigers swore he wanted fire and passion ;
The apes condemn'd—because it was the fashion.
The generous steeds allow'd him proper merit :
Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his spirit.
While brother bards bray'd forth with usual spleen,
And as they heard, exploded every scene.
When Reynard's thoughts were ask'd, the shrugging sage, }
Fam'd for hypocrisy, and worn with age,
Condemn'd the shameless license of the stage.
At which the monkey skipp'd from box to box,
And whisper'd round the judgment of the fox ;
Abus'd the moderns ; talk'd of Rome and Greece ;
Bilk'd ev'ry box keeper ; and damn'd the piece.
Now ev'ry fable has a moral to it—
Be churchman, statesman, any thing—but poet.
In law, or physic, quack in what you will,
Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill ;
Secure in these, his gravity may pass—
But here no artifice can hide the ass.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and forty-three minutes. The first act, occupies the space of thirty minutes;—the second, thirty;—the third, thirty-five;—the fourth, thirty-eight;—the fifth, thirty. The half-price commences, generally, at about a quarter after nine.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	- - - - -	is meant	- - - - -	Right Hand.
L.H.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Left Hand.
S.E.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Second Entrance.
U.E.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Middle Door.
D.F.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Left Hand Door.

Costume.

STRICTLAND.

Brown coat, white waistcoat and black breeches.

BELLAMY.

Black,—ibid.

FRANKLY.

Brown,—ibid.

RANGER.

First dress.—Suit of Black.—Second dress.—Brown,—ibid.

JACK MEGGOT.

Grey coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

BUCKLE.

Blue,—ibid.

TESTER.

Old fashioned livery.

Servants, Chairmen, &c.—Livery, &c. to correspond.

MRS. STRICTLAND.

White satin under dress, with white leno upper, trimmed with white satin.

CLARINDA.

First dress.—White satin pelisse.—Second.—Vide portrait.

JACINTHA.

First dress.—Blue satin, trimmed with white lace.—Second dress.—Blue coat, white waistcoat black pantaloons, and Opera hat.—Third dress.—White crape frock, festooned at the bottom with silk cord tassels, and white satin slip.

LUCETTA.

Pink sarrnet dress, trimmed with brown, white muslin apron, trimmed with fringe.

LANDLADY.

Buff chambray gown.

MILLINER.

White dress, and silk scarf.

MAID.

Coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

1819-20.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Strickland</i> - - - - -	Mr. Spe.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Ran:er</i> - - - - -	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Frank'y</i> - - - - -	Mr. Perley.	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Bellamy</i> - - - - -	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Jack Meggot</i> - - - - -	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Tester</i> - - - - -	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>John</i> - - - - -	Mr. West.	Mr. Holland.
<i>Thomas</i> - - - - -	Mr. Bunton.	Mr. Trueman.
<i>George</i> - - - - -	Mr. Elsworth.	Mr. Louis.
<i>Simon</i> - - - - -	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Buckle</i> - - - - -	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Menage.
<i>William</i> - - - - -	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>James</i> - - - - -	Mr. Jamson.	Mr. Sargant.
	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Wilde.
<i>Chairmen.</i> - - - - -	Mr. Appleby.	Mr. Powers.
<i>Mrs. Strickland</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Logan.
<i>Clarinda</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Edwin.	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>Jacintha</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Mardyn.	Miss Norton.
<i>Landlady</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Margerum.	Mrs. Emery.
<i>Millner</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Scott.	Mrs. Rigway.
<i>Lucetta</i> - - - - -	Miss Kelly.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Jenny</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Chatterley.	Miss Cox.
<i>Fanny</i> - - - - -	Miss Cooke.	Mrs. Bologna.

THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Ranger's Chambers in the Temple.*

*A knocking is heard at the Door for some Time ;
when RANGER enters, R.H. having let himself in.*

Ran. ONCE more I am got safe to the Temple.—Let me reflect a little. I have sat up all night ; I have my head full of bad wine, and the noise of oaths, dice, and the damn'd tingling of tavern bells ; my spirits jaded, and my eyes sunk in my head ; and all this for the conversation of a company of fellows I despise.—Their wit lies only in obscenity, their mirth in noise, and their delight in a box and dice. Honest Ranger. take my word for it, thou art a mighty silly fellow.

Enter a Servant, L.H.

Where have you been, rascal ? If I had not had the key in my pocket, I must have waited at the door in this dainty dress.

Serv. I was only below, brushing your honour's coat.

Ran. Well, get breakfast.—Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compared to that spruce sober gentleman.' (*Aside*) Go, you batter'd devil, and be made fit to be seen.

(*Throwing his Hat to the Servant.*)

Serv. 'Egad, my master's very merry this morning. [*Aside, and Exit, L.H.*]

Ran. And now for the law.

(*Sits down and reads.*)

*Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
That Cloe's false and common ;
By heav'n I all along believ'd,
She was a very woman ;
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd ;
She still was constant when possess'd ;
She could do more for no man.*

Honest Congreve was a man after my own heart.

Enter a Servant, L.H.

Have you been for the money this morning, as I ordered you?

Serv. No, sir; you bade me go before you was up; I did not know your honour meant before you went to bed.

Ran. None of your jokes, I pray; but to business. Go to the coffee-house, and inquire if there has been any letter or message left for me.

Serv. I shall sir. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Ran. (*Reads.*) *You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,*

*I take her body, you her mind ;
Which has the better bargain ?*

Oh that I had such a soft deceitful fair to lull
my senses to their desired sleep. (*Knocking at
R.H.D.*) Come in.

Enter SIMON, R.H.D.

Oh, master Simon, is it you? How long have
you been in town?

Sim. Just come, sir; and but for a little time
neither; and yet I have as many messages as if
we were to stay the whole year round. Here
they are, all of them. (*Pulls out a number of
Cards.*) And among them one for your honour.

Ran. (*Reads.*) Clarinda's compliments to her
cousin Ranger, and should be glad to see him for
ever so little a time that he can be spared from the
more weighty business of the law.—Ha, ha, ha!
the same merry girl I ever knew her.

Sim. My lady is never sad, sir.

(*Knocking at R.H.D.*)

Ran. Pr'ythee, Simon, open the door.

Enter Milliner, R.H.D.

Well child,—and who are you?

Mil. Sir, my mistress gives her service to
you, and has sent you home the linen you be-
spoke.

Ran. Well, Simon, my service to your lady,
and let her know I will most certainly wait upon
her. I am a little busy, Simon—and so—

Sim. Ah, you're a wag, master Ranger, you're a wag ;—but mum for that. [*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Ran. I swear, my dear, you have the prettiest pair of eyes—the loveliest pouting lips—I never saw you before.

Mil. No, sir ! I was always in the shop.

Ran. Were you so ? Well, and what does your mistress say ?—The devil fetch me, child, you look'd so prettily that I could not mind one word you said.

Mil. Lard, sir, you are such another gentleman ! Why she says, she is sorry she could not send them sooner. Shall I lay them down ?

Ran. No, child ; give 'em to me.—Dear, little, smiling angel— (*Catches and kisses her.*)

Mil. I beg, sir, you would be civil.

Ran. Civil ! 'Egad, I think I am very civil.
(*Kisses her again.*)

Re-enter a Servant, with BELLAMY, R.H.D.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Bellamy. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Ran. Damn your impertinence. (*Aside.*)—
Oh, Mr. Bellamy, your servant.

(*Mil. Crosses behind to R.H.D.*)

Mil. What shall I say to my mistress ?

Ran. (*In the Centre*) Bid her make half a dozen more : but be sure you bring them home yourself.—(*Exit Milliner, R.H.D.*) Pshaw ! Plague ! Mr. Bellamy, how should you like to be serv'd so yourself ?

Bel. How can you, Ranger, for a minute's pleasure, give an innocent girl the pain of heart

I am confident she felt?—There was a modest blush upon her cheek convinces me she is honest.

Ran. May be so. I was resolv'd to try, however, had not you interrupted the experiment.

Bel. Fie, Ranger! will you never think?

Ran. Yes, but I can't be always a thinking. The law is a damnable dry study, Mr Bellamy, and without something now and then to amuse and relax, it would be too much for my brain, I promise ye —But I am a mighty sober fellow grown. Here have I been at it these three hours, but the wenches will never let me alone.

Bel. Three hours! Why do you usually study in such shoes and stockings?

Ran. Rat your inquisitive eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* 'Egad you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment return'd from the tavern. What! Frankly here too!

Enter FRANKLY, R.H.D.

Frank. My boy, Ranger, I am heartily glad to see you; Bellamy, let me embrace you; you are the person I want; I have been at your lodgings and was directed hither.

Ran. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this visit; but with all my heart. He is the only man to whom I don't care how much I am obliged.

Bel. Your humble servant, sir.

Frank. You know, Ranger, I want no inducement to be with you. But—you look sadly —What—no merciless jade has—has she?

Ran. No, no ; sound as a roach, my lad. I only got a little too much liquor last night, which I have not slept off yet.

Bel Thus, Frankly, it is every day. All the morning his head aches ; at noon he begins to clear up ; towards evening he is good company ; and all night he is carefully providing for the same course the next day.

Ran. Why, I must own, my ghostly father, I did relapse a little last night, just to furnish out a decent confession for the day.

Frank. And he is now doing penance for it. Were you his confessor indeed, you could not well desire more.

Ran. Charles, he sets up for a confessor with the worst grace in the world. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my milliner. Plague ! because the coldness of his constitution makes him insensible of a fine woman's charms, every body else must be so too.

Bel. I am no less sensible of their charms than you are, though I cannot kiss every woman I meet, or fall in love, as you call it, with every face which has the bloom of youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your pleasures.

Frank. My dear friend, this is very pretty talking ! but let me tell you, it is in the power of the very first glance from a fine woman utterly to disconcert all your philosophy.

Bel. It must be from a fine woman then, and not such as are generally reputed so. And it must be a thorough acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an impression on my heart.

Ran. Would I could see it once ! for when a man has been all his life hoarding up a stock, without allowing himself common necessities, it tickles me to the soul to see him lay it all out upon a wrong bottom, and become bankrupt at last.

Bel. Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the minute I find a woman capable of friendship, love, and tenderness, with good sense enough to be always easy, and good nature enough to like me, I will immediately put it to the trial, which of us shall have the greatest share of happiness from the sex, you or I.

Ran. By marrying her, I suppose ? Capable of friendship, love, and tenderness ! ha, ha, ha ! that a man of your sense should talk so. If she be capable of love, 'tis all I require of my mistress ; and as every woman, who is young, is capable of love, I am very reasonably in love with every young woman I meet. My Lord Coke, in a case I read this morning, speaks my sense.

Bel. and Frank. My Lord Coke ?

Ran. Yes, my Lord Coke. What he says of one woman, I say of the whole sex :

*I take their bodies, you their minds ;
Which has the better bargain ?*

Frank. There is no arguing with so great a lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn the debate to some other time. I have some serious business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want sleep, I am sure.

Ran. Sleep ! mere loss of time and hindrance of business.—We men of spirit, sir, are above it.

Bel. Whither shall we go ?

Frank. Into the park. My chariot is at the door.

Bel. Then if my servant calls, you'll send him after us ? [*Exeunt Bel. and Frank, R.H.D.*

Ran. I will. (*Looks at the Card.*)—Clarinda's compliments—A plague on this head of mine ! never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us, or I should not have been so remiss in my inquiries. No matter ; I shall meet her in my walks.

Re-enter a SERVANT, R.H.D.

Serv. There is no letter nor message sir.

Ran. Then my things to dress.

[*Exit Servant, L.H.*

I take her body, you her mind ;

Which has the better bargain ?

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

*Enter Mrs. STRICTLAND, R.H. ; meeting JACINTHA,
L.H.D.*

Mrs. S. Good morrow, my dear Jacintha.

Jac. Good morrow to you, madam. I have brought my work, and intend to sit with you this morning. I hope you have got the better of your fatigue. Where is Clarinda ? I should be glad if she would come and work with us.

Mrs. S. She work! she is too fine a lady to do any thing. She is not stirring yet;—we must let her have her rest. People of her waste of spirits require more time to recruit again.

Jac. It is pity she should be ever tired with what is so agreeable to every body else. I am prodigiously pleas'd with her company.

Mrs. S. And when you are better acquainted, you will be still more pleas'd with her. You must rally her upon her partner at Bath; for I fancy part of her rest has been disturbed on his account.

Jac. Was he really a pretty fellow?

Mrs. S. That I can't tell; I did not dance myself, and so did not much mind him. You must have the whole story from herself.

Jac. Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are so proper to make discoveries in Love, as those who are in the secret themselves.

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Enter LUCETTA, L.H.D.

Luc. Madam, (*To Jac.*)—Mr. Strickland is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. Buckle with a letter from his master, which has made him very angry.

Jac. Mr. Bellamy said indeed he would try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell your master I am here. [*Exit Lucetta, L.H.D.*] What signifies fortune, when it only makes us slaves to other people?

Mrs. S. Do not be uneasy, my Jacintha. You shall always find a friend in me; but as for Mr.

Strickland, I know not what ill temper hangs about him lately ;—nothing satisfies him. You saw how he received us when we came off our journey. Though Clarinda was so good company, he was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

Jac. I cannot help saying I did observe it.

Mrs. S. I saw you did. Hush ! he's here.

Enter STRICTLAND, L.H.D.

Strict. Oh, your servant, madam ! (*To Jac.*) Here, I have received a letter from Mr. Bellamy, wherein he desires I would once more hear what he has to say. You know my sentiment ; nay, so does he.

Jac. For heaven's sake consider, sir, this is no new affair, no sudden start of passion : we have known each other long. My father valued and loved him, and I am sure, were he alive, I should have his consent.

Strict. Don't tell me. Your father would not have you marry against his will, neither will I against mine. I am your father now.

Jac. And you take a fatherly care of me.

Strict. I wish I had never had any thing to do with you.

Jac. You may easily get rid of the trouble.

Strict. By listening, I suppose, to the young gentleman's proposals ?

Jac. Which are very reasonable, in my opinion.

Strict. Oh, very modest ones truly ; and a very

modest gentleman he is that proposes them ! A fool, to expect a lady of thirty thousand pounds fortune should, by the care and prudence of her guardian, be thrown away upon a young fellow not worth three hundred a year. (*Crosses to Centre.*)—He thinks being in love is an excuse for this ; but I am not in love : what does he think will excuse me ?

Mrs. S. Well, but Mr. Strickland, I think the gentleman should be heard.

Strict. Well, well, seven o'clock's the time ; and if the man has had the good fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade somebody or other to give him a better estate, I give him my consent, not else. His servant waits below : you may tell him I shall be at home. [*Exit Jacintha, L.H.D.*]—But where is your friend, your other half, all this while ? I thought you could not have breath'd a minute without your Clarinda.

Mrs. S. Why the truth is, I was going to see what makes her keep her chamber so long.

Strict. Lookye, Mrs. Strickland, you have been asking for money this morning. In plain terms, not one shilling shall pass through these fingers, till you have cleared my house of this Clarinda.

Mrs. S. How can her innocent gaiety have offended you ? She is a woman of honour, and has as many good qualities—

Strict. As women of honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

Mrs. S. But, sir—

Strict. But, madam ;—Clarinda, nor e'er a

rake of fashion in England, shall live in my family to debauch it.

Mrs. S. Sir, she treated me with so much civility in the country, that I thought I could not do less than invite her to spend as much time with me in town as her engagements would permit. I little imagined you could have been displeased at my having so agreeable a companion.

Strict. There was a time when I was company enough for leisure hours.

Mrs. S. There was a time when every word of mine was sure of meeting with a smile; but those happy days, I know not why, have long been over.

Strict. I cannot bear a rival even of your own sex. I hate the very name of female friends. No two of you can ever be an hour by yourselves, but one or both are the worse for it.

Mrs. S. Dear Mr. Strictland—

Strict. This I know, and will not suffer.

Mrs. S. It grieves me, sir, to see you so much in earnest: but to convince you how willing I am to make you easy in every thing, it shall be my request to her to remove immediately.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Strict. Do it:—harkye—your request?—Why yours? 'tis mine—my command—tell her so. I will be master of my own family, and I care not who knows it.

Mrs. S. You fright me, sir.—But it shall be as you please.

[Exit, in Tears, L.H.]

Strict. Ha! have I gone too far? I am not master of myself. Mrs. Strictland!

Re-enter MRS. STRICTLAND, L.H.D.

Understand me right. I do not mean, by what I have said, that I suspect your innocence ; but by crushing this growing friendship all at once, I may prevent a train of mischief which you do not foresee. I was perhaps, too harsh, therefore do it in your own way ; but let me see the house fairly rid of her. [*Exit, R.H.*

Mrs. S. His earnestness in this affair amazes me ; I am sorry I made this visit to Clarinda ; and yet I'll answer for her honour. What can I say to her ? Necessity must plead my excuse ;—for at all events, Mr. Strickland must be obeyed. [*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter BELLAMY and FRANKLY, L.H.

Bel. Is love the secret Ranger is not fit to hear ? In my mind, he would prove the more able counsellor. And is all the gay indifference of my friend at last reduced to love ?

Frank. Even so.—Never was prude more resolute in chastity and ill nature, than I was fixed with indifference : but love has rais'd me from that inactive state above the being of a man.

Bel. Faith, Charles, I begin to think it has : but pray bring this rapture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Frank. If I was not most unreasonably in love,

those horrid questions would stop my mouth at once ; but as I am armed against reason—I answer—at Bath, on Tuesday, she danced and caught me.

Bel. Danced !—and was that all ? But who is she ? What is her name ? Her fortune ? where does she live ?

Frank. Hold ! hold ! not so many hard questions ; have a little mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain ! but all I do know you shall have. That evening was the first of her appearing at Bath ; the moment I saw her, I resolved to ask the favour of her hand ; but the easy freedom with which she gave it, and her unaffected good humour during the whole night, gained such a power over my heart, as none of her sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next morning, when I went to pay the usual compliments, the bird was flown ; she had set out for London two hours before, and in a chariot and six, you rogue.

Bel. But was it her own, you rogue ?

Frank. That I don't know ; but it looks better than being dragged to town in the stage. That day and the next I spent in inquiries. I waited on the ladies who came with her ; they knew nothing of her. So, without learning either her name or fortune, I e'en call'd for my boots, and rode post after her.

Bel. And how do you find yourself after your journey ?

Frank. Why, as yet, I own I am but upon a cold scent : but a woman of her sprightliness and

gentility cannot but frequent all public places; and when once she is found, the pleasure of the chase will over-pay the pains of rousing her. Oh, Bellamy! there was something peculiarly charming in her, that seemed to claim my further acquaintance; and if in the other more familiar parts of life she shines with that superior lustre, and at last I win her to my arms, how shall I bless my resolution in pursuing her.

Bel. But if at last she should prove unworthy—

Frank. I would endeavour to forget her.

Bel. Promise me that, Charles, (*Takes his hand.*) and I allow—But we are interrupted.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Enter JACK MEGGOT, R.H.U.E.

J. Meg. Whom have we here? My old friend; Frankly! thou art grown a mere antique since I saw thee. How hast thou done these five hundred years? (*In Centre.*)

Frank. Even as you see me; well, and at your service ever.

J. Meg. Ha! who's that? (*Apart to Frankly.*)

Frank. A friend of mine. (*Crosses to Centre.*)
Mr. Bellamy, this is Jack Meggot, sir, as honest a fellow as any in life.

J. Meg. Pho! pr'ythee! (*Crosses to Centre.*)
*Charles—*Don't be silly—Sir, I am your humble: any one who is a friend of my Frankly's, I am proud of embracing.

Bel. Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your civility.

J. Meg. Oh, sir!—Well, Charles: what dumb?—Come, come, you may talk, though you have nothing to say, as I do. Let us hear; where have you been?

Frank. Why, for this last week, Jack, I have been at Bath.

J. Meg. Bath! the most ridiculous place in life! amongst tradesmen's wives who hate their husbands, and people of quality that would rather go to the devil than stay at home;—people of no taste, no goût; and for divertimenti, if it were not for the puppet-show, la vertu would be dead amongst them. But the news, Charles; the ladies—I fear your time hung heavy on your hands, by the small stay you made there.

Frank. Faith, and so it did, Jack: the ladies are grown such idiots in love. The cards have so debauched their five senses, that love, almighty love himself, is utterly neglected.

J. Meg. It is the strangest thing in life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith, Charles, to tell you a secret which I don't care if all the world knows, I am almost surfeited with the services of the ladies; the modest ones I mean. The vast variety of duties they expect, as dressing up to the fashion, losing fashionably, keeping fashionable hours, drinking fashionable liquors, and fifty other such irregular niceties, so ruin a man's pocket and constitution, that 'fore gad, he must have the estate of a duke, and the strength of a gondolier, who would list himself into their service.

Frank. A free confession truly, Jack. for one of your coat.

Bel. The ladies are obliged to you.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Enter BUCKLE, with a Letter to BELLAMY, L.H. who retires up the Stage and Reads it.

J. Meg. Oh, lard, Charles! I have had the greatest misfortune in life since I saw you; poor Otho, that I brought from Rome with me, is dead.

Frank. Well, well, get you another, and all will be well again.

J. Meg. No: the rogue broke me so much china, and gnaw'd my Spanish-leather shoes so filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bel. (*To Buc.*) Exactly at seven! Run back and assure him I will not fail. [*Exit Buckle, L.H.*] Dead! (*Advancing.*) Pray who was the gentleman?

J. Meg. This gentleman was my monkey, sir; an odd sort of a fellow, that used to divert me, and pleased every body so at Rome, that he always made one in our conversations. But, Mr. Bellamy, I saw a servant; I hope no engagement, for you two positively shall dine with me: I have the finest macaroni in life. Oblige me so far.

Bel. Sir, your servant; what say you, Frankly?

J. Meg. Pho! plague! Charles, you shall go.

My aunts think you begin to neglect them ! and old maids, you know, are the most jealous creatures in life.

Frank. Ranger swears they can't be maids, they are so good-natured. Well, I agree, on condition I may eat what I please, and go away when I will.

J. Meg. Ay, ay, you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do ? My post chaise won't carry us all.

Frank. My chariot is here, and I will conduct Mr. Bellamy.

Bel. Mr. Meggot, I beg pardon, I can't possibly dine out of town ; I have an engagement early in the evening.

J. Meg. Out of town ! No, my dear, I live just by. I see one of the dilettanti, (*Crosses to L.H.*) I would not miss speaking to for the universe. And so I expect you at three. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Frank. Ha, ha, ha ! and so you thought you had at least fifty miles to go post for a spoonful of macaroni ?

Bel. A special acquaintance I have made to-day !

Frank. For all this, Bellamy, he has a heart worthy your friendship. He spends his estate freely ; and you cannot oblige him more than by showing him how he can be of service to you.

Bel. Now you say something. It is the heart, Frankly, I value in a man.

Frank. Right ;—and there's a heart even in a woman's breast that is worth the purchase, or my judgment has deceived me. Dear Bellamy,

I know your concern for me ; see her first, and then blame me if you can.

Bel. So far from blaming you, Charles, that if my endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the bushes with you.

Frank. That I am afraid will not do ; for you know less of her than I : but if, in your walks, you meet a finer woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her. Wheresoever she is, she cannot long lie hid.

[*Exeunt ; Frankly, L.H. Bellamy, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter MRS. STRICTLAND, CLARINDA, and JACINTHA,
L.H.

Jac. Ay, ay, we both stand condemned out of our own mouths.

Cla. Why, I cannot but own I never had thought of any man that troubled me but him.

Mrs. S. Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving Bath so soon.

Cla. Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one scruple since.

Jac. Why, what one inducement can he have ever to think of you again ?

Cla. Oh, the greatest of all inducements, curiosity : let me assure you a woman's surest hold over a man is to keep him in uncertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of doubt, you put him out of your power : but when once a woman has awakened his curiosity, she may lead him a dance of many a troublesome mile, without the least fear of losing him at last.

Jac. Now do I heartily wish he may have spirit enough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such a spirit, with but a little knowledge of our sex, might put that heart of yours into a strange flutter.

Cla. I care not how soon. I long to meet with such a fellow. Our modern beaux are such joint-babies in love, they have no feeling ; they are entirely insensible either of pain or pleasure but from their own dear persons ; and according as we flatter or affront their beauty, they admire or forsake ours ; they are not worthy even of our displeasure ; and, in short, abusing them is but so much ill nature merely thrown away. But the man of sense, who values himself upon his high abilities, or the man of wit, who thinks a woman beneath his conversation—to see such the subjects of our power, the slaves of our frowns and smiles, is glorious indeed !

Mrs. S. No man of sense, or wit either, if he be truly so, ever did, or ever can think a woman of merit beneath his wisdom to converse with.

Jac. Nor will such a woman value herself upon making such a lover uneasy.

Cla. Amazing ! Why, every woman can give ease. You cannot be in earnest.

Mrs. S. I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the doctrine she has been teaching.

Cla. Impossible ! Who ever heard the name of love mentioned without an idea of torment ? But pray let us hear.

Jac. Nay, there is nothing to hear, that I know of.

Cla. So I suspected indeed. The novel is not likely to be long, when the lady is so well prepared for the denouement.

Jac. The novel, as you call it, is not so short as you may imagine. I and my spark have been long acquainted : as he was continually with my father, I soon perceived he loved me ; and the manner of his expressing that love was what pleased and won me most.

Cla. Well, and how was it ! the old bait, flattery ; dear flattery, I warrant ye.

Jac. No indeed ; I had not the pleasure of hearing my person, wit and beauty, painted out with forced praises ; but I had a more sensible delight, in perceiving the drift of his whole behaviour was to make every hour of my time pass away agreeably.

Cla. The rustic ! what, did he never say a handsome thing of your person ?

Mrs. S. He did, it seems, what pleas'd her better ; he flatter'd her good sense, as much as a less cunning lover would have done her beauty.

Cla. On my conscience you are well match'd.

Jac. So well, that if my guardian denies me happiness (and this evening he is to pass his final sentence,) nothing is left but to break my prison, and fly into my lover's arms for safety.

Cla. Hey-day! o' my conscience thou art a brave girl. Thou art the very first prude that ever had honesty enough to avow her passion for a man.

Jac. And thou art the first finish'd coquette who ever had any honesty at all.

Mrs. S. Come, come; you are both too good for either of those characters.

Cla. And my dear Mrs. Strictland here, is the first young married woman of spirit who has an ill-natured fellow for a husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves.—Good Heaven!—If I had such a husband——

Mrs. S. You would be just as unhappy as I am!

Cla. But come now, confess;—do not you long to be a widow?

Mrs. S. Would I were any thing but what I am?

Cla. Then go the nearest way about it. I'd break that stout heart of his in less than a fortnight. I'd make him know.

Mrs. S. Pray be silent. You know my resolution.

Cla. I know you have no resolution.

Mrs. S. You are a mad creature, but I forgive you.

Cla. It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your good, I

will think of making you easy in your submission, so soon as ever I can. I dare say I may have the same lodging I had last year: I can know immediately.—I see my chair; and so, ladies both, adieu. [*Exit, L.H.U.E.*]

Jac. Come, Mrs. Strictland, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. Bellamy comes.

Mrs. S. Let us return then to our common prison, you must forgive my ill nature, Jacintha, if I almost wish Mr. Strictland may refuse to join your hand where your heart is given.

Jac. Lord, madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. S. Self-interest only, child. Methinks your company in the country would soften all my sorrows, and I could bear them patiently..

Re-enter CLARINDA, L.H.U.E.

Cla. Dear Mrs. Strictland,—I am so confused, and so out of breath—

Mrs. S. Why, what's the matter?

Jac. I protest you fright me.

Cla. Oh! I have no time to recover myself, I am so frighten'd and so pleas'd. In short then, the dear man is here.

Mrs. S. Here—Lord—Where?

Cla. I met him this instant; I saw him at a distance, turn'd short, and ran hither directly. Let us go home—I tell you he follows me.

Mrs. S. Why, had you not better stay, and let him speak to you?

Cla. Ay!—But then—he won't know where I live, without my telling him.

Mrs. S. Come then. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Ay, poor Clarinda!—Allons donc.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Enter FRANKLY, L.H.

Frank. Sure that must be she! her shape and easy air cannot be so exactly copied by another. Now you young rogue, Cupid, guide me directly to her as you would the surest arrow of your quiver.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Street before Strictland's Door.*

Enter CLARINDA, JACINTHA, and MRS. STRICTLAND,
R.H.

Cla. Lord!—Dear Jacintha,—for heaven's sake make haste: he'll overtake us before we get in.

Jac. Overtake us! why, he is not in sight.

Cla. Is not he? Ha! Sure I have not dropped my fan.—I would not have him lose sight of me neither.

(*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. Here he is—

Cla. In—In—In then.

Jac. (*Laughing.*) What, without your fan?

Cla. Pshaw! I have lost nothing.—In, in, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt into the House*, D.F.L.H. *Clarinda last.*]

Enter FRANKLY, R.H.

Frank. It is impossible I should be deceiv'd. My eyes, and the quick pulses at the heart assure me it is she. Ha! 'tis she, by heaven! and the door left open too.—A fair invitation, by all the rules of love. [*Exit, D.F.L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Strickland's House.*

Enter CLARINDA, L.H. FRANKLY following her.

Frank. I hope, madam, you will excuse the boldness of this intrusion, since it is owing to your own behaviour that I am forced to it.

Cla. To my behaviour, sir.

Frank You cannot but remember me at Bath, madam, where I so lately had the favour of your hand—

Cla. I do remember, sir; but I little expected any wrong interpretation of my behaviour from one who had so much the appearance of a gentleman.

Frank. What I saw of your behaviour was so just, it would admit of no misrepresentation. I only feared, whatever reason you had to conceal your name from me at Bath, you might have the same to do it now; and though my happiness was so nearly concerned, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

Cla. Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concerned.

Frank. No, Madam! I believe you are the only lady who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

Cla. How vain should we women be, if you gentlemen were but wise! If you did not all of you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

Frank. Could you have the least sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say to be the dictates of a heart that admires you; may I not say that—

Cla. Sir, this is carrying the—

Frank. When I danced with you at Bath, I was charmed with your whole behaviour, and felt the same tender admiration: but my hope of seeing you afterwards kept in my passion till a more proper time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable modesty to prevent my making use of this second opportunity.

Cla. This behaviour, sir, is so different from the gaiety of your conversation then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

Frank. There is nothing, madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your pre-

sence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not, but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath.

Enter LUCETTA, R.H.

Luc. Madam, the tea is ready, and my mistress waits for you.

Cla. Very well, I come.—[*Exit Lucetta, R.H.*]
—You see, sir, I am called away: but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an assurance, that the business which brings me to town will keep me here some time.

Frank. How generous it is in you thus to ease the heart, that knew not how to ask for such a favour.—I fear to offend.—But this house I suppose is yours?

Cla. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Frank. I then take my leave. [Exit, L.H.D.]

Cla. I'm undone!—He has me!

Enter MRS. STRICTLAND, R.H.

Mrs. S. Well; how do you find yourself?

Cla. I do find,—that if he goes on as he has begun, I shall certainly have him without giving him the least uneasiness.

Mrs. S. A very terrible prospect, indeed!

Cla. But I must tease him a little.—Where is Jacintha? How she will laugh at me, if I become a pupil of her's, and learn to give ease! No; positively I shall never do it.

Mrs. S. Poor Jacintha has met with what I feared from Mr. Strictland's temper, an utter denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Cla. Well; now do I heartily wish my affairs were in his power a little, that I might have a few difficulties to surmount: I love difficulties; and yet, I don't know—it is as well as it is.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Enter STRICTLAND, L.H.D.

Strict. These doings in my house distract me. I met a fine gentleman; when I inquired who he was—why, he came to Clarinda. I met a footman too, and he came to Clarinda. I shall not be easy till she is decamped. My wife had the character of a virtuous woman;—and they have not been long acquainted: but then they were by themselves at Bath.—That hurts—that hurts:—they must be watched, they must; I know them, I know all their wiles, and the best of them are but hypocrites.—Ha!—

Enter LUCETTA, R.H. *who passes over the Stage, and*

Exit, L.H.

Suppose I bribe the maid: she is of their council, the manager of their secrets: it shall be so: money will do it, and I shall know all that passes.

Re-enter LUCETTA, L.H.D.

Lucetta!

Luc. Sir.

Strict. Lucetta !

Luc. Sir.—If he should suspect, and search me now, I'm undone. (*Aside.*)

Strict. She is a sly girl, and may be serviceable. (*Aside.*)—Lucetta, you are a good girl, and have an honest face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no deceit in it.—Yet, if she should be false, she can do me most harm. (*Aside.*)

Luc. Pray, sir, speak out.

Strict. No ; she is a woman, and it is the highest imprudence to trust her. (*Aside.*)

Luc. I am not able to understand you.

Strict. I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

Luc. Then what did you call me for ?—If he should be in love with my face, it would be rare sport. (*Aside.*)

Strict. Tester, ay, Tester is the proper person. (*Aside.*) Lucetta, tell Tester I want him.

Luc. Yes, sir.—Mighty odd, this ! It gives me time, however, to send Buckle with this letter to his master. [*Aside : Exit, L.H.D.*]

Strict. Could I but be once well satisfied that my wife had really finished me, I believe I should be as quiet as if I were sure to the contrary : but whilst I am in doubt, I am miserable.

Enter TESTER, L.H.D.

Tes. Does your honour please to want me ?

Strict. Ay, Tester.—I need not fear. The honesty of his service, and the goodness of his

look, make me secure : I will trust him. (*Aside.*)
—Tester, I think I have been a tolerable good master to you.

Tes. Yes, sir ;—very tolerable.

Strict. I like his simplicity well. It promises honesty —(*Aside.*) I have a secret, Tester, to impart to you : a thing of the greatest importance. Look upon me and don't stand picking your fingers.

Tes. Yes, sir.—No, sir.

Strict. But will not his simplicity expose him the more to Lucetta's cunning? Yes, yes ; she will worm the secret out of him. I had better trust her with it at once —So—I will.—(*Aside.*)
Tester, go send Lucetta hither.

Tes. Yes, sir.—Here she is.

Re-enter LUCETTA, L.H.D.

Lucetta, my master wants you.

Strict. Get you down, Tester.

Tes. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.D.*

Luc. If you want me, sir, I beg you would make haste, for I have a thousand things to do.

Strict. Well, well ; what I have to say will not take up much time, could I but persuade you to be honest.

Luc. Why, sir, I hope you don't suspect my honesty?

Strict. Well, well ; I believe you honest.

(*Crosses, and Shuts L.H.D.*

Luc. What can be at the bottom of all this?

(*Aside.*)

Strict. So ; we cannot be too private. (*Crosses to Centre.*)—Come hither, hussy ; nearer yet.

Luc. Lord, sir ! you are not going to be rude. I vow I will call out.

Strict. Hold your tongue.—Does the baggage laugh at me ? She does : she mocks me, and will reveal it to my wife ; and her insolence upon it will be more insupportable to me than cuckoldom itself.—(*Aside.*) I have not leisure now, Lucetta :—some other time.—Hush ! Did not the bell ring ? Yes, yes ! my wife wants you. Go, go, go to her.—(*Pushes her out, R.H.*) There is no hell on earth like being a slave to suspicion.
[*Exit, L.H.D.*

SCENE IV.—*The Piazza, Covent Garden.*

Enter JACK MEGGOT and BELLAMY, L.H.

Bel. Nay, nay ; I would not put your family into any confusion.

J. Meg. None in life, my dear, I assure you. I will go and order every thing this instant for her reception. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Bel. You are too obliging, sir ; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no certainty when I shall trouble you ; I only know that my Jacintha has taken such a resolution.

J. Meg. Therefore we should be prepared ; for when once a lady has such a resolution in her head, she is upon the rack till she executes it. 'Foregad, Mr. Bellamy, this must be a girl of fire.

Enter FRANKLY, R.H.

Frank. Buxom and lively as the bounding doe:—Fair as painting can express, or youthful poets fancy when they love. Tol de rol lol! (*Singing and Dancing.*)

Bel. Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

Frank. Who should it be, but—I shall know her name to-morrow. (*Sings and Dances.*)

J. Meg. What is the matter, ho! is the man mad?

Frank. Even so, gentlemen; as mad as love and joy can make me. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Bel. But inform us whence this joy proceeds?

Frank. Joy! joy! my lads! she's found! my Perdita! my charmer! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

J. Meg. 'Egad! her charms have bewitch'd the man, I think.—But who is she?

Bel. Come, come, tell us who is this wonder!

Frank. But will you say nothing?

(*Crosses to Centre.*)

Bel. Nothing, as I live.

Frank. Nor you?

J. Meg. I'll be silent as the grave—

Frank. With a tombstone upon it, to tell every one whose dust it carries.

J. Meg. I'll be as secret as a debauched prude—

Frank. Whose sanctity every one suspects. Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy nature; keeping a secret is worse to thee than keeping thy accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me both,

that I may whisper it into your ears, that echo may not catch the sinking sound:—I cannot tell who she is, faith. Tol de rol lol—

(*Crosses to R.H. singing.*)

J. Meg. Mad! mad! very mad!

Frank. All I know of her is, that she is a charming woman,—(*Crosses to Centre.*)—and has given me liberty to visit her again.—Bellamy, 'tis she, the lovely she. (*Apart to Bellamy.*)

Bel. So I did suppose.

(*Apart Crosses to Centre.*)

J. Meg. Poor Charles! for heaven's sake, Mr. Bellamy, persuade him to go to his chamber, whilst I prepare every thing for you at home. Adieu. (*Aside to Bellamy.*) B'ye, Charles. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Frank. Oh, love! thou art a gift worthy of a god indeed! Dear Bellamy, nothing now could add to my pleasure, but to see my friend as deep in love as I am.

Bel. I show my heart is capable of love by the friendship it bears to you.

Frank. The light of friendship looks dim before the brighter flame of love; love is the spring of cheerfulness and joy. Why how dull and phlegmatic do you show to me now; whilst I am all life; light as feather'd Mercury.—You, dull and cold as earth and water; I, light and warm as air and fire.—These are the only elements in love's world! Why, Bellamy, for shame! get thee a mistress and be sociable.

Bel. Frankly, I am now going to—

Frank. Why that face now? Your humble servant, sir. My flood of joy shall not be stopp'd by your melancholy fits, I assure you.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Bel. Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now if I were really in love?

Frank. Why faith, thou hast such romantic notions of sense and honour, that I know not what to say.

Bel. To confess the truth then, I am in love.

Frank. And do you confess it as if it were a sin?—Proclaim it aloud; glory in it; boast of it as your greatest virtue. Swear it with a lover's oath, and I will believe you.

Bel. Why then, by the bright eyes of her I love—

Frank. Well said!

Bel. By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in woman—

Frank. Bravo!

Bel. I swear I am as true an inamorato as ever tagg'd rhyme.

Frank. And art thou then thoroughly in love? Come to my arms, thou dear companion of my joys.

(*They embrace.*)

Enter RANGER, L.H.U.E.

Ran. Why—Hey!—Is there never a wench to be got for love or money?

Bel. Pshaw! Ranger here?

Ran. (*In Centre.*) Yes, Ranger is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you

may imagine. Faith ! I think I have the knack of finding out secrets. Nay, never look so queer—Here is a letter, Mr. Bellamy, that seems to promise you better diversion than your hugging one another.

Bel. What do you mean ?

Ran. Do you deal much in these paper tokens ?

Bel. Oh the dear kind creature ! it is from herself.

(Opens it and Reads.—Apart to Frankly.)

Ran. What, is it a pair of laced shoes she wants ? or have the boys broke her windows ?

Bel. Hold your profane tongue !

Frank. Nay, pr'ythee, Bellamy, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole affections were contain'd in those few lines.

Ran. Pr'ythee let him alone to his silent raptures. But it is as I always said—your grave men ever are the greatest whoremasters.

Bel. I cannot be disoblig'd now, say what you will : but how came this into your hands ?

•*Ran.* Your servant Buckle and I changed commissions ; he went on my errand, and I came on his.

Bel. 'Sdeath ! I want him this very instant.

Ran. He will be here presently ; but I demand to know what I have brought you.

Frank. Ay, ay ! out with it ! you know we never blab, and may be of service.

Bel. Twelve o'clock ! oh, the dear hour !

Ran. Why it is a pretty convenient time indeed.

Bel. By all that's happy, she promises in this letter here, to leave her guardian this very night—and run away with me.

Ran. How is this?

Bel. Nay I know not how myself;—she says at the bottom—(*Crosses to Centre.*)—*Your servant has full instructions from Lucetta how to equip me for my expedition. I will not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient; therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging; it is no matter how far off my guardian's—*
Yours, JACINTHA.

Ran. Carry her to your own lodgings, that will be the most convenient.

Frank. Why this must be a girl of spirit, faith!

Bel. And beauty equal to her sprightliness. I love her, and she loves me. She has thirty • thousand pounds to her fortune.

Ran. The devil she has!

Bel. And never plays at cards.

Ran. Nor does any one thing like any other woman I suppose.

Frank. Not so, I hope, neither.

Bel. Oh, Frankly, Ranger, I never felt such ease before! the secret's out, and you don't laugh at me.

Frank. Laugh at thee for loving a woman with thirty thousand pounds? thou art a most unaccountable fellow.

Ran. How the devil could he work her up to this! I never could have had the face to have done it. But—I know not how—there is a de-

gree of assurance in you modest gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to.

Bel. Oh ! your servant, good sir. You should not abuse me now, Ranger, but do all you can to assist me.

Ran. Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky fellow, and so will have nothing to do in this affair : I'll take care to be out of the way, so as to do you no harm ; that's all I can answer for ; and so—success attend you.—*(Going. Crosses to L.H.)*—I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither ; for if this should prove a round-house affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more interest there than you ; and so, sir, you may hear of me at——

(Whispers.)

Bel. For shame, Ranger ! the most noted gaming-house in town.

Ran. Forgive me this once, my boy. I must go. faith, to pay a debt of honour to some of the greatest rascals in town. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Frank. *(R.H.)* But where do you design to lodge her ?

Bel. At Mr. Meggot's, —He is already gone to prepare for her reception.

Frank. The properest place in the world : his aunts will entertain her with honour.

Bel. And the newness of her acquaintance will prevent its being suspected.—Frankly, give me your hand : this is a very critical time.

Frank. Pho ! none of your musty reflections now ! When a man is in love, to the very brink

of matrimony, what the devil has he to do with Plutarch and Seneca? Here is your servant, with a face full of business.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I'll leave you together.—I shall be at the King's Arms, where, if you want my assistance, you may find me. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter BUCKLE, R.H.

Bel. So,—Buckle, you seem to have your hands full?

Buck. Not fuller than my head, sir, I promise you. You have had your letter, I hope?

Bel. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my instructions.

Buck. Why, the affair stands thus.—As Mr. Strictland sees the door lock'd and barred every night himself, and takes the key up with him, it is impossible for us to escape any way but through the window; for which purpose I have a ladder of ropes.

Bel. Good—

Buck. And as a lady's dress is not the most decent dress to come down a ladder in, I have in this other bundle a suit of boy's clothes, which I believe will fit her; at least it will serve the time she wants it.—You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bel. Why, you are in spirits, you rogue.

Buck. These I am now to convey to Lucetta.—Have you any thing to say, sir?

Bel. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the hour appointed. Bring me word to Mr. Meg-

got's how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your fortune.

[*Exeunt ; Buck. R.H. Bel. L.H.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Mr. Strictland's House.*

Enter BELLAMY, in a Chairman's Coat, R.H.

Bel. How tediously have the minutes pass'd these last few hours! and the envious rogues will fly, no lightning quicker, when we would have them stay.—Hold! let me not mistake:—this is the house.—(*Pulls out his Watch.*)—By heaven it is not yet the hour!—I hear somebody coming. The moon's so bright—I had better not be here till the happy instant comes.

[*Exit, L.H.U.E.*

Enter FRANKLY, R.H.

Frank. Wine is no antidote to love, but rather feeds the flame; now am I such an amorous puppy, that I cannot walk straight home, but must come out of my way to take a view of my

queen's palace by moonlight.—Ay, here stands the temple where my goddess is adored;—the door's open. *(Retires, R.H.)*

Enter LUCETTA, D.F.L.H.

Luc. (Under the Window.) Madam, madam, hist! Madam.—How shall I make her hear?

JACINTHA, in Boy's Clothes appears at the Window.

Jac. Who is there? What's the matter?

Luc. It is I, madam; you must not pretend to stir till I give the word; you'll be discovered if you do.—

Frank. What do I see? A man! my heart misgives me. *(Aside.)*

Luc. My master is below, sitting up for Mrs. Clarinda. He raves as if he was mad about her being out so late.

Frank. Here is some intrigue or other. I must see more of this before I give further way to love. *(Aside.)*

Luc. One minute he is in the street: the next he is in the kitchen: now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

Jac. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of this house.

Frank. Cowardly rascal! would I were in his place! *(Aside.)*

Luc. If I can but fix him any where, I can let

you out myself.—You have the ladder ready, in case of necessity?

Jac. Yes, yes. [Exit Lucetta, D.F.L.H.]

Frank. The ladder! This must lead to some discovery; I shall watch you my young gentleman, I shall. (*Aside.*)

Enter CLARINDA, and Servant, R.H.

Cla. This whist is a most enticing devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. Strictland's sober hours.

Jac. Ha! I hear a noise!

Cla. No; I see a light in Jacintha's window. You may go home.—(*Gives the Servant Money.*)
—I am safe. [Exit, Servant, R.H.]

Jac. Sure it must be he! Mr. Bellamy—Sir.

Frank. Does not he call me? (*Aside.*)

Cla. Ha! Who's that? I am frightened out of my wits,—A man!

Jac. Is it you?

Frank. Yes, yes; 'tis I, 'tis I.

Jac. Listen at the door.

Frank. I will; 'tis open.—(*Listens.*)—There is no noise: all's quiet.

Cla. Sure it is my spark;—and talking to Jacintha. (*Aside.*)

Frank. You may come down the ladder—quick.

Jac. Catch it then, and hold it.

Frank. I have it. Now I shall see what sort of mettle my young spark is made of. (*Aside.*)

Cla. With a ladder too! I'll assure you. But I must see the end of it. (*Aside.*)

Jac. Hark ! did not somebody speak ?

Frank. No, no ; be not fearful — 'Sdeath ! we are discover'd. (*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*)

Enter LUCETTA, D.F.L.H.

Luc. Hist ! hist ! are you ready ?

Jac. Yes. May I venture ?

Luc. Now is your time. He is in high conference with his privy counsellor, Mr. Tester. You may come down the back stairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit, D.F.L.H.*]

Jac. I will, I will ; and am heartily glad of it.

[*Exit, from the Window, into the House.*]

Frank. (*Advancing.*) May be so ; but you and I shall have a few words before you get off so cleanly.

Cla. (*Advancing.*) How lucky it was I came home at this instant. I shall spoil his sport I believe.—(*Aside.*)—Do you know me, sir ?

Frank. I am amazed ! You here ! This was unexpected indeed !

Cla. Why, I believe I do come a little unexpectedly, but I shall amaze you more. I know the whole course of your amour : all the process of you mighty passion from its first rise—

Frank. What is all this ?

Cla. To the very conclusion, which you vainly hope to effect this night.

Frank. By heaven, madam, I know not what you mean ! I came hither purely to contemplate on your beauties.

Cla. Any beauties, sir, I find will serve your

turn. Did I not hear you talk to her at the window?

Frank. Her!

Cla. Blush, blush, for shame; but be assur'd you—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—have seen the last both of Jacintha and me. [*Exit, D.F.L.H.*]

Frank. Jacintha! Hear me, madam.—She is gone. This must certainly be Bellamy's mistress, and I have fairly ruin'd all his scheme. This it is to be in luck.

Enter BELLAMY, behind, L.H.

Bel. Ha! a man under the window! (*Aside.*)

Frank. No; here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

Enter JACINTHA, from D.F.L.H. and runs to FRANKLY.

Jac. I have at last got to you. Let's haste away.—Oh!

Frank. Be not frighten'd, lady.

Jac. Oh! I am abus'd, betray'd!

Bel. Betray'd!—Frankly!

(*Puts her over to L.H.*)

Frank. Bellamy!

Bel. I can scarce believe it, though I see it.
Draw—

Frank. Hear me, Bellamy.—Lady—

Jac. Stay;—do not fight!

Frank. I am innocent; it is all a mistake!

Jac. For my sake be quiet! We shall be discovered! the family is alarm'd!

Bel. You are obey'd. Mr. Frankly, there is but one way— (Puts her over to R.H.)

Frank. I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discovered! To-morrow, at your chambers.

Bel. Till then farewell.

[*Exeunt Bellamy and Jacintha, R.H.*]

Frank. Then, when he is cool, I may be heard; and the real, though suspicious account of this matter may be believed. Yet, amidst all this perplexity, it pleases me to find my fair incognita is jealous of my love.

Strict. (*Within.*) Where's Lucetta? Search every place.

Frank. Hark! the cry is up! I must be gone.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter STRICTLAND, TESTER, and Servants, D.F.L.H.

Strict. She's gone! she's lost! I am cheated! pursue her! seek her!

Tes. Sir, all her clothes are in her chamber.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. Clarinda said she was in boy's clothes.

Strict. Ay, ay, I know it:—Bellamy has her.—Come along.—Pursue her. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Enter RANGER, L.H.U.E.

Ran. Hark!—Was not the noise this way?—No, there is no game stirring. This same goddess, Diana, shines so bright with her chastity, that, 'egad, I believe the wenches are ashamed

to look her in the face. Now I am in an admirable mood for a frolic—have wine in my head, and money in my pocket, and so am furnished out for the cannonading of any countess in Christendom. Ha! What have we here?—a ladder!—this cannot be placed here for nothing;—and a window open! Is it love or mischief now that is going on within? I care not which;—I am in a right cue for either. Up I go, neck or nothing.—Stay,—do I not run a greater chance of spoiling sport than I do of making any? That I hate as much as I love the other. There can be no harm in seeing how the land lies;—I'll up. (*Goes up softly.*)—All is hush.—Ha! a light, and a woman! by all that's lucky, neither old nor crooked! I'll in.—Ha! she is gone again! I will after her. (*Gets in at the Window.*) And for fear of the squalls of virtue, and the pursuit of the family, I will make sure of the ladder. (*Pulls it up.*) Now fortune be my guide.

[*Exit, from the Window.*]

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Strickland's Dressing-room.*

Enter MRS. STRICTLAND, followed by LUCETTA, R.H.

Mrs. S. Well, I am in great hopes she will escape.

Luc. Never fear, madam; the lovers have the start of him, and I warrant they'll keep it.

Mrs. S. Were Mr. Strickland ever to suspect my being privy to her flight, I know not what might be the consequence.

Luc. Then you had better be undressing. He may return immediately. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Enter RANGER, M.D. as she is sitting down at the Toilet, R.H.

Ran. Young and beautiful. *(Aside.)*

Luc. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once suspected till this morning—

Mrs. S. (Seated, L.H.) And who gave you authority to watch his actions, or pry into his secrets?

Luc. I hope, madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of service to you to know my master was jealous.

Ran. And her husband jealous! If she does but send away the maid, I am happy. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. S. Leave me. *(Angrily.)*

Luc. This it is to meddle with other people's affairs. *[Exit, in Anger L.H.]*

Ran. What a lucky dog I am! I never made a gentleman a cuckold before. Now impudence assist me. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. S. (Rises.) Provoking! I am sure I never have deserved it of him.

Ran. Oh, cuckold him by all means, madam; I am your man! *(She shrieks.)*—Oh, fie, madam! 'if you squall so cursedly, you will be discover'd.

Mrs. S. Discover'd! What mean you, sir? Do you come to abuse me?

Ran. I'll do my endeavour, madam; you can have no more.

Mrs. S. Whence came you? How got you here?

Ran. Dear madam, so long as I am here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came? But that I may satisfy your curiosity, first, as to your "Whence came you?" I answer, out of the street; and to your "How got you here?" I say, in at the window; it stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, madam—you were going to undress, I beg I may not incommode you.

Mrs. S. This is the most consummate piece of impudence!—

Ran. For heaven's sake have one drop of pity for a poor young fellow, who long has loved you.

Mrs. S. What would the fellow have?

Ran. Your husband's usage will excuse you to the world.

Mrs. S. I cannot bear this insolence! Help! help!

Ran. Oh, hold that clamorous tongue, madam!—Speak one word more, and I am gone, positively gone.

Mrs. S. Gone! so I would have you.

Ran. Lord, madam, you are so hasty!

Mrs. S. Shall I not speak when a thief, a robber, breaks into my house at midnight? Help! help!

Ran. Ha! no one hears. Now, Cupid, assist me! (*Aside.*)—Lookye, madam, I never could make fine speeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter, and lie; I have said more to you alrea-

dy, than I ever said to a woman in such circumstances in all my life. But since I find you yield to no persuasion to your good, I will gently force you to be grateful. (*Throws down his Hat, and seizes her*)—Come, come, unbend that brow, and look more kindly on me!

Mrs. S. For shame, sir! thus on my knees let me beg for mercy. (*Kneels.*)

Ran. And thus on mine, let me beg the same. (*Kneels, catches, and Kisses her.*)

Strict. (Within.) Take away her sword! she'll hurt herself!

Mrs. S. Oh, heavens! that is my husband's voice!

Ran. (Rises.) The devil it is!

Strict. (Within.) Take away her sword, I say, and then I can close with her.

Mrs. S. He is upon the stairs, now coming up! I am undone if he sees you.

Ran. Plague on him, I must decamp then. Which way? (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mrs. S. Through this passage, into the next chamber.

Ran. And so into the street. With all my heart. You may be perfectly easy, madam: mum's the word; I never blab.—I shall not leave off so, but will wait till the last moment.

[*Aside, and exit, R.H.*]

Mrs. S. So, he's gone. What could I have said, if he had been discovered!

*Enter MR. STRICTLAND, driving in JACINTHA, L.H.
LUCETTA following.*

Strict. Once more, my pretty masculine madam, you are welcome home; and I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done; for eight o'clock to-morrow morning is the latest hour you shall stay in this lewd town.

Jac. Oh, sir, when once a girl is equipp'd with a hearty resolution, it is not your worship's sagacity, nor the great chain at your gate, can hinder her from doing what she has a mind.

Strict. Oh, lord, lord! how this love improves a young lady's modesty!

Jac. Am I to blame to seek for happiness any where, when you are resolved to make me miserable here?

Strict. I have this night prevented your making yourself so, and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you safe now, and the devil shall not get you out of my clutches again. I have lock'd the doors and barred them, I warrant you. So here, (*Gives her a Candle.*)—troop to your chamber, and to bed; whilst you are well. Go! (*Crosses to Centre, and treads on Ranger's Hat.*)—What's here? a hat! a man's hat in my wife's dressing-room! (*Looks at the Hat.*)

Mrs. S. What shall I do? (*Aside.*)

Strict. (*Takes up the Hat, and looks at Mrs. Strictland.*)—Ha! by hell, I see 'tis true!

Mrs. S. My fears confound me. I dare not tell the truth, and know not how to frame a lie! (*Aside.*)

Strict. Mrs. Strictland, Mrs. Strictland, how came this hat in your chamber?

Luc. Are you that way disposed, my fine lady, and will not trust me? (*Aside.*)

Strict. Speak, wretch, speak!

Jac. I could not have suspected this. (*Aside.*)

Strict. Why dost thou not speak?

Mrs. S. Sir—

Strict. Guilt;—'tis guilt that ties your tongue!

Luc. I must bring her off, however. (*Aside.*)

Strict. My fears are just, and I am miserable :—thou worst of women!

Mrs. S. I know my innocence, and can bear this no longer.

Strict. I know you are false, and 'tis I who will bear my injuries no longer.

(*Both walk about in a Passion.*)

Luc. (*Apart to Jacintha.*) Is not this hat yours? Own it, madam.

(*Takes away Jacintha's Hat, and exit, L.H.D.*)

Mrs. S. What ground, what cause have you for jealousy, when you yourself can witness your leaving me was accidental, your return uncertain, and expected even sooner than it happened? The abuse is gross and palpable.

(*Sinks into a Chair.*)

Strict. Why this is true!

Mrs. S. Indeed, Jacintha, I am innocent.

Strict. And yet this hat must belong to somebody.

Jac. Dear Mrs. Strictland, be not concerned; when he has diverted himself a little longer with it—

Strict. Ha!—

Jac. I suppose he will give me my hat again.

Strict. Your hat?

Jac. Yes, my hat. You brush'd it from my side yourself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose to abuse this lady, or no, you best know yourself.

Strict. It cannot be :—'tis all a lie.

Jac. Believe so still, with all my heart; but the hat is mine. Now, sir, who does it belong to? *(Snatches it, and puts it on.)*

Strict. Why did she look so?

Jac. Your violence of temper is too much for her. You use her ill, and then suspect her for that confusion which you yourself occasion.

Strict. Why did you not set me right at first?

Jac. Your hard usage of me, sir, is a sufficient reason why I should not be much concerned to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your lady's sake I do it now; who deserves much better of you than to be thus exposed for every slight suspicion. See where she sits :—go to her.

Mrs. S. (Rises.) Indeed, Mr. Strictland, I have a soul as much above—

Strict. Whew!—Now you have both found your tongues, and I must bear with their eternal rattle.

Jac. For shame, go to her, and—

Strict. Well, well, what shall I say? I forgive :—all is over. I—I—I forgive.

Mrs. S. Forgive! What do you mean?

Jac. Forgive her! is that all? Consider, sir—

Strict. Hold, hold, your confounded tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask pardon,—or for—

give,—or any thing. Good now, be quiet.—I ask your pardon ;—there.—(*Kisses her.*) For you, madam, I am infinitely obliged to you, and could find in my heart to make you a return in kind, by marrying you to a beggar ; but I have more conscience.—Come, come to your chamber. Here, take this candle.

Re-enter LUCETTA, L.H.D. perthly.

Luc. Sir, if you please, I will light my young lady to bed.

Strict. No, no ! no such thing ; good madam. She shall have nothing but her pillow to consult this night, I assure you. So in, in. (*The Ladies take leave.*) [*Exit Jacintha, R.H.*] Good night, kind madam.

Luc. Plague of the jealous fool ! we might both have escap'd out of the window purely.

(*Aside.*)

Strict. Go, get you down ; and, do you hear, order the coach to be ready in the morning at eight exactly. [*Exit Lucetta, L.H.D.*] So, she is safe till to-morrow, and then for the country ; and when she is there, I can manage as I think fit.

Mrs. S. Dear Mr. Strickland—

Strict. I am not in a humour, Mrs. Strickland, fit to talk with you. Go to bed. I will endeavour to get the better of my temper ; if I can, I'll follow you.—[*Exit Mrs. Strickland, R.H.*] How despicable have I made myself ! [*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*Another Chamber.*

Enter RANGER, D.F.L.H.

Ran. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole skin. And shall so much love and claret as I am in possession of only lull me to sleep, when it might so much better keep me waking? Forbid it, fortune, and forbid it, love. This is a chamber, perhaps of some bewitching female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a light! the door opens. A boy? plague on him.

(Retires, D.F.L.H.)

Enter JACINTHA, R.H. with a Candle.

Jac. I have been listening at the door, and from their silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to bed together.

Ran. A pretty boy, faith; he seems uneasy.

(Aside.)

Jac. *(Sitting down, R.H.)* What an unlucky night has this proved to me! every circumstance has fallen out unhappily.

Ran. He talks aloud. I'll listen. *(Aside.)*

Jac. But what most amazes me is, that Clarinda should betray me!

Ran. Clarinda! she must be a woman. Well, what of her? *(Aside.)*

Jac. My guardian else would never have suspected my disguise.

Ran. Disguise ! Ha, it must be so ! What eyes she has ! what a dull rogue was I not to suspect this sooner ! *(Aside.)*

Jac. Ha, I had forgot ; the ladder is at the window still, and I will boldly venture by myself. *(Rising briskly she sees Ranger.)* Ha ! a man, and well dressed ! Ha, Mrs. Strictland, are you then at last dishonest !

Ran. By all my wishes she is a charming woman ! lucky rascal ! *(Aside.)*

Jac. But I will, if possible, conceal her shame, and stand the brunt of his impertinence.

Ran. What shall I say to her ? No matter ; any thing soft will do the business. *(Aside.)*

Jac. Who are you ?

Ran. A man, young gentleman.

Jac. And what would you have ?

Ran. A woman.

Jac. You are very free, sir. Here are none for you.

Ran. Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too ; the most charming creature nature ever set her hand to ; and you are the dear little pilot that must direct me to her heart.

Jac. What mean you, sir ? It is an office I am not accustomed to.

Ran. You won't have far to go, however. I never make my errands tedious. It is to your own heart, dear madam, I would have you whisper in my behalf. Nay, never start. Think you such a beauty could ever be concealed from eyes so well acquainted with its charms ?

Jac. What will become of me ? If I cry out,

Mrs. Strickland is undone. This is my last resort. (*Aside.*)

Ran. Pardon, dear lady, the boldness, of this visit, which your guardian's care has forced me to: but I long have loved you, long doated on that beauteous face, and followed you from place to place, though perhaps unknown and unregarded.

Jac. Here's a special fellow. (*Aside.*)

Ran. Turn then an eye of pity on my sufferings; and by heaven, one tender look from those piercing eyes, one touch of this soft hand—

(*Going to take her Hand.*)

Jac. Hold, sir, no nearer.

Ran. Would more than repay whole years of pain.

Jac. Hear me; but keep your distance, or I raise the family.

Ran. Blessings on her tongue, only for prattling to me. (*Aside.*)

Jac. Oh, for a moment's courage, and I shall shame him from his purpose. (*Aside.*)—If I were certain so much gallantry had been shown on my account only—

Ran. You wrong your beauty to think that any other could have power to draw me hither. By all the little loves that play about your lips, I swear—

Jac. You came to me, and me alone.

Ran. By all the thousand graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

Jac. Well said—Could I but believe you—

(*Goes to the Toilet and brings down his Hat.*)

Ran. By heaven she comes! Ah, honest Ranger, I never knew thee fail. (*Aside.*)

Jac. Pray, sir, where did you leave this hat!

Ran. That hat! that hat—'tis my hat—I dropped it in the next chamber as I was looking for yours.

Jac. How mean and despicable do you look now!

Ran. So, so! I am in a pretty pickle! (*Aside.*)

Jac. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has passed within; and how ill it agrees with what you have professed to me. Let me advise you sir, to be gone immediately: through that window you may easily get into the street. One scream of mine, the least noise at that door, will wake the house.

Ran. Say you so? (*Aside.*)

Jac. Believe me, sir, an injured husband is not so easily appeas'd; and a suspected wife, that is jealous of her honour— (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Ran. Is the devil, and so let's have no more of her. Look ye, madam, (*Getting between the Door and her.*) I have but one argument left, and that is a strong one. Look on me well, I am as handsome, a strong, well-made fellow as any about town; and since we are alone, as I take it, we have no occasion to be more private. (*Going to lay hold of her.*)

Jac. I have a reputation, sir, and will maintain it.

Ran. You have a bewitching pair of eyes.

Jac. Consider my virtue. (*Struggling.*)

Ran. Consider your beauty and my desires.

Jac. If I were a man, you dare not use me thus.

Ran. I should not have the same temptation.

Jac. Hear me, sir, I will be heard. (*Breaks from him.*) There is a man who will make you repent this usage of me. Oh, Bellamy! where art thou now? (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Ran. Bellamy!

Jac. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me. (*Bursts into Tears.*)

Ran. His mistress, on my soul! (*Aside.*)—You can love, madam; you can love, I find.—Her tears affect me strangely. (*Aside.*)

Jac. I am not ashamed to own my passion for a man of virtue and honour. I love and glory in it.

Ran. Oh, brave! and you can write letters, you can. "I will not trust myself home with you this evening, because I know it is inconvenient."

Jac. Ha!

Ran. "Therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging; 'tis no matter how far off my guardian's. Yours, Jacintha."

Jac. The very words of my letter! I am amaz'd! (*Aside.*) Do you know Mr. Bellamy?

Ran. There is not a man on earth I have so great a value for: and he must have some value for me too, or he would never have shown me your pretty epistle; think of that, fair lady. The ladder is at the window; and so, madam, I hope delivering you safe into his arms, will in some measure expiate the crime I have been guilty of to you.

Jac. Good heaven! How fortunate is this!

Ran. I believe I make myself appear more wicked than I really am. For damn me, if I do not feel more satisfaction in the thoughts of restoring you to my friend, than I could have pleasure in any favour your bounty could have bestowed. Let any other rake lay his hand upon his heart and say the same.

Jac. Your generosity transports me.

Ran. Let us lose no time then; the ladder's ready. Where was you to lodge?

Jac. At Mr. Meggot's.

Ran. At my friend Jacky's! better and better still.

Jac. Are you acquainted with him too?

Ran. Ay, ay; why, did I not tell you at first that I was one of your old acquaintance? I know all about you, you see; though the devil fetch me if ever I saw you before. Now, madam, give me your hand.

Jac. And now, sir, have with you.

Ran. Then thou art a girl of spirit. And though I long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will not beg a single kiss, till Bella-my himself shall give me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me. [Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Piazza.*

Enter BELLAMY and FRANKLY, L.H.

Bel. Pshaw! what impertinent devil put it into your head to meddle with my affairs?

Frank. You know I went thither in pursuit of another.

Bel. I know nothing you had to do there at all.

Frank. I thought, Mr. Bellamy you were a lover.

Bel. I am so; and therefore should be forgiven this sudden warmth.

Frank. And therefore should forgive the fond impertinence of a lover.

Bel. Jealousy, you know, is as natural an incident to love—

Frank. As curiosity. By one piece of silly curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you; let not then your jealousy complete our misfortunes. I fear I have lost a mistress as well as you; then let us not quarrel. All may come right again.

Bel. It is impossible. She is gone, removed for ever from my sight: she is in the country by this time.

Frank. How did you lose her after we parted?

Bel. By too great confidence. When I got

her to my chair, the chairmen were not to be found. And, safe as I thought in our disguise, I actually put her into the chair, when Mr. Strickland and his servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, overpowered me, and carried her away.

Frank. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second attempt?

Bel. I had designed it; but when I came to the door, I found the ladder removed; and hearing no noise, seeing no lights, nor being able to make any body answer, I concluded all attempts as impracticable as I now find them.—Ha! I see Lucetta coming. Then they may be still in town.

Enter LUCETTA, R.H.

Lucetta, welcome! what news of Jacintha?

Luc. News, sir! you fright me out of my senses! Why, is she not with you?

Bel. What do you mean? With me! I have not seen her since I lost her last night.

Luc. Good heaven! then she is undone for ever.

Frank. Why, what's the matter?

Bel. Speak out—I'm all amazement.

Luc. She has escap'd, without any of us knowing how. Nobody miss'd her till morning. We all thought she went away with you. But heaven knows now what may have happened.

Bel. Somebody must have accompanied her in her flight.

Luc. We know of nobody : we are all in confusion at home. My master swears revenge on you. My mistress says a stranger has her.

Bel. A stranger !

Luc. But Mrs. Clarinda—

B l. Clarinda ! who is she ?

Luc. The lady, sir, who you saw at our house last night. *(To Frankly.)*

Frank Ha ! what of her ?

Luc. She says, she is sure one Frankly is the man ; she saw them together, and knows it to be true.

Frank. Damn'd fortune ! *(Aside.)*

Luc. Sure this is not Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Nothing will convince him now.

(Aside.)

Bel. *(Looking at Frankly)* Ha ! 'tis true !—I see it is true. *(Aside.)* Lucetta, run up to Buckle, and take him with you to search wherever you can. *(Puts her out, R.H.)* Now, Mr. Frankly, I have found you.—You used me so ill, that you force me to forget you are my friend.

Frank. What do you mean ?

Bel Draw. *(Draws.)*

Frank. Are you mad ? By heavens, I am innocent.

Bel. I have heard you, and will no longer be imposed on—Defend yourself.

Frank. Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself, as I would against a madman.

(Draws.)

Enter RANGER, L.H.U.E.

Ran What the devil, swords at noon-day ! Have among you. faith ! (*Parts them.*) What's here, Bellamy ? (*In Centre.* — Yes, 'gad you are Bellamy, and you are Frankly ; put up, put up both of you—or else—I am a devilish fellow when once my sword is out.

Bel. We shall have a time—

Ran. (*Pushing Bellamy one way.*) A time for what ?

Frank. I shall always be as ready to defend my innocence as now

Ran. (*Pushing Frankly the other way.*) Innocence ! ay, to be sure—at your age—a mighty innocent fellow, no doubt. But what in the name of common sense, is it that ails you both ? Are you mad ? The last time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing ; and now you are cutting one another's throats—I never knew any good come of one fellow's beslaving another. —But I shall put you into a better humour, I warrant you.—Bellamy, Frankly, listen both of you.—Such fortune,—such a scheme—

Bel. Pr'ythee, leave fooling. What, art drunk ?

Frank He is always so, I think.

Ran. And who gave you the privilege of thinking ? Drunk ! no ; I am not drunk.—Tipsy, perhaps, with my good fortune ;—merry, and in spirits ;—though I have not fire enough to run my friend through the body Not drunk, though Jack Meggot and I have boxed it about.—Champaign was the word for two whole hours by Shrewsbury clock.

Bel. Jack Meggot!—Why, I left him at one, going to bed.

Ran. That may be, but I made shift to rouse him and his family by four this morning. Ounds, I pick'd up a wench, and carried her to his house.

Bel. Ha!

Ran. Such a variety of adventures.—Nay, you shall hear.—But before I begin, Bellamy, you shall promise me half-a-dozen kisses beforehand: for the devil fetch me if that little jade, Jacintha, would give me one, though I pressed hard.

Bel. Who, Jacintha? Press to kiss Jacintha?

Ran. Kiss her! ay; why not? Is she not a woman, and made to be kissed?

Bel. Kiss her: I shall run distracted!

Ran. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you rogue, in her bed-chamber at midnight! if I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bel. Bed-chamber, at midnight! I can hold no longer —Draw.

Frank. Be easy, Bellamy. (*Interposing.*)

Bel. He has been at some of his damn'd tricks with her.

Frank. Hear him out.

Ran. 'Sdeath, how should I know she was his mistress? But I tell this story most miserably. I should have told you first, I was in another lady's chamber. By the Lord, I got in at the window by a ladder of ropes. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Frank. Ha! another lady?

Ran. Another: and stole in upon her whilst

she was undressing ; beautiful as an angel, blooming and young.—

Frank. What, in the same house ?

Bel. What is this to Jacintha ? Ease me of my pain.

Ran. Ay, ay, in the same house, on the same floor. The sweetest little angel !—But I design to have another touch with her.

Frank 'Sdeath ! but you shall have a touch with me first.

(*They Fight.*)

Bel. Stay, Frankly.

(*Interposing.*)

Ran. Why, what strange madness has possess'd you both, that nobody must kiss a pretty wench but yourselves ?

Bel. What became of Jacintha ?

Ran. Ounds ! what have you done, that you must monopolize kissing ? (*Crosses to centre.*)

Frank. Pr'ythee, honest Ranger, ease me of the pain I am in. Was her name Clarinda ?

Bel. Speak in plain words, where Jacintha is, where to be found. Dear boy, tell me.

Ran. Ay, now it is, honest Ranger ; and, dear boy, tell me,—and a minute ago, my throat was to be cut ;—I could find in my heart not to open my lips. But here comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the secret, though he designed to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, though I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

Enter JACK MEGGOT, L.H.

J. Meg. So, save ye, save ye, lads ! we have

been frighten'd out of our wits for you. Not hearing, of Mr. Bellamy, poor Jacintha is ready to sink for fear of any accident.

Bel. Is she at your house?

J. Meg. Why, did not you know that? We dispatch'd master Ranger to you three hours ago.

Ran. Ay, plague! but I had business of my own, so I could not come —Harkye, Frankly, is your girl, maid, wife, or widow?

Frank. A maid, I hope.

Ran. The odds are against you, Charles.—But mine is married, you rogue, and her husband jealous.—The devil is in it if I do not reap some reward for my last night's service.

Bel. He has certainly been at Mrs. Strictland herself But, Frankly, I dare not look on you.

Frank. This one embrace cancels all thoughts of enmity. (*Embracing him.*)

Bel. Thou generous man! (*Crosses to L.H.*) But I must haste to ease Jacintha of her fears.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Frank. And I to make up matters with Clarinda.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Ran. And I to some kind wench or other, Jack. But where I shall find her, heaven knows. (*Crosses to L.H.*) And so, my service to your monkey.

J. Meg. Adieu, rattlepate.

[*Exeunt ; Ranger, L.H. Meggot, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Mr. Strictland's House.*

Enter CLARINDA and MRS. STRICTLAND, R.H.

Mrs. S. But why in such a hurry, my dear? Stay till your servants can go along with you.

Cla. Oh, no matter; they'll follow with my things. It is but a little way off, and my chair will guard me. After my staying out so late last night, I am sure Mr. Strictland will think every minute an age whilst I am in his house.

Mrs. S. I am as much amaz'd at his suspecting your innocence as my own; and every time I think of it, I blush at my present behaviour to you

Cla. No ceremony, dear child.

Mrs. S. No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good humour. But I fear, in the eye of a malicious world, it may look like a confirmation of his suspicion.

Cla. My dear, if the world will speak ill of me, for the little innocent gaiety which I think the peculiar happiness of my temper, I know no way to prevent it, and am only sorry the world is so ill-natured: but I shall not part with my mirth, I assure them, so long as I know it innocent. I wish, my dear, this may be the greatest uneasiness your husband's jealousy ever gives you.

Mrs. S. I hope he never again may have such occasion as he had last night.

Cla. You are so unfashionable a wife.—Why, last night's accident would have made half the

wives in London easy for life. Has not his jealousy discover'd itself openly. And are you innocent? There is nothing but your foolish temper that prevents his being absolutely in your power.

Mrs. S. Clarinda, this is too serious an affair to laugh at. Let me advise you, take care of Mr. Frankly, observe his temper well, and if he has the least taint of jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your power.

Cla. You will hear little more of Frankly, I believe. Here is Mr. Strictland.

Enter STRICTLAND and LUCETTA, L.H.

Strict. Lucetta says you want me, madam.

Cla. I trouble you, sir, only that I might return you thanks for the civilities I have received in your family, before I took my leave.

Strict. Keep them to yourself, dear madam. As it is at my request that you leave my house, your thanks upon that occasion are not very desirable.

Cla. Oh, sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your humour, sir, and part with as little ceremony—

Strict. As we met.

Cla. The brute! (*Aside.*) My dear, good bye, we may meet again. (*To Mrs. Strictland.*)

Strict. If you dare trust me with your hand.

Cla. Lucetta, remember my instructions. Now, sir, have with you.

(*Strictland leads Clarinda out, L.H.*)

Mrs. S. Are her instructions cruel or kind, Lucetta? For I suppose they relate to Mr. Frankly.

Luc. Have you a mind to try if I can keep a secret as well as yourself, madam? But I will show you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, though it signifies nothing.

Mrs. S. This answer is not so civil, I think.

Luc. I beg pardon, madam, I meant it not to offend.

Mrs. S. Pray let me have no more such. I neither desire nor want your assistance.

Re-enter STRICTLAND, L.H.

Strict. She is gone; I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the day with gallantry, madam, shall I conduct you up?

Mrs. S. There is something, sir, which gives you secret uneasiness. I wish—

Strict. Perhaps so, madam; and perhaps it may soon be no secret at all.

(Leads her out, R.H.)

Luc. Would I were once well settled with my young lady; for at present this is but an odd sort of a queer family. Last night's affair puzzles me. A hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain; madam was in a fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. Jacintha escaped, no one of us knows how. The good man's jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet, to-day, in my mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this! *(Knocking without, L.H.)* Somebody knocks. If this should be

Clarinda's spark, I have an odd message for him too.
(*She opens the Door.*)

Enter FRANKLY, L.H.

Frank. So, my pretty handmaid, meeting with you gives me some hopes. May I speak with Clarinda?

Luc. Whom do you want, sir?

Frank. Clarinda, child. The young lady I was admitted to yesterday.

Luc. Clarinda!—No such person lives here, I assure you.

Frank. Where then?

Luc. I don't know indeed, sir.

Frank. Will you inquire within?

Luc. Nobody knows in this house, sir, you will find.

Frank. What do you mean? She is a friend of Jacintha's, your lady. I will take my oath she was here last night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this morning.—Not know!

Luc. No; none of us know. She went away of a sudden;—no one of us can imagine whither.

Frank. Why, faith, child, thou hast a tolerable face, and hast delivered this denial very handsomely; but let me tell you, your impertinence this morning had like to have cost me my life; now therefore make me amends. I come from your young mistress; I come from Mr. Belamy; I come with my purse full of gold,—that persuasive rhetoric, to win you to let me see and speak to this Clarinda once again.

Luc. She is not here, sir.

Frank. Direct me to her.

Luc. No, I can't do that neither.

Re-enter STRICTLAND, R.H.

Strict. I heard a knocking at the door, and a man's voice.—Ha! *(Aside.)*

Frank Deliver this letter to her.

Strict. By all my fears, a letter! *(Aside.)*

Luc. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Frank. Take it then ;—and with it this.

(Kisses her and gives her Money.)

Strict. Um ! there are two bribes in a breath !
What a jade she is ! *(Aside.)*

Luc. Ay, this gentleman understands reason.

(Aside.)

Frank. And be assured you will oblige your mistress while you are serving me.

Strict. Her mistress !—Damn'd sex ! and damn'd wife, thou art an epitome of that sex !

(Aside.)

Frank. And if you can procure me an answer your fee shall be enlarged. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Luc. The next step is to get her to read this letter.

Strict. *(Snatches the Letter)* No noise !—but stand silent there whilst I read this.

(Breaks it open and drops the Case.—Reads.)

Madam.—The gaiety of a heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unreasonable visit I made your house last night.—Death

and the devil! confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much!—There was a man then to whom the hat belong'd; and I was gull'd, abus'd, cheated, impos'd on, by a chit, a child.—Oh, woman, woman!—But I will be calm, search it to the bottom, and have a full revenge.—

Luc. So, here's fine work! He'll make himself very ridiculous though. (*Aside.*)

Strict. (Reads.) I know my innocence will appear so manifestly, that I need only appeal to the lady who accompanied you at Bath.—Your very humble servant, good, innocent, fine madam Clarinda.—And I do not doubt but her good nature will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble servant, CHARLES FRANKLY.

Now, who can say my jealousy lack'd foundation, or my suspicion of fine madam's innocent gaiety was unjust?—Gaiety! why, ay, 'twas gaiety brought him hither.—My wife may be false in gaiety. What a number of things become fashionable under the notion of gaiety.—What, you received this epistle in gaiety too: and were to deliver it to my wife, I suppose, when the gay fit came next upon her?—Why, you impudent young strumpet, do you laugh at me?

Luc. I would, if I dar'd, laugh heartily —Be pleas'd, sir, only to look at that piece of paper that lies there.

Strict. Ha!

Luc. I have not touched it, sir. It is the case that letter came in, and the direction will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Strict. This is directed to Clarinda!

Luc. Oh, is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolish doubts will vanish.

Strict. I have no doubts at all. I am satisfied that you, Jacintha, Clarinda, my wife, all are—

Luc. Lud! lud! you will make a body mad.

Strict. Hold your impertinent tongue.

Luc. You'll find the thing to be just as I say, sir.

Strict. Be gone [*Exit Lucetta, L.H.D.*] They must be poor at the work, indeed, if they did not lend one another their names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident, and I am miserable. But for my wife, she shall not stay one night longer in my house. Separation, shame, contempt, shall be her portion. I am determined in the thing; and when once it is over, I may perhaps be easy.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

CLARINDA brought in a Chair, L.H. followed by
RANGER.

Ran. Harkye, chairman! damn your confounded trot. Go slower.

Cla. Here, stop.

Ran. By heavens! the monsters hear reason and obey.

Cla. (*Letting down the Window.*) What troublesome fellow was that?

1 Chair. Some rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himself home, and wants us to do it for him.

Cla. There.—And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him. (*Goes in, R.H.D.S.E.*)

Ran. That's as much as to say now, pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming woman, and I will do it.—

1 *Chair.* Stand off, sir.

Ran. Pr'ythee, honest fellow—what—what writing is that? (*Endeavouring to get in.*)

2 *Chair.* You come not here.

Ran. Lodgings to be let: a pretty convenient inscription, and the sign of a good modest family. There may be lodgings for gentlemen as well as ladies. Harkye, rogues, I'll lay you all the silver I have in my pocket, there it is, I get in there in spite of your teeth, ye pimps. (*Throws down the money and goes in, R.H.D.S.E.*)

Cla. (*Within.*) Chair, chair, chair!

1 *Chair.* Who calls chair?—What have you let the gentleman in?

2 *Chair.* I'll tell you what, partner, he certainly slipp'd by whilst we were picking up the money. Come, take up. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Clarinda's Lodgings.*

Enter CLARINDA, L.H. followed by Maid.

Maid. Bless me, madam, you seem disorder'd; what's the matter?

Cla. Some impertinent fellow follow'd the chair, and I am afraid they let him in. (*A noise between Ran. and Land. without, L.H.*) I should

certainly know that voice. My madcap cousin Ranger, as I live. I am sure he does not know me.—If I could but hide my face now, what sport I should have! A mask! a mask! Run and see if you can find a mask.

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Cla. Run, run, and fetch it. [*Exit Maid, R.H.*] Here he comes.

Enter RANGER and LANDLADY, L.H.D.

How unlucky this is! (*Turning from them.*)

Land. What's your business here, unmannerly sir?

Ran. Well, let's see these lodgings that are to be let. 'Gad, a very pretty neat tenement.—But harkye, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and new painted this summer season, against the town fills?

Land. What does the saucy fellow mean with his double tenders here? Get you down—

Re-enter MAID, R.H. with a Mask.

Maid Here is a very dirty one. (*Aside to Clarinda.*)

Cla. No matter. [*Exit Maid, R.H.*] Now we shall see a little what he would be at. (*Aside.*)

Land. This is an honest house. For all your insinuations, I'll have you thrown down neck and heels.

Ran. Pho! not in such a hurry, good old lady.—A mask! nay, with all my heart. It saves

a world of blushing. Have you ne'er a one for me ? I am apt to be asham'd myself on these occasions. (To Land.)

Land. Get you down, I say.

Ran. Not if I guess right, old lady. Madam : (To Clarinda, who makes signs to the Landlady to retire.) look ye there now ! that a woman should live to your age, and know so little of the matter. Be gone. [*Exit, Landlady, L.H.*] By her forwardness this should be a whore of quality. (*Places Chairs,—they sit.*) My boy, Ranger, thou art in luck to-day. She wont speak, I find ;—then I will (*Aside*). Delicate lodgings truly, madam ; and very neatly furnished.—A very convenient room this, I must needs own, to entertain a mix'd company. But, my dear charming creature, does not that door open to a more commodious apartment for the happiness of a private friend or so ? The prettiest brass lock. (*Goes to R.H.D.*) Fast, um ; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful woman, I am sure you are Pr'ythee let me see your face ? It is your interest, child ;—the longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, (*Gets round to L.H. and resumes his Seat.—Takes her Hand*) my dear, soft, kind, new acquaintance, thus let me take your hand, and whilst you gently, with the other, let day-light in upon me, let me softly hold you to me, that with my longing lips I may receive the warmest, best impression. (*She unmask.*)—Clarinda !

Cla. Ha, ha ! your servant, cousin Ranger.—Ha, ha, ha !

Ran. Oh, your humble servant, madam. You had like to have been beholden to your mask, cousin.—I must brazen it out. (*Aside.*)

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! You were not so happy in your disguise, sir. The pretty stagger in your gait, that happy disposition of your wig, the genteel negligence of your whole person, and those pretty flowers of modish gallantry, made it impossible to mistake you, my sweet coz. Ha, ha!

Ran. Oh, I knew you too; but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my person, and had a mind to sink the relation under that little piece of black velvet; and, 'gad, you never find me behind-hand in a frolic. (*They rise.*) But since it is otherwise, my merry, good-humoured cousin, I am as heartily glad to see you in town, as I should be to meet any of my old bottle acquaintance.

Cla. And on my side I am as happy in meeting your worship as I should be in a rencounter with e'er a petticoat in christendom.

Ran. And if you have any occasion for a dangling gallant to Vauxhall, the Opera, or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your virtuous sisters of the petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

Cla. Take care what you promise; for who knows but this face, you were pleased to say so many pretty things of before you saw it, may raise so many rivals among your kept mistresses and reps of quality.—

Ran. Hold, hold! a truce with your satire, sweet coz; or if scandal must be the topic of

every virtuous woman's conversation, call for your tea-water, and let it be in its proper element. Come; your tea, tea.

Cla. With all my heart. (*Rings the Bell.*)

Re-enter MAID, R.H.

Get tea ;—[*Exit Maid, R.H.*] upon condition that you stay till it comes.

Ran. That is according as you behave, madam.

Cla. Oh, sir, I am very sensible of the favour.

Ran. Nay, you may, I assure you ; for there is but one woman of virtue besides yourself, I would stay with ten minutes (and I have not known her above these twelve hours ;) the insipidity, or the rancour of their discourse, is insufferable.—'Sdeath ! I had rather take the air with my grandmother.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha ! the ladies are highly obliged to you, I vow.

Ran. I tell you what ; the lady I speak of was obliged to me, and the generous girl is ready to own it.

Cla. And pray when was it you did virtue this considerable service.

Ran. But this last night, the devil fetch me ! A romantic whim of mine conveyed me into her chamber, where I found her, young and beautiful, alone, at midnight, dress'd like a soft adonis.

Cla. In boy's clothes ! this is worth attending to. (*Aside.*)

Ran. 'Gad, I no more suspected her being a woman, than I did your being my cater-cousin.

Cla. How did you discover it at last?

Ran. Why, faith, she very modestly dropp'd me a hint of it herself.

Cla. Herself! If this should be Jacintha!

(Aside.)

Ran. Ay, 'fore 'gad, did she; which I imagined a good sign at midnight, ay, cousin! So I e'en invented a long story of a passion I had for her, though I had never seen her before:—you know my old way;—and so many, such tender things—

Cla. As you said to me just now.

Ran. Pho! quite in another style, I assure you. It was midnight, and I was in a right cue.

Cla. Well, and what did she answer to all these protestations?

Ran. Why, instead of running into my arms at once, as I expected—

Cla. To be sure.

Ran. 'Gad, like a free-hearted, honest girl, she frankly told me she liked another better than she liked me; that I had something in my face that showed I was a gentleman, and she would e'en trust herself with me, if I would give her my word I would convey her to her spark.

Cla. Oh, brave! and how did you bear this?

Ran. Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a woman for not having a passion for me.

Cla. No?

Ran. Never. I only hate your sex's vain pretence of having no passion at all. 'Gad, I loy'd the good-natured girl for it, took her at her word, stole her out of the window, and this

morning made a very honest fellow happy in the possession of her.

Cla. And her name is Jacintha?

Ran. Ha!

Cla. Your amours are no secret, sir. You see you might as well have told me all the whole of last night's adventure; for you find I know.

Ran. All! Why what do you know?

Cla. Nay, nothing. I only know that a gentleman's hat cannot be dropp'd in a lady's chamber—

Ran. The devil!

Cla. But a husband is such an odd, impertinent, awkward creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

Ran. Here hath been fine work. (*Aside.*) But how in the name of wonder, should you know all this?

Cla. By being in the same house.

Ran. In the same house?

Cla. Ay, in the same house, a witness of the confusion you have made.

Ran. Frankly's Clarinda, by all that's fortunate! It must be so! (*Aside.*)

Cla. And let me tell you, sir, that even the dull, low-spirited diversions you ridicule in us tame creatures, are preferable to the romantic exploits that only wine can raise you to.

Ran. Yes, cousin.—But I'll be even with you. (*Aside.*)

Cla. If you reflect, cousin, you will find a great deal of wit in shocking a lady's modesty,

disturbing her quiet, tainting her reputation, and ruining the peace of a whole family.

Ran. To be sure.

Cla. These are the high-mettled pleasures of you men of spirit, that the insipidity of the virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your Burgundy and your Bacchus, your Venus and your loves, an excuse for all this? Fie, cousin, fie.

Ran. No, cousin.

Cla. What, dumb? I am glad you have modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

Ran. It is as you say; when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on the follies we commit, we are ashamed and sorry; and yet the very next minute we run again into the same absurdities.

Cla. What! moralizing, cousin? Ha, ha, ha!

Ran. What you know is not half, not a hundredth part of the mischief of my last night's frolic; and yet the very next petticoat I saw this morning, I must follow it, and be d——'d to me;—(*Sits down.*)—though, for ought I know, poor Frankly's life may depend upon it.

Cla. Whose life, sir?

Ran. And here do I stand prating to you now.

Cla. Pray good cousin; explain yourself.

Ran. Good cousin! She has it. (*Aside.*)—Why, whilst I was making off with the wench, Bellamy and he were quarrelling about her; and though Jacintha and I made all the haste we could, we did not get to them before—

Cla. Before what? I'm frighten'd out of my wits!

Ran. Not that Frankly cared three-halfpence for the girl.

Cla. But there was no mischief done, I hope?

Ran. Pho! a slight scratch; nothing at all, as the surgeon said: though he was but a queer-looking son of a b—— of a surgeon neither.

Cla. Good God! why, he should have the best that can be found in London.

Ran. Ay, indeed, so he should; that was what I was going for when I saw you. They are all at Jack Meggot's, hard by, and you will keep me here.

Cla. I keep you here! For heaven's sake, be gone.

Ran. Your tea is a d——'d while a coming.

Cla. You shall have no tea, now; I assure you.

Ran. Nay, one dish!

Cla. No, positively you shall not stay.

Ran. Your commands are absolute, madam.

(*Rises.—Going, L.H.*)

Cla. Then Frankly is true; and I, only, am to blame. (*Aside.*)

Ran. (*Returns.*) But I beg ten thousand pardons, cousin, that I should forget—

Cla. Forget what?

Ran. Forget to salute you.

Cla. Pshaw! how can you trifle at such a time as this?

Ran. A trifle! wrong not your beauty.

Cla. Lord, how teasing you are! There.

Ren. (*Kisses her.*) Poor thing, how uneasy she is!—(*Aside.*)—Nay, no ceremony; you shall not stir a step with me. [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Cl. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking. [*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mr. Strictland's House.*

MR. and MRS. STRICTLAND discovered, sitting at a Table; she weeping, and he writing.—Mrs. S. R.H. Strict. L.H.

Mrs. S. Heigh ho!

Strict. What can possibly be the occasion of that sigh, madam? You have yourself agreed to a maintenance, and a maintenance no duchess need be ashamed of.

Mrs. S. But the extremities of provocation that drove me to that agreement—

Strict. Were the effect of your own follies. Why do you disturb me? (*Writes.*)

Mrs. S. I would not willingly give you a moment's uneasiness; I but desire a fair and equal hearing; and if I satisfy you not in every point, then abandon me; discard me to the world and its malicious tongues.

Strict. What was it you said? Damn this pen.

Mrs. S. I say, Mr. Strictland, I would only—

Strict. You would only—you would only repeat what you have been saying this hour, I am innocent; and when I showed you the letter I had taken from your maid, what was then your poor evasion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent.

Mrs. S. Heaven knows I am innocent.

Strict. But I know your Clarinda, your woman of honour, is your blind, your cover, your—But why do I distract myself about a woman I have no longer any concerns with? Here, madam, is your fate;—a letter to your brother in the country.

Mrs. S. Sir—

Strict. I have told him what a sister he is to receive, and how to bid her welcome.

Mrs. S. Then my ruin is complete. My brother!

Strict. I must vindicate my own honour, else what will the world say?

Mrs. S. That brother was my only hope, my only ground of patience. In his retirement I hoped my name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Strict. Retirement! pretty soul! no, no, that face was never made for retirement; it is another sort of retiring you are fittest for. Ha! hark! What's that? (*A Knocking at L.H.D.*) Two gentle taps;—and why but two? Was that the

signal, madam?—(*Rises.*)—Stir not, on your life!

Mrs. S. Give me resolution, heaven, to bear this usage, and keep it secret from the world.
(*Aside.*)

Strict I will have no signs, no items, no hem to tell him I am here. (*A Knock, at L.H.D.*)—Ha! another tap. The gentleman is in haste, I find.
(*Crosses, and opens L.H.D.*)

Enter TESTER, L.H.D. •

Tester! Why did you not come in, rascal?
(*Beats him.*) All vexations meet to cross me

Tes. Lard, sir! what do you strike me for? My mistress ordered me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the door.

Strict. Oh, cunning devil! Tester is too honest to be trusted.

Mrs. S. Unhappy man! will nothing deceive him?
(*Aside.*)

Tes. Sir, here is a letter.

Strict. To my wife?

Tes. No, sir, to you. The servant waits below.

Strict. Art sure it is a servant?

Tes. Sir! it is Mr. Buckle, sir. (*Stares.*)

Strict. I am mad; I know not what to say, or do, or think. But let's read. (*Reads to himself.*)

Sir,—*We cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. Strictland may possibly be ruined in your esteem, and in the voice of the world, only by the confusion which our affairs have made in your family, without offer-*

ing all within our power to clear the misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, where all parties will be, we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant suspicions, to the honour of Mrs. Strickland, and the quiet of your lives.

JACINTHA.

JOHN BELLAMY.

Hey! here is the whole gang witnessin' for one another. They think I am an ass, and will be led by the nose to believe every thing. (*Aside.*) Call me a chair. [*Exit Tester, L.H.D.*] Yes, I will go to this rendezvous of enemies,—I will;—and find out all her plots, her artifices, and contrivances: it will clear my conduct to her brother, and all her friends.

[*Aside; and exit, I.H.D.*

Mrs. S. (Rises.) Gone so abruptly! What can that letter be about? No matter; there is no way left to make us easy but by my disgrace; and I must learn to suffer; time and innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter LUCETTA, L.H.D.

Luc. Mrs. Bellamy, madam, (for my young lady is married;) begs you would follow Mr. Strickland to Mr. Meggot's. She makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my master easy.

Mrs. S. But how came she to know any thing of the matter?

Luc. I have been with them, madam; I could not bear to see so good a lady so ill-treated.

Mrs. S. I am indeed, Lucetta, ill-treated ; but I hope this day will be the last of it.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Luc. Madam Clarinda and Mr. Frankly will be there : and the young gentleman, madam, who was with you in this room last night.

Mrs. S. Ha ! if he is there, there may be hopes ; and it is worth the trying.

Luc. Dear lady, let me call a chair.

Mrs. S. I'll go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Jack Meggot's House.*

Enter FRANKLY, RANGER, BELLAMY, JACINTHA, and JACK MEGGOT, R.H.

Frank. Oh, Ranger, this is news indeed ! your cousin, and a lady of such fortune !

Ran. I have done the business for you ; I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

Frank. You make my heart dance with joy. Words are too faint to tell the joy I feel.

Ran. I have put that heart of hers into such a flutter, that I'll lay a hundred guineas, with the assistance which this lady has promised me, I fix her yours directly

Jac. Ay, ay, Mr. Frankly, we have a design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey orders

Frank. Most willingly ; but remember, dear lady, I have more than life at stake.

Jac. Away then into the next room ; for she is this instant coming hither.

Frank. Hither! you surprise me more and more.

Jac. Here is a message from her, by which she desires leave to wait on me this afternoon.

Ran. Only for the chance of seeing you here, I assure you.

Frank. Let me hug thee, though I know not how to believe it.

Ran. Pshaw! py'ythee don't stifle me! It is a busy day, a very busy day.

J. Meg. Thou art the most unaccountable creature in life

Ran. But the most lucky one, Jack, if I succeed for Frankly as I have for Bellamy; and my heart whispers me I shall. Come in, most noble Mr. Buckle; and what have you to propose?

Enter BUCKLE, L.H.

Buck. A lady, madam, in a chair, says her name is Clarinda.

Jac. Desire her to walk up.

Bel. How could you let her wait? [*Exit Buckle, L.H.*] You must excuse him, madam; Buckle is a true Bachelor's servant, and knows no manners.

Jac. Away, away, Mr. Frankly, and stay till I call you. A rap with my fan shall be the signal. [*Exit Frankly, R.H.*] We make very free with your house, Mr. Meggot.

J. Meg. Oh, you could not oblige me more,

Enter CLARINDA, L.H.

Cla. Dear Mrs. Bellamy, pity my confusion. I am to wish you joy and ask your pardon all in a breath. I know not what to say; I am quite ashamed of my last night's behaviour.

Jac. Come, come, Clarinda, it is all well; all is over and forgot. ~~Mr.~~ Bellamy— (Salute.)

Cla. I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart; and should have been very sorry if any folly of mine had prevented it.

Bel. Madam, I am oblig'd to you.

Cla. I see nothing of Mr. Frankly! my mind misgives me. (Aside.)

Ran. And so, you came hither purely out of friendship, good-nature, and humility.

Cla. Purely.

Ran. To confess your offences, to beg pardon, and to make reparation.

Cla. Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary?

J. Meg, The most so of any thing in life, I think,

Ran. A very whimsical business for so fine a lady, and an errand you seldom went on before, I fancy, my dear cousin.

Jac. Never, I dare swear; if I may judge by the awkward concern she shows in delivering it.

Cla. Concern! Lard, well I protest you are all exceeding pretty company! Being settled for life, Jacintha, gives an ease to the mind that brightens conversation strangely,

Jac. I am sorry, with all my heart, you are not in the same condition; for as you are, my dear, you are horridly chagriné.

Ran. But with a little of our help, madam, the lady may recover, and be very good company.

Cla. Hum! what does he mean, Mr. Bellamy?

Bel. Ask him, madam.

Cla. Indeed I shall not give myself the trouble.

Jac. Then you know what he means?

Cla. Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

Jac. It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

Re-enter BUCKLE, L.H. and whispers JACK MEGGOT.

J. Meg. Very well. Desire him to walk into the parlour. Madam, the gentleman is below.

Jac. Then every one to your posts. You know your cues.

Ran. I warrant ye,

[Exeunt the Gentlemen, L.H.U.E.]

Cla. All gone! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

Jac. And I, my dear Clarinda, have something which I do not know how to tell you: but it must be known sooner or later.

Cla. What's the matter?

Jac. Poor Mr. Frankly—

Cla. You fright me out of my senses!

Jac. Has no wounds but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha!

Cla. Pshaw ! I am angry.

Jac. Pshaw ! You are pleased ; and will be more so, when I tell you this man, whom fortune has thrown in your way, is in rank and temper the man in the world who suits you best for a husband.

Cla. Husband ! I say, husband, indeed ! Where will this end ? (*Aside.*)

Jac. His very soul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in ?

Cla. My dear girl, hold !

Jac. How foolish is this coyness now, Clarinda ! If the men were here indeed, something might be said—And so, Mr. Frankly—

Cla. How can you be so teasing ?

Jac. Nay, I am in downright earnest ; and to show how particular I have been in my inquiries, though I know you have a spirit above regarding the modish, paltry way of a Smithfield bargain—His fortune—

Cla. I don't care what his fortune is.

Jac. Don't you so ; then you are further gone than I thought you were.

Cla. No, pshaw ! pr'ythee, I don't mean so neither.

Jac. I don't care what you mean ; but you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in ?

Cla. Pho, dear girl :—some other time.

Jac. (*Raps with her Fan.*) That's the signal,

and here he is. You shall not stir :—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I positively will leave you together.

[*Exit, L.H.U.E.*]

Cla. I tremble all over.

Enter FRANKLY, R.H.

Frank. Pardon this freedom, madam : but I hope our having so luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Bellamy—

Cla. Sir!

Frank. Makes any further apology for my behaviour last night absolutely unnecessary.

Cla. So far, Mr. Frankly, that I think the apology should be rather on my side, for the impertinent bustle I made about her.

Frank. This behaviour gives me hopes, madam : pardon the construction ;—but from the little bustle you made about the lady, may I not hope you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

Cla. Have a care of being so sanguine in your hopes : might not a love of power, or the satisfaction of showing that power, or the dear pleasure of abusing that power ; might not these have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

Frank. Charming woman ! With most of your sex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good nature will allow you no other use of it than to oblige.

Cla. This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Not in my opinion, I assure you, madam ; and I am now going to put it to the trial.

Cla. What is he going to say now ? (*Aside.*)

Frank. What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak ? Pshaw ! he here !

Enter RANGER, L.H.U.E.

Interrupted ! impertinent ! (*Aside.*)

Ran. (*In Centre.*) There is no sight so ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a passion secret from one another, that is no secret to all the house beside ; and if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within these two hours.

Cla. What do you mean ?

Frank. Ranger—

Ran. Do you be quiet, can't ye ? (*Apart to Frankly.*) But it is over, I suppose, cousin, and you have given him your consent ?

Cla. Sir, the liberties you are pleas'd to take with me—

Ran. Oh ! in your airs still, are you ? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, sir, to this lady—

Cla. A letter to me ?

Ran. Ay ! to you, madam.

Frank. Ha ! what of that letter ?

Ran. It is only fallen into Mr. Strictland's hands, that is all ; and he has read it.

Frank. Read it !

Ran. Ay. read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below ; and if some stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houses in town.

Frank. A stop ! this sword shall put a stop to it, or I will perish in the attempt.

Ran. But will that sword put a stop to the talk of the town ?—Only make it talk the faster, take my word for it.

Cla. This is all a trick.

Ran. A trick ! is it so ! (*Crosses to L.H.*) you shall soon see that, my fine cousin.

[*Exit, L.H.U.E.*

Frank. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a letter, which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me ? Was I much to blame, when I could neither see nor hear of you ?

Cla. (*Tenderly.*) You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, a thousand more uneasinesses than you need about me.

Frank. If this uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you.—!interrupted again !

Cla. This is downright malice. (*Aside.*)

Enter RANGER, L.H.U.E. followed by JACINTHA, STRICTLAND, BELLAMY, and JACK MEGGOT.

Ran. Enter, enter, gentlemen and lady. Now you shall see whether this is a trick or no.

Cla. Mr. Strictland here ! What is all this ?

Jac. Do not be uneasy, my dear ; we will explain it to you.

Frank. I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

Ran. Come this way then, and learn. (*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger retire. Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.*)

Strict. Why, I know not well what to say. This has a face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda as with my wife, as you have told the story; and Lucetta explain'd it so; but she, for a sixpenny-piece, would have constru'd it the other way.

J. Meg. But, sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himself the author of this letter.—

Bel. And if Clarinda likewise be brought before your face to encourage his addresses, there can be no further room for doubt.

Strict. No. Let that appear, and I shall, I think I shall, be satisfied.—But yet it cannot be—

Bel. Why not? Hear me, sir. (*They talk Apart, L.H.U.E. Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance, R.H.*)

Jac. In short, Clarinda, unless the affair is made up directly, a separation, with all the obloquy on her side, must be the consequence.

Cla. Poor Mrs. Strickland! I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels, were it ten times what it is.

Jac. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

Cla. With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

Frank. (*Advancing, R.H.*) Generous creature!

Strict. Ha, here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to Lucetta. I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool. Now for the proof.—(*Aside.*) Here is a letter, sir, (*Crosses to Frankly.*) which has given me great disturbance, and these gentlemen assure me it was wrote by you.

Frank. That letter, sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with Lucetta, for this lady.

(*Pointing to Clarinda.*)

Strict. For that lady? And Frankly, the name at the bottom, is not feign'd, but your real name?

Frank. Frankly is my name.

Strict. I see, I feel myself ridiculous. (*Aside.*)

Jac. Now, Mr. Strickland, I hope—

J. Meg. Ay, aye; a clear case.

Strict. I am satisfied, and will go this instant to Mrs. Strickland.

Ran. Why then the devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Strict. What's that?

Ran. Nay, nothing; it is no affair of mine.

Bel. What do you mean, Ranger?

Strict. Ay, what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

Ran. With all my heart, sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them.

Frank. Ranger, you know I can resent.

Strict. Go on; I will defend you, let who will resent it.
(*Ranger Crosses to him.*)

Ran. Why then, sir, I declare myself your friend: and were I as you, nothing but their immediate marriage should convince me.

Strict. Sir, you're right, and are my friend indeed. Give me your hand.

Ran. Nay, were I to hear her say—I, Clarinda, take thee, Charles, I would not believe them till I saw them a-bed together. Now resent it as you will. (*To Frank.*)

Strict. Ay, sir, as you will; but nothing less shall convince me; and so, my fine lady, if you are in earnest——

Cla. Sure, Mr. Strictland——

Strict. Nay, no flouncing; you cannot escape.

Ran. Why, Frankly, has't no soul?

Frank. I pity her confusion.

Ran. Pity her confusion!—the man's a fool:—Here, take her hand. (*He joins their Hands.*)

Frank. Thus, on my knees, then let me ravish, with your hand, your heart.

Cla. Ravish it you cannot; for it is with all my heart I give it you.

Strict. I am satisfied.

Cla. And so am I, now it is once over.

Ran. And so am I, my dainty cousin; and I wish you joy of a man your whole sex would go to cuffs for, if they knew him but half so well as I do.—Ha! she here; this is more than I bargain'd for. (*Aside.*)

(*All but Strictland, go up the Stage.*)

Enter JACINTHA, L.H. leading in MRS. STRICTLAND.

Strict. (Embracing Mrs. Strictland.) Madam, reproach me not with my folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. S. Reproach you! no! if ever you hear the least reflection pass my lips, forsake me in that instant: or, what would yet be worse, suspect again.

Strict. It is enough. I am ashamed to talk to thee. This letter, which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealousy.

Mrs. S. This is a joy, indeed! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting to make it lasting

Ran. (R.H.) What the devil is coming now?
(*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. Be assur'd every other suspicion of me was as unjust as your last: though perhaps you had more foundation for your fears.

Ran. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake.
(*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. All must be clear'd before my heart will be at ease.

Ran. It looks plaguy like it, though!
(*Aside.*)

Strict. What mean you? I am all attention.

Mrs. S. There was a man, as you suspected in my chamber last night.

Strict. Ha! take care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. S. That gentleman was he—

Ran. Here is a devil for you! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. Let him explain the rest.

Ran. A frolic, a mere frolic, on my life.

Strict. A frolic! Zounds! (*They interpose.*)

Ran. Nay, don't let us quarrel the very moment you declar'd yourself my friend. There was no harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my story, any satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Strict. Be quick then, and ease me of my pain.

Ran. Why then, as I was strolling about last night, upon the look out, I must confess, chance, and chance only, convey'd me to your house; where I espied a ladder of ropes most invitingly fastened to the window.

Jac. Which ladder I had fasten'd for my escape.

Strict. Proceed.

Ran. Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if it had been in the garret; it's all one to Ranger. I open'd one door, and then another, and to my great surprise the whole house was silent; at last, I stole into a room where this lady was undressing.

Strict. 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare, sure——

Ran. I don't know whether I had dared, or no, if I had not heard the maid say something of her master's being jealous. Oh, damn me, thought I, then the work is half done to my hands.

Jac. Do you mind that, Mr. Strictland ?

Strict. I do I do, - most feelingly.

Ran. The maid grew saucy, and most conveniently to my wishes was turn'd out of the room ; and if you had not the best wife in the world—

Strict. Ounds, sir, but what right have you—

Ran. What right, sir ?—if you will be jealous of your wife without a cause ; if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been so much better employ'd at home ; we young fellows think we have a right—

Jac. Oh yes ! we young fellows have a right.

Strict. No joking, I beseech you ; you know not what I feel.

Ran. Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this lady, for which I ask both her pardon and yours. I am an odd sort of a fellow, perhaps ; but I am above telling you or any man a lie, damn me, if I am not.

Strict. I must, I cannot but believe you ; and for the future, madam, you shall find a heart ready to love and trust you. No tears, I beg ; I cannot bear them.

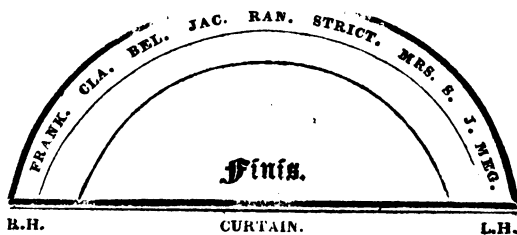
Mrs. S. I cannot speak, and yet there is a favour, sir—

Strict. I understand you ; and, as a proof of the sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a favour, of this lady in particular, (*To Clarinda.*) and of all the company in general, to return to my house immediately, where every thing, Mr. Bellamy, shall be settled to your entire satisfaction. No thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

Ran. Why this is honest; continue but in this humour, and faith, sir, you may trust me to run about your house like a spaniel. I cannot sufficiently admire the whimsicalness of my good fortune, in being so instrumental to this general happiness. Bellamy, Frankly, I wish you joy with all my heart, though I had rather you should be married than I, for all that. Never did matrimony appear to me with a smile upon her face till this instant.

*Sure joys for ever wait each happy pair,
When sense the man, and virtue crowns the fair,
And kind compliance proves their mutual care.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



6
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Orberry's Edition.

**EVADNE;
OR, THE STATUE.**

A TRAGEDY;

By R. Shell, Esq.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

**THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatres Royal.**

WOXBERRY, Comedian.

BOSTON:

**PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LITTLE, COURT-STREET:
A. T. GOODRICH, NEW-YORK.**

Remarks.

EVADNE.

THE plot of this piece is borrowed in a great measure from "The Traytor,"* a tragedy by Shirley, one of the last, though by no means the least, of our old English dramatists. This excellent school has been altogether too much slighted ; but Shirley has met with a more than usual portion of neglect, and even Mr. Lamb, though otherwise a judicious critic, speaks of him in no very favourable terms. "Shirley," he observes, "claims a place amongst the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendant genius in himself, as that he was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and actions in common."—Few will concur in this estimate of Shirley's genius ; but indeed the whole note is not written with the usual judgment of this elegant and accomplished scholar ; no doubt these poets had "a set of moral feelings and notions in common ;" for, however men

* This play though often attributed to Shirley is nothing more than an alteration by him from the work of Rivers, and the copy of the play, bearing date 1692, has the name of Rivers on the title-page. There is an edition as early as 1635, according to the Biograph Dramatica.

may differ in the practice of morality, there can be no variance of opinion as to what constitutes moral obligation; and in regard to the old dramatists speaking nearly the same language, the assertion is perhaps more trite than true: the style of Ben Johnson, for instance, is no more like that of Ford, than the style of *Æschylus* is like that of *Euripides*; how could it be when their minds were so differently constituted—a difference that is sufficiently pointed out by the choice of their subjects?

Mr. Sheil too seems not to have formed a fair estimate of Shirley's genius; he has omitted some scenes of unquestionable excellence, and has often only taken the ideas of the old dramatist, when he had better have given them in their original language: let any one compare the following extracts, and judge how much the old poet has lost by the alteration:

But when you're laid within your sepulchre,
And rot most honourably, then I fear me
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb!
Your Sister——

Evadne, p. 49.

——Go, practise immortality,
And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
A melancholy chamber in the earth,
This sister shall be ravish'd,
Maugre thy dust and heraldry.

Traytor, Act I. p. 45, 4to. Ed. 1

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath—

Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,

And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
And throw it off?—

Evadne, p. 46.

Lo. Then I'm sorry.

Sci. Why should *you* be sorry, sir?

You say it is *my* sister he would strumpet ;
Mine—Amidea?—'Tis a wound *you* feel not ;
But it strikes through, and through the poor Sciarrah.
I do not think, but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns
At this report, of *Amidea's* shame :
It is their cause as well as mine, and should
Heaven suffer the Duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,
Their dust must, of necessity, conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple.

Traytor, Act II. p. 10.

In its fable, the modern play had decidedly the advantage, though it has no single scene that can compete with the old dramatist; the fable of *Evadne* is more compact than that of the *Traytor*, and its different characters are more essentially connected with each other; but, at the same time, its catastrophe is feebleness itself when compared with the powerful winding up of the original story.

Of the language of *Evadne*, much may be said in praise, and little in censure; it is for the most part pleasing, yet sometimes it affords passages too much in the vein of *Hieronymo* and *Tamburlaine*; for example:—

Hath any thing befallen that should have blown
On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
And steeped thee back to meekness?—

Page 50.

—————He trembles! he relents!
 I read it in the glimmering of his face.——

Page 58.

Thou art all made of blood, and to the sun
 Art grown detestable.——

Page 41.

Some dæmon paints it on the coloured air.

Page 23.

—————I have gaz'd upon it,
 In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes
 I might burn out the false and treacherous word;
 But still 'tis there.—No more—else it will turn
 My brain to a red furnace,——

Page 16.

The faults of this kind are, however, too few to detract from the general merit of the play, which, though not of the first order, is evidently the work of a scholar and a man of talent.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and a half.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - is meant - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - - - - - - Right Hand Door,
L.H.D. - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Persons Represented.

<i>The King of Naples</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Ludovico, his favourite</i>	- - - - -	Mr. M'Cready.
<i>Colonna</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Young.
<i>Vicentio</i>	- - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Spalatro</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Connor.
<i>Officer</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Norris.
<i>Servant</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Healey.
<i>Evadne, sister of Colonna</i>	- - - - -	Miss O'Neill.
<i>Olivia, in love with Vicentio</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Faucit.

Scene—Naples.

Prologue.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Egerton.

WHEN erst in Eden's solitary bowers,
The primal Man beheld his world of flowers,
Eternal sunshine tinged the glorious sky,
Alternate beauties wooed his wandering eye ;
While infant Love, waving its odorous wing,
Woke the wild spirit of the breathing Spring.
Yet still through Paradise he restless strayed,
Its bower was songless, and its sun was shade ;
E'en as the Bard of Albany* has sung,
In strains that live for age, and yet are young,
Creation bloom'd, a decorated wild,—
It was not Paradise—till Woman smiled.
Fair on his view the Paragon arose,
Source of his bliss, and solace of his woes.
By bounteous Heaven ordain'd to sooth his fall,
And sole survive, a recompense for all.
Who has not felt her chaste and charmed power
Beguile his sad, and raise his raptur'd hour ?
If such there be—Oh ! let him bend his sight

* Albany was the ancient name of Scotland.—CAMPBELL.

Far from the hallowed vision of to-night,
To-night, our Bard, in lovely woman's cause,
Alone from manly bosoms asks applause ;
From British bosoms asks, without a fear,
Assured that such a cause is sacred here.
And you, ye fair, see young *Evadne* prove
Her vestal honour, and her plighted love ;
See her, the light and joy of every eye,
Veil all her charms in spotless chastity ;
And, 'mid the fires and phantasies of youth,
Turn strong temptations to the cause of truth !
Oh ! may each maid *Evadne's* virtue share,
With heart as faithful though with form less fair.
You, too, who hope ambition's height to climb,
Toiling to fortune through the maze of crime,
Behold, as in the daring "fool of Crete."
Of such design, the lesson, and the fate :
Behold the wing that lifts it to the skies
Melt in the sun to which it sought to rise.
Such is the strain by which the moral bard
Seeks from a moral people his reward :
Seeks, in simplicity, without one aid
From scenic pomp, or pasteboard cavalcade.
Britons, be just, and as our "Statue" stands,
Like *MEMNON's* image from its master's hands,
With one bright ray illumine the sculptured toil,
And bid it breathe—the creature of your smile.

EVADNE ;

OR, THE STATUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of the King of Naples.*

The KING, SPALATRO, and ten Courtiers, two Banners, and six Guards, discovered.

King. Didst say the Marquis of Colonna prays
Admission to our presence ?

Spal. Aye, my liege,
He stands in the anti-chamber, with a brow
As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds
Of ranc'rous discontent.

King. I have noted oft (*Comes forward.*)
His absence from the court, the which I deem
His envy of our true Ludovico.

Spal. Deem it no little benefit, my liege ;
His deep and murky smile, his gather'd arms,
In whose close pride he folds himself—his raw
And pithy apothegms of scorn have made him
Our laughter and our hatred ; we are all

Grown weary of this new Diogenes,
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

King. We must not bid him hence—he has a
sister—

Spal. The fair Evadne !—

King. Fairer than the morn ;
Who has not seen her, knows of beauty less
Than blind men of Aurora. For her sake
We give him ample scope, and we are glad
He comes to visit us.

Col. (Without, L.H.) I'll hear no more.
Colonna does not often importune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass—
For once I must be heard.

Enter Two COURTIERs and COLONNA, L.H.

My liege !—

1st. Court. Hold back !
What right hast thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty ?

Col. The right that all
Good subjects ought to have—to do him service.
My liege— (*Courtiers retire L.H. and Spalatro
crosses behind to R.H.*)

King. You are welcome—
And would you had brought your lovely sister too.

Col. My sister, did you say ? My sister, sir ?
She is not fit for courts ; she would be called
(For she has something left of nature still)
A simple creature here ;
She is not fit for courts, and I have hope

She never will : but let it pass—I come
To implore a favour of you.

King. Whatsoe'er

Colonna prays, sure cannot be refus'd.

Col. The favour that I ask is one, my liege
That princes often find it hard to grant.

'Tis simply this—that you will hear the truth.

King. Proceed, and play the monitor, my lord.

Col. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed.

Of them I first would speak—There is not one

Of this wide troop of glittering parasites,

That circle you, but in soul

Is your base foe. These smilers here, my liege,

These sweet melodious flatterers, my liege,—

That flourish on the flexibility

Of their soft countenances,—are the vermin

That haunt a prince's ear with the false buzz

Of villanous assentation.—These are they

Who from your mind have flouted every thought

Of the great weal of the people. These are they

Who from your ears have shut the public cry,

And with the poisoned gales of flattery

Create around you a foul atmosphere

Of unresounding denseness, thro' the which

Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,

And perish ere they reach you.

King. Who complains,—

Who dares complain of us ?

Col. All dare complain

Behind you—I before you. Do not think

Because you load your people with the weight

Of camels, they possess the camel's patience.

A deep groan labours in the nation's heart :

The very calm and stillness of the day
 Gives augury of the earthquake. All without
 Is as the marble smooth, and all within
 Is rotten as the carcase it contains ;
 Tho' ruin knock not at the palace-gate,
 Yet will the palace-gate unfold itself
 To ruin's felt-shod tread.

King. (Aside.) Insolent villain !

Col. Your gorgeous banquets—your luxuries
 —your pomps,
 Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
 Of painted royalty will melt away,
 As in a theatre the glittering scene
 Doth vanish with the shifter's magic hand,
 And the mock pageant perishes. My liege,
 A single virtuous action hath more worth
 Than all the pyramids, and glory writes
 A more enduring epitaph upon
 One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
 In which Sesostriis meant to sleep.

Spal. (Coming forward.) Forbear !
 It is a subject's duty to arrest
 Thy rash and blasphemous speech,

King. Let him speak on—
 The monarch who can listen to Colonna,
 Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me.
(*Spalatro retires.*)

Col. I deem not you that tyrant—if I did—
 No !—Nature framing you, did kindly mean,
 And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
 Of her blest charities. But you are led
 From virtue and from wisdom far away,
 By men whose every look's a lie—whose hearts

Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor !

King. Traitor ! whom meanest thou ?

Col. Your favourite, your minister, my liege.
That smooth-fac'd hypocrite—that—

King. Here he comes !

Col. It is the traitor's self—I am glad of it,
That to his face I may confront.—

Enter LUDOVICO, R.H.—he advances rapidly to the king.

Lud. My liege,
I hasten to your presence, to inform you—
Colonna here ! (*Starting.*)

Col. The same—Colonna's here !
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you.

Lud. Did I not stand before the hallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase—But I am now
In my king's presence, and with awe-struck soul,
As if within religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him. What, my liege,
Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, uttered
Against your servant's honour ?

King. He hath called you—

Col. A traitor ! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.
He has filled the city with a band of men,
By fell allegiance sworn unto himself,
There are a thousand ruffians at his word

Prepared to cut our throats. The city swarms
 With murderers' faces, and tho' reason now
 Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily
 Swell to a blood-robed giant!—If my liege,
 What I have said doth not unfilm your eye,
 'Twere vain to tell you more,
 I have said, my liege,
 And tried to interrupt security
 Upon her purple cushion—he, perhaps,
 Will find some drowsy syrup to lay down
 Her opening eye-lids into sleep again,
 And call back slumber with a lullaby
 Of sweetest adulation.—Fare you well!

Lud. Hold back!

Col. Not for your summons, my good lord
 The courtly air doth not agree with me,
 And I respire it painfully. My lord,
 Hear my last words—Beware, Ludovico!

Lud. Villain, come back!

Col. I wear a sword, my lord. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lud. He flies before me—and the sight of him
 He dares accuse, came like the morning sun
 On the night-walking enemy of mankind,
 That shrinks before the day-light—yes, he fled,
 And I would straight pursue him, and send back,
 On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart—
 But that I here before the assembled court
 Would vindicate myself—a traitor!—who
 In any action of Ludovico
 Finds echo to that word?

King. I cannot think
 Thou hast repaid me with ingratitude.

Lud. I do not love to make a boisterous boast

Of my past services, and marshal forth
In glittering array the benefit
That I have done my sovereign—what I did
Was but my duty Yet would I inquire
If he who has fought your battles, and hath made
A very thrall of victory—who oft
Has back to Naples from the field of fight,
Led your triumphant armies,—
He whose hand
Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
And ta'en its pressure from the golden round—
If he whose cheek hath at the midnight lamp
Grown pale with study of his prince's weal
Is like to be a traitor?—who, my liege,
Hath often like the daylight's god transpierced
The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
And stretched it bleeding at your feet? who oft
Hath from the infuriate people exorcised
The talking dæmon, "*liberty*," and choaked
The voice of clamorous demagogues?—I dare
To tell you 'twas Ludovico!

King. It was.

Laid. Who calls me traitor? He whose breath
What'er it blows upon—he— [doth taint
But ask yourself, my lord, if I be mad?
For were I that, that he would make Ludovico,
The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank,
Would best beseem my treason. In your love
My fortunes grow and flourish unto heaven;
And I should win by treason but the load
Of the world's execration, while the fierce
And ravenous vulture of remorse would tear
The vitals of my soul, and make my heart.

Its black immortal banquet ! I a traitor !
 At first, I only meant to scorn. But now,
 The bursting passion hath o'ermastered me,
 And my voice choaks in anguish ! Oh, my liege,
 Your giving audience to this rancorous man,
 Who envies me the greatness of your smile,
 Hath done me wrong, and stabs me thro' and
 A traitor !—your Ludovico ! [thro'.

King. My lord.

Lud. (*Kneels.*) Here is my heart ! If you have
 any mercy, [forth,
 Strike thro' that heart, and as the blood flows
 Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

King. Arise, Ludovico, and do not think
 I have harboured in my breast a single thought
 That could dishonour thee.

(*Raises and embraces him.*)

Lud. My royal master !
 The power of gratitude mounts from my heart,
 And rushes to mine eyes, that are too apt
 To play the woman with me. See, they are
 falling—

Oh ! let them not profane your sacred cheek,
 But bathe my prince's feet.

King. Ludovico,
 We have wrong'd thee, not by doubt,
 But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring—
 Whom from my sight into the dungeon's depth
 I had flung, but that I hope—Let us apart—

(*Draws Ludovico aside in front, L.H.*)

But that I hope, Ludovico, that yet
 I may possess me of his sister's charms.

Lud. There you have struck upon the inmost
 spring

Of all Colonna's hate ; for in obedience
 To your high will, I humbly made myself
 Your pleasure's minister, and to her ear
 I bore your proffered love, which he discovering
 Hath tried to root me from my prince's heart—

King. Where thou shalt ever flourish ! But,
Ludovico, [friend?

But thou hast told her !—Is there hope, my
Lud. She shall be yours—nay, more—and
 well you know

That you may trust your servant—not alone
 Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours :
 But, mark my speech, Colonna's self shall draw
 The chaste white curtains from her virgin-bed,
 And lead you to her arms !

King. What ! her fierce brother
 Yield his consent ?

Lud. Inquire not how, my liege,
 I would accomplish this—trust to my pledge—
 This very night.

King. To-night ! Am I so near
 To heaven, Ludovico ?

Lud. You are, my liege,
 To-night upon the breast of paradise
 You shall most soundly sleep. (*Aside.*)

King. My faithful friend !
 And dost thou say, Colonna will himself—— ?

Lud. Colonna's self shall bear her to your
 And bid her on to dalliance. [arms,

King. Oh, my friend,
 Thou art the truest servant that e'er yet
 Tended his sovereign's wish : but dost not fear,
 Her purposed marriage with Vicentio

May make some obstacle?

Lud. I have recalled him
From Florence, whither as ambassador,
In honourable exile he was sent.

King. Recalled him! 'Twas to interrupt his
That he was sent. [love

Lud. My projects need his coming.
For I intend to make Vicentio
An instrument to crown you with her charms!

King. How shall I bless thee, my Ludovico?
Dost thou think

'Tis strange I pine for her—but why inquire
Of thee, who once wert kindled by her charms.

Lud. My liege! (A little disturbed.)

King. She did prefer Vicentio.

Lud. She shall prefer you to Vicentio.

King. My dear Ludovico, within my soul
More closely will I wear thee!—
Tell her we'll shower all honour on her head.
And here, Ludovico, to testify
That we have given ourselves, bear to her heart
This image of her king!

Lud. I am in all your servant.

King. My Ludovico,
We never can reward thee! Come my friends,
(Crosses to R.H.)

Let's to some fresh-imagined sport, and wile
The languid hours in some device of joy,
To help along the lazy flight of time,
And quicken him with pleasure. My Ludovico!
Remember!

[*Exeunt King and ten of the Courtiers, R.H.
Banners and guards, R.H.U.E.; Spalatro,*

and four other Conspirators remain behind with Ludovico.

Lud. He is gone,
And my unloosened spirit dares again
To heave within my bosom!—Oh, Colonna,
With an usurious vengeance I'll repay thee,
And cure the talking devil in thy tongue!
(*To Spalatro.*)—Give me thy hand, and let thy
pulse again

Beat with a temperate and healthful motion,
Of full security. We are safe, my friends,
And in the genius of Ludovico,
An enterprise shall triumph.

Spal. We began to tremble when you entered
—but full soon

With admiration we beheld you tread
Secure the steeps of ruin, and preserve us.

Lud. That damn'd Colonna!—by the glorious
Of my nativity, I do not burn [star
For empire, with a more infuriate thirst,
Than for revenge!

Spal. My poniard's at your service.

(*First and Second Conspirators half draw their daggers.*)

Lud. Not for the world, my friends!
I'll turn my vengeance to utility,
And must economize my hate—Whom think you
Have I marked out assassin of the king?

Spal. Piero, perchance—he strikes the poin-
ard deep.

Lud. A better hand at it.

Spal. Bartolo, then—
He pushes the stiletto to the heart.

Lud. No!

Spal. Then yourself will undertake the deed.

Lud. That were against all wisdom—No, my
Colonna— [friends,

Spal. What, Colonna?—he that now
Accused you here?

Lud. Colonna!—

Spal. 'Tis impossible!—
From his great father he inherited
A sort of passion in his loyalty:
In him it mounts to folly.

Lud. Yet Spalatro,
I'll make a murderer of him—know you not
He has a sister?

Spal. Yes, the fair Evadne,
You once did love yourself.

Lud. There thou hast touched me.
And I am weak enough to love her yet,
If that indeed be love that doth consume me;
It is a sort of monster in my heart,
Made up of horrid contrarities!
She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio—
Not only does he thwart me in my love,
But, well I know his influence in the state
Would, when the king is sent to paradise,
Be cast between me and the throne—he
dies!—

Colonna too shall perish, and the crown
Shall with Evadne's love be mine.

Enter OFFICERS, L.H.

How now?

Officer. My lord, the lady Olivia
Waits on your highness.

Lud. I desired her here,
And straight I will attend her. [*Exit Officer, L.H.*
With a straw

A town may be consumed, and I employ
This woman's passion for Viceptio,
As I would use a poison'd pin, to kill,

Spal. She long hath lov'd Vicentio.

Lud. He shall wed her—

And from the hand of Hymen, death shall snatch
The nuptial torch, and use it for his own !
I haste me to her presence.

(*Takes out the King's picture.*) Come ! fair bauble,
Thou now must be employed.—(*To Spal.*)—Dost
thou not think,

Even in this image, that he bears the soft
And wanton aspect with the which he bid me
To cater for his villanous appetite—
And with what luxury ?—Evadne's charms !—
Evadne that I love ?—

Spal. But, didst thou not
Thyself evoke that passion in his breast ?

Lud. I did, 'tis true—but for mine own success,
I hate him !

There is the very face with which he first
Pour'd his unholy wishes in mine ear—
Ha ! dost thou smile upon me ?—I will turn
Those glittering eyes, where love doth now in-
habit,

To two dark hollow palaces, for death
To keep his mouldering state in.
He dares to hope that I will make myself

The wretched officer of his desires,
And smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures—
But I full soon will teach his royalty,
The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
In the dark chambers of eternity ! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter OLIVIA and LUDOVICO, R.H.

Lud. Dispose of it as I instructed you ;
(*Giving her the King's Picture.*)

You know that I have pledged myself to make
Vicentio yours. To-day yourself have given
The means to turn that promise into deed.

Oliv. My own heart
Tells me, 'tis a bad office I have ta'en ;
But this unhappy passion drives me on, [*crept,*
And makes my soul your thrall—Thus I have
Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept
Into Evadne's soft, and trusting heart,
And coiled myself around her—Thus, my lord,
Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs
That you enjoined me to secure—I own
'Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far
To seek retreat, and will obey you still.

Lud. And I will crown your passion with the
flowers

Of Hymen's yellow garland—Trust me, Olivia,
That once dissever'd from Evadne's love,
He will soon be taught to prize your nobler
frame,

And more enkindled beauty—Well, 'tis known
Ere he beheld the sorceress

He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not—

Oliv. I pray you,
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul;—
For dropped tho' ne'er so nicely, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall.—I have said
I will obey you.

Lud. With this innocent page
Will I light up a fire within Vicentio,—
But you must keep it flaming;—I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy. [ear)
By scattering rumours (which have reached his
Before he comes to Naples,—e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him with the fleeting hour,—
For, to my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart,
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.

Oliv. Then will I hence, and if 'tis possible,
Your bidding shall be done.—Vicentio!

Enter VICENTIO, R.H.

Vic. Hail to my lord!

Lud. Welcome, Vicentio!

I have not clasp'd your hand this many a day!
Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,
Time seemed to have lost his feathers.

Vic. It was kind

To waste a thought upon me.—Fair Olivia,
Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else
Have seen a sun-beam sooner.—(*Crosses to cen-*
tre.)—Fair Olivia,

How does your lovely friend?

Oliv. What friend, my lord?

Vic. I trust nought evil hath befallen Evadne,
That you should feign to understand me not.
How does my beautiful and plighted love?

Oliv. How does she, sir? I pray you, my good
lord

To ask such tender question of the king.

Vic. What meant she by the king? [*Exit, L.H.*
(*Aside.*)

Lud. You seem, Vicentio,
O'ershadow'd with reflection—should you
Not have used some soft detaining phrase to one,
Who should at least be pitied?

Vic. I came 'here

To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.

Lud. In return for such small service,

I hope
That you will not forget Ludovico,
When in the troop of thronging worshippers,
At distance you behold his stooping plume
Bend in humility.

Vic. What means my lord? [fortune

Lud. Act not this ignorance—your glorious
Hath filled the common mouth—
Your image stands already in the mart
Of pictured ridicule.—Come, do not wear
The look of studied wonderment—you know
Howe'er I stand upon the highest place
In the king's favour, that you will full soon
Supplant the poor Ludovico.

Vic. I am no Œdipus.

Lud. You would have me speak in simpler
phrase ; Vicentio,
You are to be the favourite of the king.

Vic. The favourite of the king !

Lud. Certes, Vicentio.

In our Italian courts, the generous husband
Receives his monarch's recompensing smile,
That with alchymic power, can turn the mass
Of dull opprobrious shame, to one bright heap
Of honour and emolument.

I bid you joy, my lord—why, how is this ?
Do you not yet conceive me ? Know you not
You are to wed the mistress of the king ?
Colonna's sister—aye, I have said it, sir,—
Now, do you understand me ?

Vic. Villain, thou liest !

Lud. What ? are you not to marry her ?

Vic. Thou liest ;

Tho' thou wert ten times what thou art already;
Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head
Should save thee from the lightnings of my

Lud. If it were my will, [wrath!]
The movement of my hand should beckon death
To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft
I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare
To call me coward—and I am too wise
To think I can revenge an injury
By giving you my life. But I compassionate,
Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,
That speaks thy noble nature.

Fare thee well! (Crosses to L.H.)

Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended—yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of.

(Gives him a letter.)

Vic. It is her character!
Hast thou shed phospor on the innocent page,
That it has turned to fire?

Lud. Thou hast thy fate.

Vic. 'Tis signed, "Evadne."

Lud. Yes, it is—farewell!

Vic. For heaven's sake, hear me.—Stay.—

Oh, pardon me

For the rash utterance of a frantic man—
Speak! in mercy speak!

Lud. I will,

In mercy speak, indeed.—In mercy to
That fervid generosity of heart
That I behold within thee,

Vic. From whom is this?

Lud. From whom? look there!

Vic. Evadne!

Lud. 'Tis written to the king and to my hand.
For he is proud of it, as if it were
A banner of high victory, he bore it,
To evidence his valour.—It is grown
His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio!

Vic. The poor Vicentio!

Lud. What! shall he murder him?—(*Aside.*)
—no, no,—Colonna!

The poor Vicentio!—and he oftentimes
Cries, that he pities you!

Vic. He pities me!

Lud. I own that some time I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the king,
But—

Vic. 'Tis Evadne!—I have gazed upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes
I might burn out the false and treacherous
word—

But, still 'tis there—no more—else will it turn
My brain to a red furnace,—Look you, my lord—
Thus as I rend the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood—thus I cast
My love into the winds, and as I tread
Upon the poisoned fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her!

Lud. Have you ne'er heard,
For 'twas so widely scattered in the voice

Of common rumour, that the very wind,
If it blew fair for Florence—

Vic. I have heard

Some whispers, which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart—
But now, this testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in one vast heap
Of damned certainty!—Farewell, my lord—

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lud. Hear me, Vicentio,
Vengeance is left you still—the deadliest too
That a false woman can be made to feel:
Take her example—be not satisfied
With casting her for ever from your heart,
But to the place that she has forfeited,
Exalt a lovelier than—but I perceive
You are not in a mood to hear me now—
Some other time, Vicentio—and, meanwhile,
Despite your first tempestuous suddenness,
You will think that I but meant your honour well
In this proceeding.

Vic. I believe I owe you
That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord,
The dying patient owes the barbarous knife,
That delves in throes of mortal agony,
And tears the rooted cancer from his heart!

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Colonna's Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, M.D. looking at a picture.

Evad. 'Tis strange he comes not! thro' the
city's gates

His panting courser passed before the sun
Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not!—
Ah! Vicentio,
To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
Is sadder than to think thee far away ;
For I had rather that a thousand leagues
Of mountain ocean should dis sever us,
Than thine own heart, Vicentio.—Sure, Vicentio,
If thou didst know with what a pining gaze
I feed mine eyes upon thine image here,
Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
To this same cold idolatry.

Enter OLIVIA, unperceived, L.H.U.E.

I will swear
That smile's a false one, for it sweetly tells
No tarrying indifference.—Olivia! [hours
Oliv. I have stolen unperceived upon your
Of lonely meditation, and surprised
Your soft soliloquies to that fair face.—
Nay, do not blush—reserve that rosy dawn
For the soft pressure of Vicentio's lips.

Evad. You mock me, fair Olivia,—I confess
That musing on my cold Vicentio's absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory.

Oliv. He was compelled as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great Ludovico ;
Meanwhile your soft, expecting moments flow
In tender meditation on the face,
You dare to gaze upon in ivory
With fonder aspect, than when you behold
Its bright original ; for then 'tis meet

Your pensive brows be bent upon the ground,
 And sighs as soft as zephyrs on the wave
 Should gently heave your heart.—Is it not so?
 Nay, do not now rehearse your part, I pray;—
 Reserve those downcast lookings for Vicentia;
 That's a fair picture—let me, if you dare
 Entrust the treasure to another's hand,
 Let me look on it. (*Takes Vicentio's picture.*)
 What a sweetness plays
 On those half-opened lips!—He gazed on you
 When those bright eyes were painted.

Evad. You have got
 A heart so free of care, that you can mock
 Your pensive friend with such light merriment.
 But hark! I hear a step.

Oliv. (Aside.) Now fortune aid me
 In her precipitation.

Evad. It is himself!—
 Olivia, he is coming.—Well I know
 My Lord Vicentio hastens to mine eyes!
 The picture—pr'ythee give it back to me—
 I must constrain you to it.

Oliv. (Who has substituted the picture of the king.) It is in vain
 To struggle with you then—with what a grasp
 You rend it from my hand, as if it were
 Vicentio that I had stolen away.

(*Gives her the king's picture, which Evadne places in her bosom.*)
 I triumph!—(*Aside.*)—He is coming—I must
 leave you,
 Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts
 By my officious presence. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Evad. It is himself!
 Swiftly he passes through the colonnade,
 Oh ! Vicentio,
 Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er
 Beat thro' the heart of woman, that was made
 For suffering, and for transport !—Oh, Vicentio !

Enter VICENTIO, R.H.

Are you then come at last ?—do I once more
 Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight
 Is necessary for my happiness
 As light for heaven !—My lord !—Vicentio !—
 I blush to speak the transport in my heart,
 But I am rapt to see you.

Vic. Dissembling woman ! (*Aside.*)

Evad. How is this, my lord ?
 You look altered. [*did !*]

Vic. But you do not look altered—would you
 Let me peruse the face where loveliness
 Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
 Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
 The soul sits beautiful ; the high white front,
 Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
 Sacred to holy thinking ! and those lips
 Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy,
 They are so innocent.—Oh ! Evadne,
 Thou art not altered—would thou wert !

Evad. Vicentio, [*Vicentio,*]
 This strangeness I scarce hoped for.—Say,
 Has any ill befallen you ?—I perceive
 That its warm bloom hath parted from your
 Ah me ! you are not well, Vicentio. [*cheek,*]

Vic. In sooth, I am not.—There is in my
 breast [anodyne,
 A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor
 Nor medicinal herb, can e'er allay
 The festering of that agonizing wound
 You have driven into my heart!

Evad. I?

Vic. Why, Evadne,
 Why did you ever tell me that you loved me?
 Why was I not in mercyspurned away,
 Scorned, like Ludovico? for unto him
 You dealt in honour, and despised his love:
 But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and
 blushed— [now
 And smiled and wept, for you can weep; (even
 Your tears flow by volition, and your eyes
 Convenient fountains have begun to gush,)
 To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown
 In falsest woman's perfidy?

Evad. Vicentio,
 Why am I thus accused? What have I done?

Vic. What!—are you grown already an adept
 In cold dissimulation? Have you stopped
 All access from your heart into your face?
 Do you not blush?

Evad. I do, indeed, for you!

Vic. The king?

Evad. The king? [high

Vic. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it
 Upon your towering forehead—swell your port—
 Away with this unseemly bashfulness,
 That will be deemed a savageness at court—
 Confront the talking of the busy world—

Tell them you are the mistress of the king,
 Tell them you are Colonna's sister too ;
 But hark you, madam—prithce do not say
 You are Vicentio's wife ! *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Evad. Injurious man ! *[heaven*

Vic. The very winds from the four parts of
 Blew it throughout the city—

Evad. And if angels

Cried, trumpet tongued, that I was false to you,
 You should not have believed it.—You forget
 Who dares to stain a woman's honesty,
 Does her a wrong, as deadly as the brand
 He fears upon himself.—Go, go, Vicentio—
 You are not what I deemed you !—Mistress ?
 fie !

Go, go, Vicentio ! let me not behold
 The man who has reviled me with a thought
 Dishonouring as that one !—*(Crosses to L.H.)*—

Oh ! Vicentio,

Do I deserve this of you ?

Vic. If I had wronged her !—

Evad. I will not descend

To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me—
 My lord, I am to guess that you came here,
 To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand
 Your plighted vows again.—If for this
 You tarry here, I freely give you back
 Your late repented faith—Farewell forever !

(As she is going out L.H.)

Vic. Evadne !

Evad. Well, my lord ?—

Vic. Evadne, stay !—

Evad. Vicentio !

(With a look of reproaching remonstrance.)

Vic. Let me look in thy face—
 Oh! 'tis impossible!—I was bemocked,
 And cheated by that villain!—nothing false
 Sure ever looked like thee, and yet wilt thou
 But swear——

Evad. What should I swear?—

Vic. That you did not
 Betray me to the king.

Evad. Never!—

Vic. Nor e'er
 Didst write in love to him! [centio,

Evad. Oh! never, never!—I perceive, Vi—
 Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear—
 But no!—I will not now inquire it of thee—
 When I am calmer—I must hence betimes,
 To chase these blots of sorrow from my face,—
 For if Colonna should behold me weep,
 So tenderly he loves me, that I fear
 His hot, tempestuous nature—Why, Vicentio,
 Do you still wrong me with a wildered eye
 That sheds suspicion?

Vic. I now remember
 Another circumstance, Ludovico
 Did tell me as I came—I do not see
 My picture on her bosom (Aside.)

Evad. Well Vicentio?

Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck
 I hung my pictured likeness, which mine eyes,
 Made keen by jealous vigilance, perchance
 Desire upon your breast.

Evad. And, is that all?
 And in such fond and petty circumstance
 Seek you suspicion's nourishment?—Vicentio,

I must disclose my weakness—here, Vicentio,
I have pillowed your dear image on a heart
You should not have distrusted.

(She draws the king's picture from her bosom.)
Here it is——

And now, my lord, suspect me, if you can.

Vic. (Starting.) A horrid phantom, more accursed than e'er
Yet crossed the sleep of frenzy, stares upon
Speak—speak at once— [me—
Or—let it blast thee too.

Evad. Sure some dark spell,
Some fearful witchery; I am struck to ashes,—
Amazement, like the lightning—give it me,
And I will fix it in my very eyes,
Clasp it against my sight—'Tis not Vicentio!—

Vio. It is the king!—

Evad. Oh! do not yield it faith,—
Give not thy senses credence! Oh, Vicentio,
I am confounded, maddened, lost, Vicentio!
Some dæmon paints it on the coloured air—
'Tis not reality that stares upon me!—
Oh! hide it from my sight!—

Vic. Chance has betrayed thee, [fraud,
And saves my periled honour—Here, thou all
Thou mass of painted perjury,—thou woman!—
And now I have done with thee, and pray to
heaven

I ne'er may see thee more—But, hold!—
Recall that wish again—The time will come
When I would look on thee—then, Evadne,
then,
When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see

Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load
 Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,
 And mayest thou, as I pass, lift up thy head
 But once from the sad earth, and then Evadne,
 Look down again for ever ! [Exit, R.H.]

Enter COLONNA, M.D. in time to see Vicentio go off.

*(Evadne at first not perceiving that he is gone,
 and recovering from her stupefaction.)*

Evad. I will swear—

Give it back to me—Oh ! I am innocent !

*(She rushes up to Colonna, who advances to
 R.H. mistaking him for a moment for Vi-
 centio.)*

By heaven, I am innocent !

Col. Who dares to doubt it,—
 Who knows thee of that noble family
 That cowardice in man, or wantonness
 In woman never tarnished ?—

Evad. He is gone !— *(Aside.)*

Col. But how is this, Evadne ? In your face
 I read a wildered air has ta'en the place
 Of that placidity that used to shine
 For ever on thy holy countenance.

Evad. Now, as I value my Vicentio's life—

Col. One of love's summer clouds, I doubt me,
 sister,
 Hath floated o'er you, tho' 'twere better far
 That it had left no rain drops.—What has hap-
 pened ?

Evad. There's nothing has befallen, only—

Col. What, only ?

Evad. I pray your pardon me—I must begone !

Col. Evadne, stay ! let me behold you well—
Why do you stand at distance ? nearer still,
Evadne !—

Evad. Well ?

Col. Vicentio—

Evad. (*Assuming an affected lightness of manner.*)
Why, Colonna—

Think you that I'm without my sex's arts,
And did not practise all the torturings
That make a woman's triumph ?

Col. 'Twas not well.

I hoped thee raised above all artifice
That makes thy sex but infancy matured.
I was at first inclined to follow him,
And ask what this might mean ?

Evad. Then he had told
That I had played the tyrant.—Had you seen
How like my peevish lap-dog he appeared
Just beaten with a fan.—Ha ! ha ! Colonna,
You will find us all alike.—Ha ! ha ! my heart
Will break. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Col. Farewell !

Evad. What would you do ?

Col. Let all the world

Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head
Its gathered infamy—be all who bear
Colonna's name scorn-blighted—may disgrace
Gnaw off all honour from my family,
If I permit an injury to thee
To 'scape Colonna's vengeance !—

Evad. Hold, my brother !
I will not leave thy sight !

Col. Then follow me,
 And if thou art abandoned, after all
 Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
 By heavens, an emperor should not do thee
 wrong,
 Or if he did, tho' I had a thousand lives,
 I had given them all to avenge thee.—I'll inquire
 Into this business ; and if I find
 Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof,
 I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still.
[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Naples ;—the front of
 Olivia's House, R.H.D.F.*

Enter LUDOVICO and VICENTIO, L.H.

Lud. There is Olivia's house !

Vic. Thou hast resolved me.

I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once
(*Crosses to R.H.*)
 Speed to its dreadful performance.
(*He raps R.H.D.F.*)

Enter a SERVANT, R.H.D.F.

'Bides the lady Olivia in her home ?

Serv. She does, my lord. [Exit, R.H.D.F.]

Vic. Farewell, Ludovico ! thou seest, my friend,
For such I ever hold thee, that I pass
The stream of destiny. Thou sayest, Ludovico,
'Tis necessary for my fame.

Lud. No less.—

By marrying Olivia you disperse
The noises that abroad did sully you,
Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the king's dalliance.

Vic. Oh, speak of it
No more, Ludovico—farewell, my friend,
I will obey your counsels.—[Exit into Olivia's

Lud. Fare you well, [house.]
My passionate, obsequious instrument,
Whom now I scorn so much, I scarcely let thee
Reach to the dignity of being hated.

Enter the KING, L.H. disguised.

King. My faithful servant, my Ludovico !

Lud. My prince ! I did not hope to meet you
here !

What, in this masqued attire, has made you veil
The dazzling brightness of your royalty,
And led you from your palace ?

King. I have ta'en
Concealment's wonted habit, to escape
The hundred eyes of curiosity,
And, wearied with the rotatory course
Of dull unchanging pleasure, sought for thee.
Shall she be mine, Ludovico ?

Lud. My liege,

I marvel not at the impatient throb
 Of restless expectation in your heart.
 And know, my liege, that not in vain I toil,
 To waft you to her bosom, for Vicentio
 Renounces her for ever ! and but moved
 By my wise counsels, hath already prayed
 The fair Olivia's hand.

King. How, my Ludovico,
 Didst thou accomplish it ?

Lud. I turned to use
 The passion of Olivia ; while Evadne traced
 A letter to Vicentio, suddenly
 The news of his expected coming reached
 Her panting breast, and in the rush of joy,
 Unfinished on her table did she leave
 The page of amorous wishes, which the care
 Of unperceived Olivia, haply seized,
 And bore unto my hand.—Vicentio's name
 Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
 As thus—" My lord—my life—my soul,"—the
 which

I made advantage of, and did persuade him
 'Twas written to your highness,—and with lights
 Caught from the very torch of truest love,
 I fired the furies' brands—

King. My faithful friend !

Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
 Suspicion into frenzy—when he came
 From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
 As if by fortune, in his path :—I urged
 His heated passions to my purposes,
 And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove
 How much he scorned her falsehood.—Even now

He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells,
And as you came, he entered.

King. But wherein
Will this promote the crowning of my love?

Lud. I said Colonna's self should be the first
To lead you to her arms—

King. Thou didst, Ludovico,
The which perform'd, I'll give thee half my
realm. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Lud. (Aside.) You shall give all!

King. Accomplish this, my friend,
Thou art my great Apollo!

Lud. No, my liege,
You shall be Jove, and in her arms to-night,
Will taste more joys than the Olympian did
In golden showers in Danaë's yielding heart—

King. Ludovico, thou art as dear to me
As the rich circle of my royalty.
Farewell, Ludovico, I shall expect
Some speedy tidings from thee—fare thee well!
To-night, Ludovico. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Lud. To-night, you perish!
Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,
And lance your wanton, and high-swelling veins.—
That I should stoop to such an infamy!
Evadne here!

Enter EVADNE, L.H.

Not for the king, but for myself I mean,
A feast fit for the gods!

Evad. (With some agitation.) My Lord Ludovico—

Lud. The beautiful Evadne !
What would the brightest maid of Italy
Of her poor servant ?

Evad. Sir, may I entreat
Your knowledge where the Count Vicentio
'Bides at this present instant ? I have been in-
He 'companied you here. [formed

Lud. It grieves me sore
He hath done you so much wrong.

Evad. What may you mean ?

Lud. 'Tis talked of in the whispering gallery,
Where envy holds her court : [like
Who would have thought Vicentio's heart was
A play-thing stuck with Cupid's lightest plumes
Thus to be tossed from one heart to another ?
Or rather, who had thought that you were made
For such abandonment ?

Evad. I scarce can guess—

Lud. I did not mean to touch so nice a wound.
If you desire to learn where now he 'bides,
I can inform you.

Evad. Where, Ludovico ?

Lud. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.

Evad. Olivia's house ? what would he there ?

Lud. You know

Vicentio and Olivia are to-day—

Evad. My lord ?

Lud. Are to be married—

Evad. Married, my lord ?

Vicentio and Olivia to be married ?—

Lud. I am sorry that it moves you thus—

Evadne ;

Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure.

I ne'er had proved like him—I would not thus
Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart,
A drowsy sleep-provoking flower :—Evadne,
I had not thus deserted you ! [Exit, R.H.]

Evad. Vicentio,
Olivia and Vicentio to be married ?
I heard it—yes—I am sure I did—Vicentio !
Olivia to be married !—and Evadne,
Whose heart was made of adoration—
Vicentio in her house ? there—underneath
That woman's roof—behind the door that looks
To shut me out from hope.—I will myself—
(*Advancing, then checking herself.*)
I do not dare to do it—but he could not—
He could not use me thus—he could not.—Ha !

Enter VICENTIO, from Olivia's house, R.H.D.F.

Vic. Evadne here ?

Evad. Would I had been born blind,
Not to behold the fatal evidence
Of my abandonment !—Am I condemned
Even by the ocular proof, to be made sure
That I'm a wretch for ever !—

Vic. (*Advances R.H.*) Does she come
To bate me with reproaches ? or does she dare
To think that she can angle me again
To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me ?
I'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
Nor seem to know her present to my sight.

(*Crosses to L.H. and passes Evadne.*)
Now I am least revenged. (*Going, L.H.*)

Evad. My lord, I pray you—
My lord, I dare entreat—*Vicentio*—

Vic. Who calls upon *Vicentio*? Was it you?
What would you with him, for I bear the name.

Evad. Sir, I—

Vic. Go on.—I'll taunt her to the quick:—(*Aside*!)

Evad. My lord, I—

Vic. I pray you speak—I cannot guess
By such wild broken phrase what you would have
Of one who knows you not.

Evad. Not know me?

Vic. No—

Let me look in your face—there is indeed
Some faint resemblance to a countenance
Once much familiar to *Vicentio*'s eyes,
But 'tis a shadowy one;—she that I speak of
Was full of virtues as the milky way
Upon a frozen night is thick with stars.
She was as pure as an untasted fountain,
Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
And good as infants giving charity!—
Such was *Evadne*:—fare you well!

Evad. My lord,
Is't true what I've heard?—

Vic. What have you heard?

Evad. Speak—are you to be married—let
me hear it—

Thank heav'n I've strength to hear it.

Vic. I scarce guess
What interest you find in one that deems
Himself a stranger to you.

Evad. Sir—

Vic. But if

You are indeed solicitous to learn
Aught that imports me, learn that I to-day
Have asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of
one--

Evad. You have bedewed with tears, and that
henceforth
Will feel no lack of tears, though they may fall
From other eyes than yours.—So then, Vicentio,
Fame did not wrong you.—You are to be mar-
ried?—

Vic. To one within whose heart as pure a fire
As in the shrine of Vesta long has burned.
Not the course flame of a corrupted heart,
To every worship dedicate alike,
A false perfidious seeming.—

Evad. I implore you
To spare your accusations.—I am come—

Vic. Doubtless to vindicate yourself.—

Evad. Oh, no!—
An angel now would vainly plead my cause
Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord,
I have no intent to interrupt the rite
That makes that lady yours; but I am come
Thus breathless as you see me—would to heav'n
I could be tearless too!—you will think, perhaps,
That 'gainst the trembling fearfulness I sin,
That best becomes a woman, and that most
Becomes a sad abandon'd one.—

Vic. Evadne—
Evadne, you deceive yourself.

Evad. I knew
I should encounter this—
But I will endure it—nay, more, my lord,

Hear all the vengeance I intend.—

Vic. Go on.—

[maid

Evad. May you be happy with that happier
That never could have loved you more than I do,
But may deserve you better!—May your days,
Like a long stormless summer, glide away,
And peace and trust be with you!—
And when at last you close your gentle lives,
Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
Into the grave as softly, as the leaves
Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the soft sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth together!—for myself—
I will but pray—(*Sobbing.*)—I will but pray, my
lord. [regain

Vic. (*Aside.*) I must begone, else she may soon
A mastery o'er my nature.

Evad. Oh, Vicentio,
I see that I am doomed a trouble to you.
I shall not long be so.
There's but one trouble I shall ever give
To any one again, I will but pray
The maker of the lonely beds of peace
To open one of his deep hollow ones,
Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in;—
If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,
I am sure you'll not refuse a little sigh,
And if my friend, (I still will call her so)
My friend, Olivia, chide you, pr'ythee tell her
Not to be jealous of me in my grave.

Vic. The picture! in your bosom—near your
heart—

There on the very swellings of your breast,

The very shrine of chastity, you raised
A foul and cursed idol ! [moment

Evad. You did not give me time—no—not a
To think what villainy was wrought to make me
So hateful to your eyes.—It is too late,
You are Olivia's, I have no claim to you—
You have renounced me—

Vic. Come, confess—confess—

Evad. What then should I confess? that you,
that heaven,
That all the world seem to conspire against me,
And that I am accursed.—But let me hold—
I waste me in the selfishness of woe,
While life perchance is periled.—Oh, Vicentio,
Prithee avoid Colonna's sight !

Vic. Evadne ?—

You do not think to frighten me with his name ?

Evad. Vicentio, do not take away from me
All that I've left to love in all the world !
Avoid Colonna's sight to-day.—Vicentio,
Only to-day avoid him,—I will find
Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
Pll lay the blame upon my hapless head !—
Only to-day, Vicentio.

Enter COLONNA, R.H.S.E.

Col. (R.H.) Ha ! my sister !
Where is thy dignity ? Where is the pride
Meet for Colonna's sister ?—hence !—My lord—

Vic. (L.H.) What would you, sir ?

Col. Your life :—you are briefly answered.
Look here, sir.—To this lady you preferred

Your despicable love ! Long did you woo,
 And when at last by constant adoration,
 Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you
 gained [more—
 Her brother's cold assent.—Well then—no
 For I've no patience to repeat by cause
 The wrong that thou hast done her. It has
 reached

Colonna's ear that you have abandoned her—
 It rings thro' Naples, my good lord—now, mark
 I am her brother— [me—

Vic. Well—

Evad. (*In centre.*) Forbear ! forbear !
 I have no injury you should resent
 In such a fearful fashion.—I—my brother—
 I am sure I never uttered a complaint
 Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
 Look at me, good Colonna !—now, Colonna
 Can you discern a sorrow in my face ?
 I do not weep—I do not—look upon me—
 Why I can smile, Colonna. (*Bursts into tears.*)
 Oh ! my brother !—

Col. You weep, Evadne ! but I'll mix your tears
 With a false villain's blood.—If you have left
 A sense of aught that's noble in you still—

Vic. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope
 Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
 The cloak of such vile purpose—

Col. How ? explain—
 I understand you not.

Evad. Forbear, Colonna ;
 Before your face, and in the face of heaven,
 I do resign him ;—I forgive him,

And may heaven follow my example too !

Col. But I will not, Evadne.—I shall deal
In briefest phrase with you.—Is't true, my lord,
You have abandoned her ?

Vic. Is't true, my lord,
That to the king—

Col. The king ?

Vic. And could you think
That I am to be made an instrument
For such a foul advancement ? do you think
That I would turn my name into a cloak ?—

Evad. Colonna, my dear brother. Oh, Vi-
centio !

My love, my life, my—pardon me, my lord,
I had forgot—I have no right to use
Words that were once familiar to my lips :
But, for heaven's sake, I do implore you here—

Col. Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,
Touching the king ;—explain yourself.

Vic. I will !

I will not wed his mistress !

Evad. (*With reproach.*) Oh, Vicentio !

Col. Whom mean you, sir ?

Vic. Look there !

Col. Evadne ! ha ?

Vic. Evadne !

Col. (*Crosses to centre, and strikes him with
his glove.*) Here's my answer ! follow
me !

Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Evad. (*Clinging to Vicentio, who has his sword
drawn, and kneeling to him.*) You shall
not stir !

Vic. If from his heart I poured
A sea of blood, it would not now content me.
Insolent villain ! dost thou stay me back ?
Away ! unloose me !

Evad. Olivia, hear me—listen to my cry—
It is thy husband's life that now I plead for ;
Save, oh, save him ! [I am free,

Vic. Then must I fling thee from me.—Now
And swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings,
I rush to my revenge ! [Exit, L.H.

Evad. (*Who has fallen upon her knees in her
struggle with Vicentio.*) Oh ! my poor
heart !

Choak not, thou struggling spirit, in my breast,
Hear me, Olivia !—Olivia, hear me !

Enter OLIVIA from her house, M.D.

Oliv. (R.H.) Is't Evadne calls
Like one that with a frantic energy
In fire cries out for life ?

Evad. (L.H.) I cry for life—
Vicentio's life—Colonna's life—Olivia,
I beg thee to preserve him !

Oliv. Whom dost talk of ?

Evad. You have power o'er him that I no
more possess,
Had he e'er loved me as he loves thee now,
I had been stronger when around his neck
I flung me to preserve him.—Oh, my friend !
Colonna, maddened at my miseries,
And I confess that I am miserable,
Hath vowed a horrid vengeance, and even now
He smote Vicentio !

Oliv. Heaven!

Evad. I pri'thee, look not
Misdoubtingly upon me—
Hast thou not wings to save him?

Oliv. Thou art avenged, Evadne!—To himself
I dare not own it—but to thee reveal
The vileness I have practised.

Evad. Speak!

Oliv. In the wild rapturous tremor of thy joy,
I seized advantage of Vicentio's coming,
And placed within thine unsuspecting hand—

Evad. That horrid image that appeared to fill
My bosom with perdition, and did make me
Unto myself so horrible—'twas you—
It was my friend Olivia!

Oliv. I myself,
Will to the king, and bid him send his power
To interpose between them—thou, Evadne,
Wilt speak my guilt. [Exit, R.H.]

Evad. Oh, my Vicentio!
I fly to save and comfort you! [Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Bay, and View of Naples.*

Enter COLONNA and VICENTIO, L.H. with their swords drawn ;—passing across to R.H.

Col. Yonder, my lord, beside the cypress grove [thinks,
Fast by the church-yard—there's a place, me—
Where we may 'scape the eye of observation.

Vic. I follow, sir—the neighbourhood of the grave
Will suit our purpose well, for you or I
Must take its measure ere the sun be set.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

Enter LUDOVICO, L.H.S.E. as they go off.

Lud. Ha! there they go!—the furies, with their whips
Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate—
My dull and passionate fools—you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you—the grave.—
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both!—One of you has denounced me—

The other, robbed me of a woman's love.
They have already entered in the grove
Of funeral cypress.—Now they are lost

Amid the crowded trunks—and yet a moment
 And they will be about it!—Now, Vicentio,
 Thy fate is sealed.—Colonna's arm—
 Ha! who comes here?
 Evadne!—yes—my eyes deceive me not—
 'Twas happiest chance that led me to the field—
 She must be interrupted—let me think—
 I have it.—

Enter EVADNE, L.H.

Evad. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are,
 Tell me which way they passed—doth not this
 lead [vico!

To the eastern gate of the city.—Ha! Ludo—
 My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio—

Lud. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate
 That made Ludovico the messenger
 Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear—
 Your brother and Vicentio.

Evad. Speak, my lord—
 For heaven's sake, speak!

Lud. They are secure—thank heaven,
 Their purpose is prevented.—

Evad. Secure!
 My brother and Vicentio are secure.

Lud. By providential circumstance, before
 Their purpose was accomplished, both were
 seized,

And all their furious passions are as hushed
 As the still waters of yon peaceful bay.

Evad. Ludovico, I cannot speak how much
 Thou hast bound me to thee, by the holy sounds

Thou hast breathed upon mine ear!—But, tell
 me, sir, [hand—
 Where, how, and when was this?—What blessed
 Speak, my lord.

Lud. 'Twas I!

Evad. 'Twas you, Ludovico?

Lud. The same!

Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
 I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
 With the strong arm of power to intercept them.

Evad. 'Twas you, Ludovico—what shall I
 say? [you!

I know not what to tell you.—But, heav'n bless
 A thousand times heav'n bless you!—On my
 knees,

And at your feet I thank you. (Kneels.)

Lud. Beautiful Evadne!

Loveliest beneath the skies, where every thing
 Grows lovely as themselves—Nay do not bend
 Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds
 Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn
 That cheek away, that, like a cold rose, seems
 Besprankt with snow!—nor strive to win from
 me [formed

Those hands, which he who formed the lily,
 With imitative whiteness—I will presume,
 For your dear sight hath made a madman of me,
 To press my rapture here— (Kisses her hand.)

Evad. My lord, I own,
 That you surprise me, and were I not bound
 By strenuous obligation, I should say,
 Perchance you did offend me—But I will not!
 Accept my gratitude, and be you sure

These thanks are from a warm and honest heart.
Farewell—I do forgive——

Lud. You fly me then !

Evad. I do not fly your presence, but I go
To seek my brother's bosom—

Lud. And Vicentio's !

Evad. You would be merry, sir.

Lud. I have not cause—

Nor shall you, madam—You would fly me thus,
To rush at once into my rival's arms—
Nay, do not start—he well deserves the name—
I know him by no other.

Evad. Sir, I hope

You will not revive a subject that has long
Between us been forgotten.

Lud. What ! forgotten ?

I did not think to hear it—said you forgotten ?
Nay, do not think you leave me—in return
For such small service as I have done to-day,
I beg your audience—tell me what's forgotten ?
I would hear it from your lips.

Evad. I did not mean—

Forgive, and let me go. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Lud. What ? what forgotten ?

Your heartlessness to all the maddening power
Of the tumultuous passions in my heart !—
What ! what forgotten ? all the injuries
You have cast upon my head—the stings of fire
You have driven into my soul—my agonies,
My tears, my supplications, and the groans
Of my indignant spirit ! I can hold
My curbed soul no more—it rushes out !
What ? what forgotten ?—me—Ludovico ?

Evad. I pray you, my good lord, for heaven's sake, hear me.

Lud. What! to behold him, like a pilferer,
With his smooth face of meaningless infancy,
And his soft moulded body, steal away
That feathered thing, thy heart.

Evad. Ludovico,
What may this sudden fury mean?—you do
But act these horrid passions to affright me!
For you to-day preserved him, did you not?
Did you not say you saved Vicentio?

Lud. I will permit you shortly to embrace
him—

I will not long detain you from his arms—
But you will find him grown as cold a lover
As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang
In loosened idleness about your form,— [bibe
And from those lips where you were wont t'im-
The fiery respiration of the heart, [snow,
You will touch the coldness of the unsunned
Without its purity.

Evad. I now perceive [deem
What you would hint, my lord:—doubtless you
Vicentio hath preferred Oliva's love?

Lud. If you can wake his heart to love again,
I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!

Evad. Yours!

Lud. Mine!—I have said it, and before to-night
I'll verify the prophecy.

Evad. I know not
What lies within the dark and horrid cave
Of your imagination; but be sure

I had rather clasp Vicentio dead—I see
That you recoil with passion.

Lud. By the fires— [rather
Down, down, my burning heart!—So you would
Within Vicentio's cold and mouldering shroud
Warm into love, than on this beating heart?
But, be it so—you will have occasion soon
To try the experiment—and then, Evadne,
You will more aptly judge.

Evad. Ha! a strong glare, [poured
Like the last flash from sinking ships, has
A horrid radiance on me—Ha! Ludovico—
Let it be frenzy that before my face
Spreads out that sheet of blood—

Lud. Well, my Evadne?

Evad. Dæmon, hast thou mocked me?

Lud. Didst thou not scorn—didst thou not
Didst thou not—Ha! [madden me?
(*Seeing Colonna, crosses to R.H.*)

By heavens, it is himself!—
All is accomplished—and upon my front
Methinks I clasp the round of royalty!
Already do I clasp thee in mine arms!—
Evadne!—There—look there—Colonna comes,
(*Crosses to L.H.*)
And on that weapon flaming from afar
He bears the vengeance of Ludovico. [*Exit, L.H.*

Enter COLONNA, R.H., with his sword bloody.

Col. Evadne here!

Evad. My brother!

Col. Call me so—

For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Look here !—

Evad. There's blood upon it!

Col. And there should be.

Evad. Thou hast—

Col. I have revenged thee !

Evad. Thou hast slain—

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio ?

Col. I have revenged thee—

For any wrong done to my single self,

I should, perhaps, repent me of the deed ;

But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look
Up to the heavens with such a bewildered gaze ?

Evad. To curse thee, and myself, and all the
world ! [slain him

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio !—thou hast

Who was as dear unto my frantic heart,

As thou art horrible !—and 'tis to me

Thou comest to tell it too—thou comest to bear

That weapon weltering with my lover's blood,

And stab these blasted eye-balls—Hide thee,
villain !

Hide thee within the centre of the earth !—

Thou art all made of blood—and to the sun [tio !

Art grown detestable—(Crosses to R.H.)—Vicen-

My lord ! my bosom's throb !—my pulse of life !

My soul ! my joy—my love !—my all the

Vicentio ! Vicentio !—(Crosses to L.H.) [world !

Col. Thy passionate grief

Doth touch me more than it beseems mine

honour.

[my heart !

Evad. Strike that infernal weapon through
Colonna, kill me !

Kill me, my brother !

Col. Prithee, my Evadne,
Let me conduct thy grief to secrecy—
I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,
For now my head is forfeit to the law !

Enter SPALATRO, with Officer and eight Guards, R.H.

Spal. Behold him here. Sir, I am sorry for
The duty which mine office hath prescribed !
You are my prisoner.

Col. Sir, there is need
Of little words to excuse you—I was talking
Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight,—
Here is my sword.

Spal. You are doomed to death !

Evad. To death !

Spal. The king himself,
Hearing your combat with Vicentio,
Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe—

Col. You speak before a woman—I was well
Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it.

Evad. Death ! must you die, Colonna ! must
you die ?

Oh ! no—no—no ! not die, sir,—say not die—
(*Crosses to centre.*)

Col. Retire, my sister—sir, I follow you—

Evad. Oh, not die, Colonna ! no Colonna,
They shall not take thee from me !

Col. My sweet sister !

I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
This lady is my sister, and indeed

Is now my only kin in all the world,
And I must die for her sake—my sweet sister !

Evad. No, no, not die, my brother—Oh ! not die !

Col. Evadne ! sweet Evadne ! Let me hear
(*Evadne becomes gradually insensible.*)

Thy voice before I go—I prithee, speak—
That even in death I may remember me
Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—She has fainted !
Sir, I have a prayer to you.—

Spal. It shall be granted.

Col. My palace is hard by—let some of these
Good guardians of the law attend me thither.
Evadne, for thy sake, I am almost loth
To leave a world, the which, when I am gone,
Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one !

[*Exit, bearing Evadne, and followed by Spalatro and Guards, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter LUDOVICO, R.H. meeting SPALATRO, L.H.

Lud. Where is Colonna ?—Not yet arrived ?

Spal. Guarded he bore

His sister to his palace, from the which
He will be soon led here.—

Lud. Spalatro, as I pass'd, a rumour came,
Colonna's sword had but half done the work,
And that Vicentio was not stabbed to death—
If he still lives—but till I am sure of it,
No need to speak my resolution,—
Thou art his friend—

Spal. Such I'm indeed accounted,
But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me,
If yet Vicentio breathes—(*Spalatro crosses to R.H.*)
—and afterwards,
I'll make some trial of thy love to me.

[*Exit Spalatro, R.H.*]

Enter COLONNA, OFFICER, and eight Guards, L.H.

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon!—I have parted
From all that bound my bosom to the world—
Ludovico!—

Lud. The same.

Col. Come you, my lord,
To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge
That makes a little mind's ignoble joy? [care;
Lud. Guards! I discharge Colonna from your
He is no more your prisoner—Hence!

[*Exeunt Officer and Guards, L.H.*]

My lord,
Such is the vengeance of Ludovico! [death

Col. What is a man doomed to the stroke of
To understand by this?

Lud. That I am his friend
Who called me traitor!

Col. Such I call you still.

Lud. Well then, I am a traitor.

Col. There is here
A kind of marvellous honesty, my lord.

Lud. In you 'twas nobleness to bear the charge,
 And yet 'twas glory to deserve it too.
 Your father was the tutor of the king,
 And loyalty is your inheritance—
 I am not blind to such exalted virtue,
 And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,
 As hearts like his are won !—Unto the king
 Soon as Vicentio's fate had reach'd mine ear,
 I hastened and implored your life.

Col. My life !—

Well, sir, my life ?— (*With indifference.*)

Lud. Upon my knees I fell,
 Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart—
 Leaped, when I heard him say, that thou shouldst
 live.

Col. I am loth to owe you gratitude, my lord,
 But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not
 Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you !

Lud. You have no cause to thank me ; for,
 Colonna,
 He did pronounce your death, e'en as he said,
 He gave you life.

Col. I understand you not. [hold

Lud. Your honour's death, Colonna, which I
 The fountain of vitality.

Col. Go on !

I scarce did hear what did concern my life,
 But aught that touches honour—

Lud. Oh ! Colonna,
 I almost dread to tell thee.

Col. Prithee, speak !
 You put me on the rack !

Lud. Wilt thou promise me,—

I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,—
Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad?

Col. Whate'er it be, I will contain myself.
You said 'twas something that concern'd mine
honour,

The honour of mine house—he did not dare
To say my blood should by a foul attaint
Be in my veins corrupted; from their height
The mouldering banners of my family,
Flung to the earth; the 'scutcheons of my fame
'Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race
Struck from the list of nobles?

Lud. No, Colonna,
Struck from the list of men!—he dared to ask
As a condition for thy life, (my tongue
Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart
Can scarcely heave) by heavens he dared to ask
That, to his foul and impious clasp, thou shouldst
Yield up thy sister—

Col. Ha!

Lud. The king doth set a price
Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

Col. My sister!

Lud. Aye, thy sister!

Col. What!—my sister!

Lud. Yes!—your sister, sir,—Evadne!

Col. By yon heaven,

Tho' he were born with immortality,
I will find some way to kill him!

My sister!

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath—

Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth

Feel horrid animation in the grave,
 And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
 And throw it off?—My sister! oh! yon heavens!
 Was this reserved for me? for me!—the son
 Of that great man that tutored him in arms,
 And loved him as myself?—I know you wonder
 That tears are dropping from my flaming eye-
 lids ;

But 'tis the streaming of a burning heart,
 And these are drops of fire—my sister!

Lud. Now—

Do you now call me traitor? Do you think
 'Twas such a crime from off my country's heart
 To fling this incubus of royalty?—
 Am I a traitor? is't a sin, my lord,
 To think a dagger were of use in Naples?

Col. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair
 Upon the villain's head!—his life is mine ;
 His heart is grown my property—Ludovico,
 None kills him but myself!—I will, this moment,
 Amid the assembled court, in face of day,
 Rush on the monster, and without a sword
 Tear him to pieces!—(*Going, L.H.*)

Lud. Nay, Colonna, [you,—
 Within his court he might perchance escape
 But, if you do incline to do a deed
 Antiquity would envy,—with the means [lonna,
 He hath furnished you himself!—He means, Co-
 In your own house that you should hold to-night
 A glorious revelry, to celebrate
 Your sovereign's sacred presence ; and so soon
 As all the guests are parted, you yourself
 Should lead your sister to him—

Col. That I should
Convert the palace of mine ancestors
Into a place of brothelry—myself!—
Tell me no more, I prithee, if thou wouldst
I should be fit for death!—

Lud. In honour be
A Roman, an Italian in revenge.
Waste not in idle or tempestuous sound
Thy great resolve. The king intends to bear
The honour of his presence to your house,—
Nay, hold!—I'll tell him you consent—he straight
Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,
Make offering of his blood to thy revenge!

Col. I thank thee for thy warning—'tis well
thought on—
I'll make my vengeance certain, and commend
Thy wisdom in the counselling.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence!
And make meet preparation for the banquet.
I'll straight return, and tell him you're all joy
In the honour of his coming.

Col. The rigorous muscles of my clenched
hand
Already feel impatience for the blow
That strikes the crowned monster to the heart.
[*Exeunt ; Col. L.H. Lud. R.H.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A vast hall in Colonna's palace, filled with statues.—The moon streams in through the gothic windows, and appears to fall upon the statues. A chamber-door at the back.*

Enter LUDOVICO and the KING, R.H.D.

Lud. This is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me

Conduct you to your chamber, while he went
To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct
Her soft reluctance to your highness' arms.

King. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself to-day
The genius of my happier destiny :
Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit
Did guide me on to heaven.

Lud. I'll send you there. *(Aside.)*

King. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath
The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess
It smote me sore, but now 'tis told abroad
That he hath passed all peril.

Lud. I am glad
His death doth not conduct you to your joys—
Vicentio bears a slight unharmed wound,
That sheds his blood, but perils not his life :
But let him pass—let not a thought of him
Flit round the couch of love.

King. Good night, my friend,
And prithee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.

Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.

King. Hie thee, Ludovico,
For every moment seems an age.

[*Exit into chamber, M.D.*]

Lud. An age!

For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year,
Nor age, shall shortly be.

'Tis now the dead of night—That sounds to me
Like an apt word,—for nature doth to me
Shew like a giant corse.—This mighty world,
Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre,
And yonder moon a tomb-lamp! when the king
Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear
In a more full proportion.—Ha! he comes!
My dull and unconscious instrument!—Colonna!

Enter COLONNA with a dagger, R.H.D.

Welcome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.—
The king's already to his bed retired,
Where death will be his paramour.

Col. I have heard
Vicentio was not wounded unto death—
Would this were sooner known!

Lud. Why, my good lord?

Col. Because the king would not have offered
Such an indignity, nor should I now [me
Tread into murder.

Lud. Murder—I had hoped,
You would not on the threshold of the deed
Stay tottering thus—One would deem
It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,
That you had undertaken.

Col. By yon heaven,
 I cannot stab him like a slave that's hired
 To be a blood-shedder! I cannot clench
 This hand, accustomed to a soldier's sword,
 Around this treacherous hilt, and with the other
 Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping
 throat—

Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out
 The last faint sigh of life! Down, damned steel!
 Fit instrument for cowards—(*Throws down the
 dagger near R.H.*)—I will play
 A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight!—
 Give me thy sword, that I may put defence
 Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him.—
 Come forth! (*Going to D.F.*)

Lud. Hold, madman, hold!—what wouldst
 thou do?

Col. Bravely encounter him—not take his life
 Like a mercenary stabber.

Lud. Hast thou thought
 That he may be the victor too?

Col. My death
 Will not be thought inglorious.

Lud. There's some praise
 In falling by the hand of royalty;
 But when you are laid within your sepulchre,
 And rot most honourably, then I fear me,
 A lesser shame will not befall your house
 For all the graven marbles on your tomb!
 Your sister—

Col. Ha!

Lud. Your sister will not find,
 When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave,

Where will she find a guardian arm—thine arm
Will be the food of the consuming worm,
While in the hot embraces of the king—

Col. I did not think on that.

Lud. But I perhaps mistake you all this while—
You had better thought upon the dignity
He means your house.

Col. You do not dare—

Lud. I dare to tell you this—
Who can forgive such injury as thine,
Hath half consented to it.—How is it
The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee?
Hath any thing befallen that should have blown
On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
And steeped thee back to meekness?—Was the
touch

Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage?
When he did tread upon her yielding foot
Beneath the cloth of gold——

Col. If I had seen it,
He had not lived an instant!

Lud. When you turned,
He flung his arms around, and on her cheek
He pressed his ravenous lips!—'Sdeath, sir,
consider—

You pray the King of Naples to your roof,—
You hail his coming in a feast that kings
Could scarce exceed in glory—It is blown
Thro' all the city that he sleeps to-night
Within your sister's bed; and, it is said,
That you, yourself, have smoothed the pillow
down.

Col. Where is he ? let me see him who pre-
To think the blasphemy. [sumes

Lud. Behold him here !

I sir—yes, I—Ludovico, dare think
With every man in Naples, if the king
Should leave your roof with life, that he has
The fruit he came to pluck. [tasted

Col. No more—no more—
He perishes, Ludovico !

Lud. That's well—

I am glad to see you pull into your heart
(*Crosses and takes up the dagger.*)
Its brave resolve again—and if there be
Aught wanting to confirm thee, think, Colonna,
Think that you give your country liberty,
While you revenge yourself!—Go, my Colonna—
Yonder's the fated chamber—plunge the steel
(*Gives the dagger to Colonna.*)
Into his inmost heart, and let the blood
Flow largely.

Col. I'll call to thee when it is done. [know

Lud. Hark thee ! he'll cry for life—and well !
The pleading for existence may have power
Upon thy noble nature—then, Colonna,
Drown every shriek with chaste Evadne's name,
And stab him as thou criest it ! [Exit, R.H.D.

(*Colonna advances towards the chamber-door
in centre.*) •

Col. I will do it!—

(*He pushes the door, and finds, from his agi-
tated condition it is difficult to move.*)

I can scarce move the door—it will not yield !
It seems as if some mighty hand were laid
Against it to repel me.

(*Voice exclaims, L.H.U.E.*) Hold !

Col. (*Starting.*) It was only [me—
My thought informed the air with voice around
Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt
And trod to common murder—he shall die !
Come then, enraging thought, into my breast
And turn it into iron !

(*Voice, L.H.U.E.*) Hold !

Col. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly on my sight.
What art thou ?

EVADNE advances, L.H.U.E. from behind the Statues:

Evad. My brother !

Col. How, my sister !

Come you across my purpose ?

Evad. From my chamber

That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forbode no blessed issue, for your smiles [brows
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your
I saw the silent furies—Oh, Colonna,—
Thank heaven, the safety of Vicentio [steps !
Has given me power to watch your dangerous
What would you do ?

Col. Get thee to rest.

Evad. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon ?—Alas, Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,

By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
What wouldst thou do?

Col. Murder!

Evad. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?

Col. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart!

Evad. 'Tis nobly done!

I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—
Remember, you have called him here—remem-
ber

[cup;
You have pledged him in your father's golden
Have broken bread with him—the man, Co-
lonna,——

Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What think'st thou 'twas?

Evad. I think there's nought too dear
To buy Colonna's life.

Col. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me then—you were to pay it too—
It was my Evadne's honour.

Evad. Ha!

[sister,
Col. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

Evad. What! did he?—

Col. Thou dost understand me now?—
Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan. (*Going in.*)

Evad. Forbear, Colonna!

For heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he
asked thee?

He asked thee for thy life?—*thy* life?—but, no;
Vicentio lives, and——

Col. (Aside.) How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart ;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her
cheek

Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!—

Evad. Oh! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.

Col. (Aside.) Why, is it possible,
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?
By heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—She's a woman!
Evadne!

Evad. Well?

Col. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so?

Evad. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

Col. What! bid him come to thee?

Evad. And leave me with him here.

Col. What! leave thee with him?

Evad. Yes—I implore it of thee—prithee,
Conduct my sovereign here. [Colonna,

Col. Yes—I will try her—

I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous. If she fall, she dies.

I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart thro' the other.—(*Aside.*)

Evad. Send him to me. [eye—

Col. There's a wild purpose in her solemn

I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
 A terrible experiment.—(*Aside.*)—What, ho !
 My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
 Colonna bears Evadne to your arms !

Enter the KING from the chamber, M.D.

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I
 thank thee ?

But where is my Evadne ?

Col. There, my lord !

King. Colonna, I not only give thee life,
 But place thee near myself; henceforth thou
 wilt wear

A nobler title in thy family,—
 And to thy great posterity we'll send
 My granted dukedom.

Col. Sir you honour me.

My presence is no longer needed here.

(*Aside.*)—A word's consent despatches them !

(*Conceals himself behind the pillars, R.H.U.E.*)

King. My fair Evadne ! lay aside thy sad
 And drooping aspect in this hour of joy !
 Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends
 Upon its yielding stalk—thou hast no cause
 For such a soft abashment, for be sure
 I'll place thee high in honour.

Evad. (L.H.) Honour, sir !—

King. (R.H.) Yes ; I'll exalt thee into dignity,
 Adorn thy name with titles—All my court
 Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
 Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,

And in the lightest-bending of thy brow
Death and disgrace inhabit.

Evad. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart!

King. My love!
Come, my Evadne—what a form is here?
The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the naked graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.

Evad. You were speaking
Of sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
You are deemed a worshipper of that high art,
Here, my lord, *(Pointing to the statues.)*
Is matter for your transports!

King. Fair Evadne!
Do you not mean to mock me? Not to gaze
On yonder lifeless marbles did I come
To visit you to-night, but in the pure,
And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
The Florentine to immortality. *[mood,*

Evad. You deem me of a light capricious
But it were hard if, (woman as I am)
I could not use my sex's privilege—
Tho' I should ask you for yon orb of light,
That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
And fills the ambient air with purity—
Should you not fain, as 'tis the wont of those
Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
And in the sheeted splendour of a stream

To catch its shivering brightness!—It is my
pleasure
That you should look upon these reverend forms,
That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
I must enforce you to it!—

King. Wayward woman!

What arts does she intend to captivate
My soul more deeply in her toils?

Evad. Behold! (*Going to a statue, R.H.S.E.*)

The glorious founder of my family!
It is the great Rodolpho!—Charlemagne
Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be
His glory's blazoned emblem; for at noon,
When the astronomer cannot discern
A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,
'Tis not more bright than his immaculate name!
With what austere, and dignified regard
He lifts the type of purity, and seems
Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs
From blood of his, shall dare to sully it
With a vapour of the morning!

King. It is well;

His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations, to thy lovely smile.—
I swear, he seems not of thy family.
My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped
Another sort of entertainment here.

Evad. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—
(*Pointing to a statue, L.H.U.E.*)

Guelfo the murderer!

King. The murderer!

I knew not that your family was stained
With the reproach of blood.

Evad. We are not wont
 To blush, tho' we may sorrow for his sin,
 If sin indeed it be. His castle walls
 Were circled by the siege of Saracens,—
 He had an only daughter whom he prized
 More than you hold your diadem; but when
 He saw the fury of the infidels [child
 Burst through his shattered gates, and on his
 Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow
 He struck her to the heart, and with the other,
 He stretched himself beside her.

King. Fair Evadne,
 I must no more indulge you, else I fear
 You would scorn me for my patience; prithee,
 No more of this wild phantasy! [love,

Evad. My liege, [upon it,
 But one remains, and when you have looked
 And thus complied with my request, you will
 find me

Submissive to your own. Look here, my lord,—
 Know you this statue?

(*Pointing to a statue, L.H.S.E.*)

King. No, in sooth, I do not. [ill

Evad. Nay—look again—for I shall think but
 Of princely memories, if you can find
 Within the inmost chambers of your heart
 No image like to this—look at that smile—
 That smile, my liege—look at it!

King. It is your father!

Evad. (*Breaking into exultation.*)

Aye!—'tis indeed my father!—'tis my good,
 Exalted, generous, and god-like father!
 Whose memory, though he had left his child

A naked, houseless roamer through the world,
 Were an inheritance a princess might
 Be proud of for her dower!
 Who was my father?

(With a proud and conscious interrogatory.)

King. One, whom I confess
 Of high and many virtues.

Evad. Is that all?

I will help your memory, and tell you first,
 That the late King of Naples looked among
 The noblest in his realm for that good man,
 To whom he might intrust your opening youth,
 And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest
 Early he placed you, and beside his wing
 You learned to mount to glory! Underneath
 His precious care you grew, and were once
 Thought grateful for his service. His whole life
 Was given to your uses, and his death—
 Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain
 He fought beside you, and when he beheld
 A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced
 him!

He fell down at your feet,—he did, my lord!
 He perished to preserve you!—*(Rushes to the statue.)*—Breathless image,

Altho' no heart doth beat within that breast,
 No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,
 And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, sir, I am
 ready— me!—

Come and unloose these feeble arms, and take
 Aye, take me from this neck of senseless stone,—
 And to reward the father with the meet
 And wonted recompense that princes give—

Make me as foul as bloated pestilence,
As black as darkest midnight, and as vile
As guilt and shame can make me.

King. She has smitten
Compunction thro' my soul !

Evad. Approach, my lord !
Come in the midst of all mine ancestry,
Come and unloose me from my father's arms—
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life !—

King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to shew
My soul its own deformity—my guilt !

Evad. (*Disengaging herself from the statue.*)

Ha ! have you got a soul ?—have you
yet left,

Prince as you are, one relic of a man ?
Have you a soul ?—he trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face ;
And there's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature's holy working in the heart !
Oh, heav'n ! he weeps ! my sovereign, my liege
Heart ! do not burst in ecstasy too soon !
My brother ! my Colonna !—hear me—hear !
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee !

(*Turning, she perceives Colonna advancing
from among the statues, R.H.U.E.*)

There he is—my brother !

Col. (*In centre.*) Let me behold thee,

Let me compress thee here!—Oh! my dear sister!

A thousand times mine own!—I glory in thee,
More than in all the heroes of my name!—
I overheard your converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en .
Thy heavenly form, to shew the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue!—Sir,— (*To the king.*)

Evad. (L.H.) Colonna,
There is your king!

Col. Thou hast made him so again!
Thy virtue hath recrowned him—and I kneel
His faithful subject here!

King. (R.H.) Arise, Colonna!
You take the attitude that more befits
The man who would have wrong'd you, but
whose heart,
Was by a seraph call'd again to heaven!
Forgive me!

Col. Yes, with all my soul I do!
And I will give you proof how suddenly
You are grown my prince again.—Do not inquire
What I intend, but let me lead you here
Behind these statues.—

(*Places the king behind the statues, R.H.U.E.*)
Retire, my best Evadne! [*Exit Evadne, L.H.*]
Ho! Ludovico!
What ho! there!—Here he comes!

Enter LUDOVICO, R.H.D.

Ludovico,
I have done the deed.—

Lud. He is dead?

Col. Thro' his heart

E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel,
And as he cried for life, Evadne's name
Drowned his last shriek!

Lud. So!

Col. Why, Ludovico,
Stand you thus rapt? Why does your bosom heave
In such wild tumult? Why is it you place
Your hand upon your front? What hath possess-
ed you?

Lud. (*With a strong laugh of irony*) Fool!

Col. How is this?

Lud. So, thou hast slain the king?

Col. I did but follow your advice, my lord.

Lud. Therefore, I call ye—fool!—From the
king's head [own!

Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine
Therefore I touched my front, for I did think
That palpably, I felt the diadem
Wreathing its golden round about my brow!
But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy
In climbing up to empire than I do
In knowing thee my dupe!

Col. I know, my lord,
You bade me kill the king.

Lud. And since thou hast slain him,
Know more—'twas I that first within his heart
Lighted impurity;—'twas I, Colonna,—
Hear it—'twas I that did persuade the king
To ask thy sister's honour, as the price
Of thine accorded life!

Col. You?—

Lud. Would'st hear more ?—

To-morrow sees me king ! I have already
Prepared three thousand of my followers
To call me to the throne—and when I am there,
I'll try thee for the murdering of the king,—
And then—What ho, there ! Guards !—then, my
good lord,
When the good trenchant axe hath struck away
That dull, and passionate head of thine—What
ho !—

Enter Officer and eight Guards, R.H.D.

I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms,
And thus—
On yonder traitor seize !—
With sacrilegious hand he has ta'en away
The consecrated life of majesty,
And—

The KING comes forward in centre, R.H.U.E.

What do I behold ? is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision ?
That hath started up
To make an ideot of me ;—is it not
The vapour of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico ?

King. Behold thy king !

Lud. He lives !—I am betrayed—but let me not
Play traitor to myself :—befriend me still
Thou guarding genius of Ludovico !

My liege, my royal master, do I see you
Safe from the plots of you accursed traitor?
And throwing thus myself around your knees,
Do I clasp reality?

King. Traitor, arise!

Nor dare pollute my garment with a touch!
I know thee for a villain!—Seize him, guards!

Lud. (Drawing his sword.) By this right arm
they dare not—this right arm
That to the battle oft hath led them on,
Whose power to kill they know, but would not
feel!—

I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap
Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,
And hug with him for death? Not one of this
Vile herd of trembling wretches! [me,
(*To the King.*) Thou art meet alone to encounter
And thus in the wild bravery of despair,
I rush into thy life!

Col. (Intercepts and stabs him.—Ludovico falls.)

Lud. Colonna, thou hast conquered.

Oh! that I could,
Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you!—
That I could—thus I fling the drops of life
In showers of poison on you—May it fall
Like Centaur-blood, and fester you to madness!
Oh! that I could—(*He grasps his sword, and, in
an effort to rise, dies.*)

Enter EVADNE, L.H. and crosses to COLONNA.

Evad. Oh! my brother! [prince!

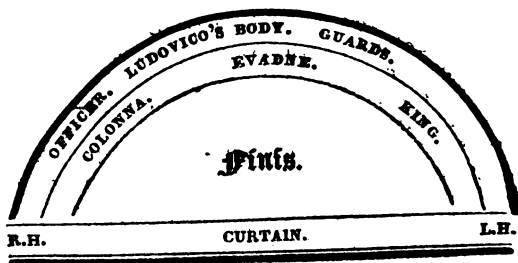
King. Thou hast a second time preserved thy

Fair Evadne,
 We will repair our injuries to thee,
 And wait in all the pomp of royalty
 Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand
 To thy beloved Vicentio!

Col. And the nuptials
 Shall at the pedestal be solemnized
 Of our great father!

Evad. And ever, as in this blest moment, may
 His guardian spirit, with celestial love
 Spread its bright wings to shelter us from ill,
 With nature's tenderest feelings looking down
 Benignant on the fortunes of his child!

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



THE

Epilogue,

SPOKEN BY MRS. FAUCIT.

and

DROP SCENE.—*The Hall of Dramatic Statues.*

ent, I : **SENT** hither by our bard, no pleasant jaunt—

In epilogue a timorous debutante,

in the I ask your favour, like a prudent elf,

down One word for him, and one word for myself!

Cut off, like Crusoe, from the social walk,

With no man Friday to keep up the talk

Frown'd on by yonder monumental sages—(*Pointing to the Drop.*)

In marble. What an awful thing the stage is!

Of Thespian bards yon Alpha and Omega,

From mighty Shakspeare down to Lope de Vega;

Each shakes his awful curls, and seems to say,—

“Surely the author means to damn his play;

What! send an actress out, the town t'implore,

Who never spoke an epilogue before!

Olivia for *Evadne*,—mighty clever!

Woman for woman! that is new, however!”

Peace, ye monopolists, on marble shelves,

You want to damn all statues but yourselves.

Avaunt! “I’ve caught the speaker’s eye” before ye,

Rear-rank, attention! while I tell a story.

Pygmalion once, to ape the turner's trade,
With curious labour carved an ivory maid,
But as immortal grace each limb unfolds,
He glows with passion for the maid he moulds,
And cries, (how vain were artists e'en in Greece)
"Come! that's a statue! that's art's masterpiece!"
Long he adores her with a lover's mien,
And thus, at length, petitions beauty's queen;
"Oh, Venus, bid me taste of Hymen's bliss,
And 'bone of my bone' make yon ivory miss!
Hush! foolish youth!" (aside thus Momus sung)
"Leave well alone! a statute has no tongue!"
Vain was the hint; the silliest of the Greeks
Repeats his vow, and gains the boon he seeks.
The statue woke to life, with eager spring
Pygmalion changed his chisel for a ring;
And as no parent lived to thwart his plans,
Of course no cross papa forbade the banns.

From that time forth, unwarmed by lover's breath,
Statues, or bone, or stone, have slept in death.
But if to-night, you bid *Evadne* thrive,
We hope to see the miracle revive.
To beauty's queen the Grecian poured his vow,
Our poet bends to beauty's daughters now;
Oh! may they waken his dramatic wife,
And, smiling, warm his statue into life!



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